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A MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., LL.D.

John Tudor

A MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., LL.D.

PRINCIPAL AND PRIMARIUS PROFESSOR OF ST MARY'S COLLEGE,
ST ANDREWS

DEAN OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ORDER
OF THE THISTLE; ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S
CHAPLAINS IN SCOTLAND,
ETC., ETC.

BY

MRS OLIPHANT

AUTHOR OF 'THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING,' ETC., ETC.

THIRD EDITION

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TO HER MAJESTY

THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

Since the completion of the fifty years during which your Majesty has held the chief place in your kingdoms, I think the writers and thinkers of that period may venture more and more to feel a certain bond between themselves and their Queen, upon whose gracious name their humbler names will still be attendant, while history prolongs the record of the great Victorian age. In this point of view, as well as by your gracious permission, I am encouraged to offer to your Majesty the following simple record of one of the most faithful among the many faithful subjects and respectful friends whom your Majesty's clear-sighted appreciation and kindness have gathered round the steps of the throne in every rank of life. Though it is difficult to predict what place the judgment of posterity may allot to him in the literary history of the time, no one who knows Scotland can doubt the great influence wielded by Principal Tulloch, especially in the affairs of the Church and in the interests of National Education, always with a view to a larger charity, and a

more complete intellectual development. Your Majesty's never-failing interest and sympathy in such efforts were a support and encouragement to him throughout the most important part of his career; and no one interested in him can ever forget the Royal words which honoured his memory, or the generous and gracious bounty in which your Majesty's kind thoughts found expression. I venture also to believe that this memorial of a faithful servant of his country and Queen will not be less acceptable to your Majesty, from the fact that it is the story not of one life only, but of two wedded and loyal lives, the chronicle of a perfect and unbroken union.

I have the honour to be,

Your Majesty's respectful and humble Servant,

MARGARET OLIPHANT W. OLIPHANT.

WINDSOR, *October* 1888.

NOTE.

In making my acknowledgments for the help afforded me in preparing this Memoir, I must mention first the chief and most effectual aid of all, given by one who has herself become partially its subject as well as its leading authority, Mrs Tulloch, who since the beginning of the work has rejoined the husband to whom her life had been devoted. From her I received the incalculable help of a series of letters extending over a space of nearly forty years, and full of all the thoughts, plans, and wishes of the Principal's life. I have to thank the other members of the family, and particularly the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, Mrs Frank Tarver, and Miss Tulloch, for the complete facilities afforded me, and for many recollections and elucidations of obscure incidents and movements. The same thanks are due to the Rev. Dr Dickson, the friend of the Principal's youth as well as of his mature years, and the Rev. Dr Story, both of Glasgow University, for the many letters addressed to them; and also for the revision which both these gentlemen have given to my work, along with explanations of the state of Scotch affairs, very necessary to its completeness. Among others who have given similar aid, Professor Baynes of St Andrews, who survived his friend and associate only a short

time, and the Rev. Dr Phin of Edinburgh, are both beyond the reach of thanks: but I owe my warmest acknowledgments to Mrs Baynes and to Mrs Smith, the wife of the late Rev. W. Smith of North Leith, who intrusted me with the letters to her husband—a long and interesting series; and also to the Rev. Dr Mitchell of St Andrews, to Professor Knight of St Andrews, and to many young clergymen, students at St Mary's, from whom I have received admirable and touching recollections of their beloved teacher, unfortunately too long to publish. If I have omitted any name, I must beg that friend to pardon the unintentional neglect. I am specially indebted to Dr Dickson, Dr Mitchell, Dr Story, the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd of St Andrews, and Professor Knight, for much information of an interesting kind. By these friends, and by all who loved and liked Principal Tulloch, I hope this biography will be accepted as a faithful record: which is all that is needed to do honour to the memory of a man whose like, as we all feel, we have little expectation of meeting again.

At St Andrews, *September* 25, 1888.

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MEMOIR OF PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

CHAPTER I.

HIS YOUTH.

JOHN TULLOCH was born at Dron, in Perthshire, on the 1st June 1823. His family had come originally from Orkney, whence some traditions scarcely well enough defined to be quoted authoritatively, of their superior intellectual powers and influence, have been brought; but they had settled for some generations in Perthshire, where his father occupied the position of parish minister. Tulloch was thus born a Son of the Manse, always in Scotland an attractive and pleasant genealogy. We need not pause to say how many of her most worthy sons have come from the same homely aristocracy, a lineage in which good home-training, moderate learning, and that position which conveys at once equality and superiority, the brotherhood of the poor, and the respect of the rich, inferior to none, yet fraternal to all, secures in so many cases the highest success, and in so many more the cordial esteem and regard of all around. Scotland, even in those days, not so very far distant from our own, was different in many respects from its present aspect and con-

dition. The Church was undivided: even the hot controversy which ended in the Disruption had scarcely begun at the time of John Tulloch's birth. The calm of settled circumstances untouched by opposition, unthreatened even by the vaguest forebodings of secession or disestablishment, serenely unconscious of rivalry, lay over her modest ecclesiasticism. The little Episcopal Chapel here and there, in which a native Scot officiated as chaplain, did not disturb the parish minister's quiet sway, any more than the Burgher meeting-house with its little pragmatical assembly; and the Old Kirk, with less sternness than is supposed to be her character, with perhaps indeed a good deal of laxity of discipline if not of doctrine, was still as nearly the Church of the people as any National Church of the Reformation could claim to be.

Mr Tulloch, however, the minister of Tibbermuir, in which rural parish the greater part of his son's childhood was passed, had not been without other experiences than those of a parish minister. He had spent several years in the family of Mr Grant of Kilgraston as tutor to the sons of that house, two of whom, Sir Francis and Sir Hope Grant, were afterwards well known to fame. A man who was thus instrumental in training three pupils of such distinction—the painter, the soldier, and his own son, more eminent in his way than either—must surely have had the gift of awakening the intelligence of the young minds under his care. He took at the same time a keen interest in all political matters, and was an ardent Liberal, editing for some time the 'Perthshire Advertiser,' and working hard for his party. He was also, we are told, a popular preacher, so that something of his son's gift may have been hereditary. The mother, whose maiden name was Maclaren, the daughter of a Perthshire farmer, transmitted to her children a less happy inheritance in a sensitive and highly nervous organisation. The first-born were a pair of stalwart twins, John and Frank, who

grew up to be, both, of the largest mould of man, tall, fair, and ruddy, with traces of their Norse descent in their warm complexions and tawny hair,—several younger brothers, one of whom died in early manhood abroad, and a sister Agnes, who still survives, completing the family.

I find in some notes of events in an old diary the only information procurable about Tulloch's infancy. He describes himself as having been "nursed at Aberargie, with an old Dissenting couple of the name of Willison, till about six years of age. Old Willison, a very quaint old man," the Principal adds, with a gleam of humorous recollection in that distant haze of years. His first school was the Perth Grammar School, where he was "once well flogged by Mr Logan, the head-master." An old comrade reports of the twin sons of the minister of Tibbermuir, that Frank was full of the pranks of youth, but John always quieter, absorbed in his books, which we think rather a doubtful report, for John never outlived, at his gravest period, a native touch of frolic, and loved the open air and manly exercise, although the sports of English youth were then in Scotland almost unknown.

At the age of twelve he was removed to the Madras College at St Andrews, where his youthful studies were carried on for two years; and so early as the session of 1837-38 we find him entered at the United College as a student. He was then in his fifteenth year—an early age for such a beginning; but it has never been the custom in Scotland, nor was it always so in England, to defer the studies of the university to the comparatively mature age at which young men begin these studies now. An old class-fellow, Dr Gray of Liberton, gives the following description of the "Perthshire lad" on his first appearance in the college class-rooms:—

> He was then in his fifteenth year—slim, fair, tall, and mirth-loving. He was a very good student in all his classes, and took a prominent part in the work of the debating societies. But the general impression was that he was easy-going, and might have

done a good deal better than he did—that he had a reserve of power. I was struck with the unusual mingling of the boy and the man. I saw him on one occasion placed in somewhat difficult circumstances. And his self-possession, his dignity, his successful repelling of familiarity made a great impression on my mind, seeing he was then only midway through his teens. But as a rule he was boyish in his careless glee, easily moved to laughter, and often rebuked for a quite unacademic outburst. These explosions continued amid the graver studies of the Theological Hall in St Mary's College. I remember on one occasion an absurd answer was given to Principal Haldane (Dr Tulloch's predecessor, as it turned out) by one of the students in divinity. Tulloch's outburst was so exuberant that the Principal actually started from his chair, and then sat down perfectly paralysed for a few moments. He then turned to Tulloch with a stern expression, and said, "You're a gawky fellow, Mr Tulloch; you're a very gawky fellow, sir!" and so resumed his examination.

This anecdote sheds a pleasant ray of light upon the class-room in St Mary's with its small band of students and the half-familiar, half-pedagogic intercourse between the lecturer and his pupils. Into the grey undecorated room, with its Scotch bareness and austerity, the ruddy looks and laughing countenance of the seventeen-years-old boy throw a sudden warmth of reality and youthful nature. And the "explosion" of the indecorous mirth is not more lifelike than the startled solemnity of the old Principal struggling for a word to express the shock of his disapproval, yet no more angry than a learned pundit was obliged to seem to be.

It is not uncharacteristic that we should begin the record of a life so full of serious thoughts and things, and sometimes so sadly overclouded, with a laugh. For indeed this big delightful spontaneous laugh, an "explosion" as his old classfellow justly calls it, was always one of Principal Tulloch's special individualities. It was a laugh impossible to resist, so genial, so large, so cordial, full of that keen sense of the ludicrous which is one of the most real alleviations of life—or rather of living, which in itself, without such aids, is often so monotonous a business. When that laugh was not heard,

all his friends were aware that things must be going badly with the Principal; but the times in which this was the case were few, on the whole, compared with the general course of his life.

There are not, however, wanting graver records of his studentship. I have before me two or three faded MSS., the boyish essays of the time, preserved, doubtless, because of the proud inscription "First prize" and the professor's comments upon the last page, which would be delightful to the lad, and pathetically amusing to the man when he turned them over. Some of them are dated 38–9, some 39–40. One of them, an "Essay on the Difficulties attending the Inductive Study of the Mind," is thus characterised by the professor:—

> I have been very much pleased with this essay. The subject is discussed with great clearness, judgment, and ingenuity. There is plain evidence that much attention has been paid, and that there is no small capacity, while the style and composition are perspicuous, correct, and ingenious. The whole discourse is most creditable to the author. GEORGE COOK.

Another, on the "Origin and Invention of an Alphabet," is endorsed: "This is an excellent and talented essay, and though differing from me in some things, is not the less valued. The first on the subject." A third, on the "Immortality of the Soul," contains another long eulogy from Dr Cook, who is "not satisfied that the view taken by the writer is a sound one, but is always gratified at any approach to original views." "All the essays and exercises of the author throughout the session," he adds, "have had much merit, and I am satisfied that by diligence and perseverance he will become thoroughly acquainted with the great principles of moral science." There is perhaps nothing to attract special attention in these youthful productions; but they are very well written, in a style which is wonderfully like that of maturer years, and already has something of the literary accent of the man. The Literary Society of St Andrews

University adds its meed of applause to that of the professors. Mr Tulloch read his essay "On the supposed Eternity of Matter," on the 16th March 1839, in which he "made an end of the hypotheses of the disciples of Lucretius." "The command of language," according to the minutes, "was great, considering the youth of the composer (16); and the happy mixture of correct philosophical reflection with poetic sentiment was particularly remarked." Happy boys who could set the old philosophers right and command the world! Next year Mr Tulloch read his "Critique on Wordsworth's 'Excursion,'" an essay which "contained much ingenious and philosophical criticism, evincing great power of language, and at the same time a mind imbued with the spirit of his author." The essay was "listened to with much attention," and followed by a vote of thanks to the writer. In November of the same year he was himself secretary of the Society, and sets down his own praises with waggish humour, making covert fun of the grave deliverance. The essay was "On the Origin of an Alphabet;" and "most members remarked the appropriateness of the style to the abstract nature of the subject," is the record made, with a twinkle of his merry eyes, by the hero and historian of the occasion. In 1841, which was his last year at United College, a critical essay upon the 'Faerie Queen' was read before the same eager young assembly, which was delighted by its "great depth of thought, much poetic sentiment, and vivacity and vigour of expression." The little manuscript, grey and faded, in a fine small handwriting without a blot, no doubt copied with a young author's pride in his first production, lies before me. It is full of enthusiasm as well as of the other things the boy-critics found in it, with a fine swell of feeling such as would make the voice of the young writer tremble as he read. He was eighteen, and his admiration of everything that was beautiful overflowed in glowing words, slightly stilted by times as was inevitable. "The spirit of chivalry was not

extinct," he says, in Spenser's age; "its chief characteristics, a high-souled courtesy and a devoted admiration of the female character, still survived." Naturally the young critic in the comparison is a little contemptuous of his own time.

Alas! the last entry in the minutes of the Society is an expression of "deep sorrow and regret" on hearing of the great loss which "the University, bereft of its illustrious head, the Church of Scotland of her most powerful champion, and this country of one of her brightest ornaments, have respectively sustained." Forty-five years elapse between the "Essay on the Faerie Queen," in all its boyish warmth, for which "the unanimous thanks of the Society" were given to the young enthusiast, and that deep sorrow and regret over the University's illustrious head. During that long period Tulloch had been but a short time severed from his University, and neither in age nor youth was there any cloud upon his spotless career.

The prizes above mentioned were not, however, his only distinctions. He was apt all his life to undervalue his own scholarship; but he gained repeated honours for "eminence in Greek literature" and translations from Homer and Sophocles. What is more remarkable, he did very well in mathematics, as well as in the more congenial realms of philosophy — always his favourite study; and ended his career in the United College triumphantly by gaining the Gray prize for History, "which was worth only five or six pounds," says Dr Dickson, Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University, "but was accounted, for want of anything better, the highest honour a St Andrews student could at that time obtain."

Professor Mitchell of St Andrews, another lifelong friend, like himself very soon promoted to a chair in his own University, brings before us the bright-faced lad in his other aspect—half rebellious, full of laughter and frolic. The class itself in which all these boys, the future teachers of their

generation, studied and idled, with occasional outbursts of youthful spirits—less restrained and subdued than we are now accustomed to—was "a boisterous set of high-spirited youths,"—"the wildest class he ever saw," as their Professor Cook said. The University itself was not very regular perhaps, but floated along in a somewhat happy-go-lucky way, not standing upon its dignity: the old professors, not unfrequently dull and prosy, chafed the lads with their drone and the old-fashioned routine of their ways. Dr Gray, explaining why Tulloch did not take his degree after his examination, adds the following remarkable story:—

> At that time the degree was not so highly valued, and was not so commonly taken as now. I myself did not intend to take it; and it was only because a fellow, one evening at a "Gaudeamus," said I was afraid of the mathematical examination, that I resolved to go in for it. It will tend to show how lightly the professors, or some of them, took the matter, that when I appeared to be examined, Thomas Peattie, the janitor, asked me what branch I was to take first. I said Latin. His answer was, "Professor Gillespie desires me to say that you have passed." "But," said I, "I have not been examined." "You have passed, sir." I said, "What does this mean?" The janitor answered, with a smile, "The professor is off to the fishing."

Nothing could be more astounding than this glimpse into the economy of a university system in which apparently students went up singly when they pleased, to be examined for their degree, and academical life had no special characteristics but those which individual tastes and instinct gave. We cannot but feel that there must be something left out or misconstrued in such reminiscences. Professor Gillespie, above referred to, was known as a humourist, and, I believe, translated Horace into familiar Scotch verse, to the amusement of his contemporaries. Dr James Hunter, the professor of Logic, is described as "blunt and gruff," but withal kindly, who in his lectures continued to talk of "Mr Hume" and "Mr Gibbon" as if they had been contemporaries. The

professor of mathematics was Mr Duncan, of whose lucid teaching and quiet sarcasm an interesting notice has lately appeared in a volume recently printed for a local occasion. Principal Haldane, Tulloch's predecessor in that position, was at the head of St Mary's College—a man of high character, much esteemed and respected. Dr Buist held the chair of Church History; and Dr Tennant, of merry memory —the author of "Maggie Lauder" and "Anster Fair," not perhaps to be described as academical productions—that of Hebrew. But the only professors whom the young men seem thoroughly to have respected and believed in were Dr George Cook, who then filled the chair of Moral Philosophy, and who was at the same time an active and influential leader of the party then called "Moderate" in the Church; and Dr Jackson, whose venerable figure has not long disappeared from the familiar scene.

Among Tulloch's class-fellows were a number of men well known and remarkable in their generation, though none so distinguished as himself. Professor Mitchell of St Andrews, Dr Dickson of Glasgow, Dr Gray of Liberton, Dr Anderson of Kinnoull, Dr Milligan of Aberdeen University, are all men of known reputation and importance. Mr Patrick Proctor Alexander, who followed the Principal within a few months to the grave, was one of those men who never carry out in any adequate manner the high hopes formed of them, yet do enough to show what, under happier circumstances, they might have done. Sir George Campbell was another of the youthful companions who pursued their not too painful studies under the invocation of St Leonard and St Salvator, the joint patrons of the United College, whose names give a quaint suggestion of the remote and picturesque Catholic centuries during which these halls of learning were founded, but are curiously at variance with the dull modernism of the existing institution. It is unfortunate that in a place like St Andrews, so thoroughly adapted to

its object as a university town, there should be so little of the graceful antiquity which becomes such a centre of old-established instruction, in the University buildings themselves. St Mary's alone preserves a little of the venerable aspect which we would fain associate with such a place. And I fear there was not very much veneration either for the instructors or the instruction, in these old, yet not very far-off days. Not very far off, although, in the different tone and atmosphere of the place, it might have been a century ago.

Between the Madras College, the Grammar School of St Andrews, and the United College in which he took the "arts" classes qualifying him for his degree, John Tulloch spent five years of his early youth. Besides the debating societies, he seems to have taken a certain part in the public life of the University, as is shown by one fact in its history during this period. It had been the custom that the office of Lord Rector—now so constantly filled by distinguished men, and which is a sort of compliment from the flower of Scottish youth which distinguished men have proved themselves very willing to accept—should be filled by certain professors in rotation, without any reference to the wishes of the students, and in a painfully ineffective and futile way. Young Tulloch was one of the ringleaders in the raising of rebellion against this custom. Dr Mitchell, in a recent review of the papers of the Senatus, found with amusement a protest signed by Tulloch and himself against the action in this respect of the body, of which they were both to be members in their still early manhood, but in changed days. Tulloch took a part at least, if he was not the chief actor, in proposing Dr Chalmers, then unquestionably the greatest man in the Scotch Church, for the Rectorship, which was the beginning of a new state of affairs. The world of Scotland was by this time all aflame with the controversy which ended in the Disruption, and no doubt this proposal meant at least a

sentiment of admiration for the party which afterwards formed the Free Church, at the head of which Dr Chalmers was. But it meant quite as much the young man's characteristic fairness, and desire that honour might be shown where honour was due. It is curious that his first step in distinctive university life should have been this. He made a great many protests after, and offered much resistance to those routine regulations which so often quenched the spirit of excellent customs. The boyish action was but a natural preface to the determination of the man.

His course of education at St Andrews, including some portion of the graver studies for his profession which were carried on at St Mary's in the divinity class-rooms, was over before he had attained the age at which an Eton or Harrow boy is now considered ready for the university. The one system, I cannot but think, is as mistaken in keeping the young too long back, as the other in unduly pressing them forward. He had already for some time been living the life of a man in almost complete independence, both of mind and resources, when he was seventeen years of age. It is said that he cost his family nothing during the whole course of his studies—not an unusual fact in the life of a Scotch youth at college. To help him in this he had a bursary which was in the gift of the Presbytery of Perth, and which was held on the condition of passing a periodical examination. But such helps are very small, and the bulk of his expenses must have been paid by teaching, which is also a very usual thing among the hard-working students of the north. There is very little record, however, of his work in this kind, not so much as a mention of any tutorship he held, such as it might have been supposed would have dwelt in the recollection of some one, proud to think in after-days of having received some portion of youthful training from his hands. He talks in his early letters to Dr Dickson of the "prospects of a good hour's teaching, which, however," he adds, "I am by no

means anxious about; I should prefer mathematics:" and when he arrives in Edinburgh in 1843, announces, "I have now got teaching to my satisfaction—though I must own all teaching is a confounded bore, and I fervently wish I were through with college and it together." The expenses of living were, however, considerably less then than now, and the short academical sessions, not divided over the year as in England, but taken altogether in the six months of winter, which make a Scotch professorship so desirable a post, must also have facilitated for young and frugal students the possibilities of living. Tulloch does not seem, however, to have returned home for his vacations as most do, but spent a considerable part of his leisure in St Andrews, probably on account of pupils at the Madras College, where the holidays were shorter. From thence he writes to his young correspondent Dickson, sometimes complaining of his solitariness in his room in Bell Street, where "whole days may pass without speaking to an acquaintance," while he roams desultorily through the realms of literature, sometimes busy with his work for a college prize, often tempted aside, to compare the strangely different styles of Coleridge and Crabbe, to choke with laughter over 'Peregrine Pickle,' to regain his gravity over Alison's History. "I have been overhauling, to very little purpose I have no doubt, scraps of science, the *débris* scattered here and there in popular books I have contrived to lay my hands on, of that noble feast in store for every philosophic student—history too, British and Grecian—I have been dabbling in everything but divinity," he says in one letter. At another time he describes himself as "unable to tell what has brought me back so soon, wearying for the reopening of the classes, and the return of college sport and bustle." On another occasion, changing his mind, he writes from Tibbermuir describing himself as delighted to get home to the country, "to escape the grassy streets and eternal lanes of the old city." Now he upbraids himself for lost time and

unfulfilled projects, and moralises upon the truth of the maxim that hell is paved with good intentions. "There is something peculiarly gratifying," he says (being seventeen, with a wide horizon before him), "in the mere contemplation of what we yet intend to do—something which we like to dwell upon, but which the first attempt at execution in the way of bringing it about scarce ever fails to chill. I have been led into these reflections reviewing my labours during the summer, comparing what I have done, or may yet possibly do, with what I had at its commencement resolved to accomplish;" and he gives his friend a list of all the things, and they were many, which he had intended but failed to do.

Presently, however, we find him back again commenting on the changed aspect of St Andrews in summer. "The city is nearly as gay as ever — the same superfluity of unknown equipages, golfers, bathers, &c. I am still luxuriating in an almost daily bath. Pat Alexander, if anybody, is my *vade mecum*. We bathe together, walk and converse together. Poetry, you know, is Pat's favourite theme, and many a long discussion we have thereanent. I am not studious: who could be so in such weather? My essay on the Resurrection is in the same state as when I last wrote, and I am greatly afraid will continue so. I am reading Greek and Latin, however, pretty regularly." Perhaps the attraction that brought him to St Andrews in summer when the colleges were closed, may have already had some connection with the letters in the next chapter. But he was by no means bound to that solitary lodging. He moved lightly about from one place to another, now visiting friends, now wandering over the country, and on one great occasion went to Perth to see the Queen on one of her early visits to Scotland, and was present at a "grand banquet" in the evening in honour of the royal visit.

But this was not all. Next morning I set off to Taymouth with a party, and there indeed the spectacle was magnificent.

Not to mention the natural scenery, the finest perhaps in the Highlands, which I had never seen before, the effect which this received at night from the various illuminations, every tree hung with variegated lamps, the hills around studded with bonfires, was indescribably grand—

> "So wondrous wild, that all might seem
> The scenery of a fairy dream."

We sat in patriarchal fashion on the banks of the Tay, *quaiching* the liquid ruby to the health and glory of our fair Mountain Queen.

These rambling notes give no unpleasing vision of the young student's holidays, full of pleasant idleness and work pursued when the humour seized him. He was poor, but there is no symptom of pinching or painful self-denial, and it is with a little evident wilfulness and early independence apparently quite uncontrolled, that he pursues his path and takes his own youthful way.

His reasons for transferring himself to Edinburgh in the midst of his theological course are not very clear. Probably it was because the theological lectures were "dry and uninteresting," as Dr Dickson says, and perhaps a little impatience of the necessary professional studies such as he has already shown in his "dabbling in everything but divinity," had come to a momentary explosion in his mind, always apt to be moved by sudden impatiences.

I am fully resolved at present to be in St Andrews next winter [he writes in June 1842]. I have deliberately weighed all considerations *pro* and *con*, and the result has been a thoroughly rooted assurance of the propriety of said resolution. My wish is to obtain a desirable tutorship and eschew college as long as possible. My object in this is to be at liberty to pursue a course of study to my own liking, unfettered by college requirements, undisturbed by professional officiousness.

Most characteristic words. "To be at liberty to pursue" his own thoughts and work in his own way, was his devout desire all his life. Never was there a man who chafed at

the conventional requirements of colleges and professors more, though his life was to be passed at the head of a college, and in a divinity chair.

It was not, however, till October 1843 that he went to Edinburgh. "I waited on Principal Lee with a letter of introduction. What a solemnity he is!" he writes with youthful irreverence. "We have a very poor hall [that is to say, a small number of students in the divinity classes], but a very pleasant. Some of the fellows are quite trumps. I delivered on Thursday two discourses, homily and critical, with great approbation;" and he asks, with the superiority of a denizen of a superior sphere, "What numbers are there waiting upon the sage prelections of Bob, and the curious dulnesses of Buist?" These were the professors at St Mary's College from whom and their droning the young man was glad to have escaped; and his beginning, notwithstanding Principal Lee's supposed solemnity, was evidently a cheerful and hopeful one. He left most of his old comrades behind him by this move, and the brief period of his training in Edinburgh is without any record—although he made there one of his closest friendships, that with "Smith of North Leith," the familiar name under which this friend was constantly quoted and referred to many years later, and with whom, through his earlier manhood, his correspondence was constant. Tulloch and he, along with various other young men unknown to fame, seem to have formed among them one of those associations which please the young, and bound each other *en l'amitié* as they called it, with doubtful French, but no doubt genuine feeling, giving each other names of special fellowship, which for many years they continued to use in their correspondence. Mr Smith was "Pater," for reasons best known to themselves; Tulloch "Professor," with a pleasant foreshadowing of future dignities. This pleasant-foolish youthful bond was, between these two at least, never broken, and gave a character of

specially affectionate regard and familiarity to their intercourse, even when one of them took advantage of it to criticise the productions or proceedings of the other, which momentarily strained but never broke the genial tie.

This is about the only thing to be ascertained of the brief life in Edinburgh, in which the young men would seem to have sown a few comparatively innocent wild oats, such as for a year or two sometimes recurred to the memory of one of them at least, and troubled his delicate conscience. A merry meeting now and then, "a smoking chop," perhaps "a quiet glass of toddy," would seem to have been the worst of these dissipations, with many a wrangle over knotty points of philosophy, and many a discussion of easier literature. Tulloch was always a reader, and eager for books at every period of his career. "From his student days he was well versed in English literature. I remember in the summer spending a day with him at Tibbermuir," says Dr Gray, "and feeling rather humbled to find how much he had read." It would seem that jokes and frolic were uppermost *en l'amitié*, though all of the most blameless kind. It is, however, curious to find in this active and vivid young life almost no reflections from the great controversy which was then tearing Scotland asunder—the question first called Non-intrusion, afterwards glorified with more splendid titles, and which ended in the great Secession of the Free Church in 1843. Tulloch had but just finished his studies in this year (if he had quite finished them), when the Disruption took place, and must, one would have thought, have been deeply concerned in the preceding discussions. The one mark of any feeling on this subject which I have found, is the proposed election of Dr Chalmers as Rector. But it would not seem to have much affected his mind or life. "For a considerable time," says Dr Dickson, "his sympathies (which in ordinary politics were towards the Whigs, or almost Radical party) induced him to take a lively interest

in the Non-intrusion controversy, and tended at first towards the views of those who subsequently formed the Free Church. But he became satisfied that the claims put forward by them for exclusive jurisdiction, under cover of the so-called Headship of Christ, were not dissimilar to those of the Papacy, and inconsistent with a due recognition of the place of the State." This seems almost too formal a conclusion to have been arrived at in the heat of the moment, but it is almost all the evidence there is about his state of mind—which he does not himself express, so far as I have found, though he relates, as will be seen hereafter, the fact of the Secession with considerable awe and excitement.

Tulloch's father, however, the minister of Tibbermuir, seems to have been at one time a supposed supporter of the movement. There is an amusing and lively though stilted account of the scene in which two clerical emissaries of the warlike party in the Church hunted out, and with some difficulty found him, occupied in a way which perhaps will interest more than any polemics the reader of this calmer period. It is contained in a book entitled 'Memorials of the Disruption,' by the Rev. Dr Beith, who claims Mr Tulloch as in the earlier part of the controversy "a Non-intrusionist," belonging to the Liberal school in politics and the Evangelical in the Church. On the 12th January 1843, Dr Beith and a colleague came in "a conveyance"—a very usual euphemism for the respectable gig of the country-side—from Perth to Tibbermuir, in order to arrange for a meeting there, and the stirring up of the people at that critical moment for their cause. When they went to the manse they found the minister absent on the ice, for it was a great curling day, and the parish was out in a body, as the Non-intrusionists were not aware. But Scotch flesh and blood, even though the mind was preoccupied with a great polemical cause, could not resist the spirit-stirring scene when, after various directions and colloquies, the clerical pair found

themselves in the midst of the curlers. The sharp clear air, the red sunshine, the white expanse of the ice crowded with active figures, the fringe of spectators round, including many fine people, "among whom Lady Moncreiffe reigned as a queen," inspired and excited them in spite of themselves, and the mid-day hours flew imperceptibly to the ring of the curling-stones and the cheerful shouts about. Presently, however, the two clergymen recalled themselves to the object of their mission.

Enjoyment such as we now had, in the interval of pressing duty, has its limits. The sun was beginning to decline in the south; the winter evening, with its discomforts, would soon be upon us. We must search throughout the vast assemblage, in despite of all its pleasurable excitement, for the minister of Tibbermuir. Search for him we did, and, after many inquiries and visits to various rinks, we found him. We found him flushed with the exertion he was called on to make in playing his part. He had just cleared the way for a curling-stone, using a large broom, with which he had swept the ice clear of every sort of obstruction, and seemed, by his gestures and expression, as well as by the skilful manipulation of the broom, to invite, to solicit, to conjure the missile to come on and on to a point which he had determined in his mind it should reach. The stone, as if under authority, came lazily forward and sulkily stopped, its handle, ornamented with silver, glittering pleasantly to the eyes of the spectators. The minister was in the act of shouldering his broom, and stood watching the next stone, apparently calculating the effect it might have on the issue of the game, when Dr Forbes gently touched him on the shoulder. He turned towards us and received us kindly, though it was easy to see he could at the moment have wished us far enough.

Then there follows a discussion of the object of the agitators, of whose visit, though not at this inconvenient moment, Mr Tulloch had been warned; and after a statement on his part of the difficulties under which he was as to the holding of the meeting they wanted, and a final promise to do what he could, the visitors left him to his sport. The country minister, flushed with hard work and frosty air, with his broom in

his hand, and more than half his attention distracted to the swing of the gliding stones, the call upon him to "Soop!" coming through the midst of his black-coated brethren's exhortations about their meeting, and his mind more intent upon the game than upon Non-intrusion, makes a cheerful and sympathetic picture in the midst of the barren tale of speeches and promises of adhesion. We are bound to add, however, that the writer is quite genial in his narrative, and finds no fault with the cheerful scene. The meeting was held after all, though not in the church or school, as they had hoped, and Mr Tulloch, with no reminiscence of his broom or his sport, took the chair.

> He made a good speech [the historian continues] in favour of our movement and of the truths we were striving to protect. His statement was clear and effective; but we observed that he did not commit himself to the carrying out of the advocacy and prosecution of the truths in question in the form we proposed to do. On that head he said nothing; otherwise, we were gratified by his address. . . . We saw no more of Mr Tulloch. That he presided on this occasion we considered to be of importance. That he did not follow with us—that when the day of trial came he was not found by our side, however lamented for his sake, was no surprise to any one. He broke no pledge; he had never so identified himself with our movement as to justify an accusation of direct tergiversation.

No doubt young Tulloch felt with his father. He was at the period of this visit in Edinburgh, absorbed in his work, his youthful friendships and pleasures; and he says nothing to make us suppose that the controversy had ever done more than touch the surface of his mind.

It is neither easy nor necessary to give any sketch of that great ecclesiastical controversy here. It began on a practical point, the supposed injustice and hardship of presenting clergymen to churches without the approval, or even against the wishes, of the congregation—a grievance which, though little appreciated in England, has always been a bugbear to

the Scotch mind, and has given rise in succession to all the different secessions from the Kirk. To carry this comprehensible objection on into the doctrinal claim of complete independence for the Church, and to represent every interference of the State, even in respect to its own loaves and fishes, as an infringement upon the supreme sway and "Headship" of our Lord, was no doubt a logical carrying out of the original sentiments of the Church of Scotland, and in harmony with much of her polemical history; and there was a loftiness in the claim and a splendour in the sacrifice by which it was finally sealed, which carried away many fervid imaginations, and none more than the then very youthful writer of these pages. But I cannot think they could ever have had much weight with Tulloch, whose mind was singularly free from, and indeed impatient of, all prejudice in favour of ecclesiastical power. Such claims were offensive to him in his full maturity, and at no time could he have had much sympathy with them. Born in and trained for the Church, and serving her with his best gifts all his life, sacerdotalism of every kind was always an offence to him. He had perhaps less feeling on this point than was desirable. He claimed no right to rule in the name of Christ, and assumed no mediatory place as between God and His people. He was essentially and from the beginning a ministrant of the great truths which were in the hands of all, and of which it was every man's duty to judge for himself.

Thus his years of education passed lightly away, not made so much of as they might have been, with no enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge, but a cheerful development, tempered by all the pleasantnesses of youth. Such portions of the long summer as were spent at home in the Perthshire manse, permitted a great deal of reading, and a considerable acquaintance with the rural world about, of all classes, which no doubt helped to form him for the influence which he

afterwards exercised so largely, the knowledge of men and life and universal sympathy which made him what he was. In the next chapter of opening life he himself appears in the letters which happily so many of his correspondents, and above all his wife, the constant recipient of all his thoughts and confidences, have preserved.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE.

A PORTION of the spring of 1843 was spent by young Tulloch at St Andrews, the place to which his inclinations seem always to have returned in every interval of freedom; and on this occasion there evidently took place the most important encounter in his life, and the most fortunate. It was not his first meeting, probably, with Miss Hindmarsh. Her family had spent some years in Perth, where she had been chiefly educated, and where her two beautiful sisters were known, I am told by a youthful contemporary, as the Fair Maids of Perth. She was too young at that time to have known, except as a child, the Tibbermuir boys; but there was probably acquaintance enough to make their meeting, when he came to St Andrews in all the satisfaction of his completed education, an easy one, ripening quickly into friendship—for friendship was all it was to be permitted to be in these early idyllic days. The young lady was but seventeen, the youth not twenty-one. No doubt they had many encounters in the freedom of the little society, in the Sunday walks upon the Links and rambles by the shore. "I knew her father, Mr Hindmarsh, one of the most polished of men," writes Dr Gray. "I attended his class for elocution for a short time, and even then wondered at the effects produced in reading by his clear insight into the meaning of the

author, and a voice capable of giving expression to every mood and every variety of tone." Therefore it was in a house full of the talk and literary discussions he loved that the young man found the new influence which was to tell for so much in his life. He went home from St Andrews to Tibbermuir in the end of April; and immediately young John Tulloch opens up his heart and life, and becomes visible to us in an aspect different from that which he wears to his boyish companions — the tender and poetic side of his sensitive nature. The first letter of a series which concluded only with his life, and in which for more than forty years in every interval of separation, all his most intimate thoughts, feelings, and projects found vent, is dated the 23d of April 1843, on a Sunday evening, when he sits down to write to his dear Miss Hindmarsh, with what pleasure! He is all alone in his room—the bay-window open, the songs of the birds, linnets and thrushes and all the songsters of the grove, coming in.

To Miss Hindmarsh.

How emphatically such a Sabbath eve as this in the country is an eve of rest! All nature seems joyous and reposing. And yet I cannot overcome a sadness that comes over me when my thoughts revert to St Andrews, when I think of you, and how blest I would have been on such a night by your side. Oh, Miss Hindmarsh, what a change has come o'er the spirit of my dreams in a few days! Often when reading by myself, I fancy I could hear your voice saying, "Beautiful!" note your raised eyes beam interest, and your brow change with the changing story.

"I fear," he adds in alarm, "that I may have gone beyond the merely friendly capacity in which I agreed to correspond with you"—a fear which the reader will probably think justified. And it is evident that his shortcomings were pointed out to him in the reply, for he resumes in the next letter, in a much subdued and sedate tone, complaining indeed that "a strange, sad, bitter feeling" had come over him as he read her letter.

To Miss Hindmarsh.

But I deserve it for my imprudence. I have only to say I will obey you, I will write so no more; and with this promise you will pardon me.

You will probably have heard by this time, at least before this reaches you, of the awfully serious disruption that has taken place in the Church of Scotland. About 430 ministers—there will doubtless be more—have seceded from the Establishment, and renounced, or will renounce immediately, their manses, stipends, &c. God alone knows what are to be the consequences. The excitement through Scotland, in Edinburgh especially, has been extraordinary. Nothing else is talked of. Many are perfectly astonished at such a sacrifice for principle. Had I been ready I might have had, I daresay, my choice of a kirk. But it is better, after all, as it is. I am not ready seriously in many ways, besides that of not having completed the course of study. I have been considerably studious, but not nearly so much as I would like. My daily anxiety to hear the news of the Kirk has prevented that, and will still do so for some days; but *then* I must be up and doing. I have commenced German with my father, which I find easy and pleasant enough.

It will be seen from this, though he could not refrain from a certain deep-drawn breath of sympathy in the great event he describes, how entirely free was his own mind of any inclination to follow.

There follows much talk about books, especially the light literature of the time—a fine subject for a repressed lover. He has not been able, he says, to get 'Morley Ernstein,' which his correspondent had recommended to him ("there is almost no chance of finding one of James's in"), and therefore cannot tell which of the two heroines he likes best. "I will like the sweetest of them: sweetness is everything in woman," he says. And he proceeds to describe and criticise 'The Lady of Lyons,' then a recent production, quoting Claud Melnotte's description of his supposed Italian palace, under skies "as cloudless—as I would have thy fate." This is too much for the young man's philosophy. "Yes," he adds, "as I would have *thy* fate! God grant my prayer may be heard."

He then pulls himself back to the safe shelter of literature again. He has got the third number of 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' "I was very melancholy, God knows the reason, except that it was a soft pensive evening; and thanks be to Dickens it made me laugh." 'Chuzzlewit,' however, does not always please him so much. In respect to a later number he writes with characteristic fairness:—

I fear greatly Dickens is caricaturing the Americans to gratify his spleen against them for their ill usage of his late work on America. If it is so, it is very bad of him to make a work of fiction and amusement the vehicle of misrepresenting a great and powerful people, whatever may be their vices and faults. If he is not caricaturing, the Americans must certainly be a very *rum* nation.

On another occasion, he tells his young correspondent that he has been reading 'Corinne,' "a most wonderful work, with splendid beauties and no less splendid faults." The heroine herself is "half Italian by birth, all Italian in genius, all-accomplished as you can imagine an Italian to be;" and he tells her the story of the book, with a great desire to know what her opinion of it would be—so fresh and new does everything become that this young pair discuss between them. She has been reading 'Zanoni,' on the other hand, and recommends it to him.

So you think it not impossible that such things as the philosopher's stone and elixir of life may have existed? I love you more [friendship has been happily exploded by this time] for the fancy, though I will not say I have similar thoughts. They are at least beautiful visions and fond imaginings, speaking of the restless stirrings of human nature in its poetic and philosophical moods after the high and the great and the happy. We have all such dreams: at least all whose thoughts ever rise above the sordid concerns that command, and are so apt entirely to engross us in life—all above the common rout, "herds without name no more remembered."

These criticisms and discussions, however, soon give way

to more important matters. In the autumn of 1843 the young correspondents met in Edinburgh, and the restraints under which the young lover had been held died a natural death. It is henceforward to his best beloved, the sharer of every thought, that he writes, finding that everything reminds him of her, incapable of seeing beautiful scenery, or pictures, or anything that is worthy admiration, without a wish that she were by his side, or an exclamation, "How you would have enjoyed it!" (which was his first thought in every such sensation of pleasure all his life after); and above all, pouring into her sympathetic ear all the incidents, personal and external, as well as all the thoughts and questions of his life.

The first of these occur in the spring of 1844, when we find him, his studies at the University over, at home at Tibbermuir, preparing for those final trials which were to qualify him for entrance into active life. These consist, in the Scotch Church, of an examination by the Presbytery, in the course of which the candidate for licence (which does not exactly correspond to minor orders in Episcopal Churches, the Church of Scotland ordaining only to the charge of a distinct congregation, and conferring all the privileges of the minister at once) has to deliver several sermons before that body, and to be examined in various theological questions and in Hebrew. At this important moment, however, an unexpected *contretemps* occurred. He had been writing for some time to his friend Smith playfully, about passing the Rubicon, and it is to him that the first intimation is made:—

To Rev. W. Smith. *March* 27, '44.

I have not passed the Rubicon, or rather I have passed, but have not come out *Reverend* on the other side. All my trials are preached in the most satisfactory manner (so says the Presbytery record), but my not being of age is found to be an insurmountable barrier. Why was I not born two months sooner?

To Miss Hindmarsh he enters more fully into the matter:—

Delivered all my discourses, of which the Presbytery were pleased to speak in terms far exceeding, I am sure, their merits. Got through remaining examinations in Hebrew—in short, with everything; but they did not license, simply in consequence (as I with too great reason feared) of my being under age. The objection was found to be insurmountable. I cannot tell you how much this has annoyed and vexed me, and more than me—my father and mother, and indeed the many friends interested in me. I would have written last night had I not felt altogether so disappointed and annoyed at this result: it will affect my prospects.

He expresses his disappointment in a similar way to Dr Dickson:—

I had preached all my trials in the most satisfactory manner, as the Presbytery were pleased to express it, when this difficulty, insurmountable as it seemed to a few sticklers in the Perth Presbytery, intervened. This was annoying and disappointing enough, especially, as I have reason to fear, the delay may affect my future prospects materially. It cuts me out of all chance of Dron. *Sed levius fit patientia:* mighty consolation, it must be confessed, to a fellow of my tractable disposition. What a humbug, after all, in these times of law-breaking and law-neglecting, to make a fuss about being two months under age! It is like a Church court, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

The reader will probably not be disposed to condemn the Presbytery of Perth as the impatient young candidate for licence did. Twenty-one is surely young enough, under any circumstances, for a ministrant in holy things; but the times were exceptional, and the Church of Scotland, impoverished by the withdrawal of so many of her ministers, had for the moment her hands full of vacant livings, which it was essential to fill up speedily. And at the same time, the delay left the young man with a period of unexpected leisure, for which he had no fit use—a tantalising interval, in which he found it almost impossible to apply himself to fresh studies.

To Miss Hindmarsh.

My employment during the next two months that must intervene before I get licence will be, of course, chiefly writing sermons. I can't help thinking there is something almost ludicrous in the

idea of waiting on the elapse of two months till I "get my mouth opened," as the country folk say here. How I must grow in wisdom during these two months! Seriously, however (for I have talked too long both in a tone of disappointment and lightness), I hope these two months may not pass away unimproved, so that in after-years I may be far from having reason to regret the delay. How my heart responds, my dearly loved girl, to your wish that we might find such a beautiful home as Duddingston, where we might be happy—oh, how happy! making all allowance for my restless and impulsive nature.

Such visions helped on the leaden days of this interval of waiting, of which, not unnaturally, he speaks as if the two months were two centuries. He is idle, he complains to his friends, visiting about, doing little, but not altogether without excuse, he thinks. "I have too much ground for solitary fancy and vaguely delightful absorbing reveries." "Idling my time most gloriously," he says to another comrade; "never was in a less congenial mood for study, abandoned to day-dreaming and miscellaneous reading." Even sermon-writing does not tempt him to utilise the unprofitable time, but this not from idleness but high principle.

To Miss Hindmarsh.

I am not, after all, quite certain of the advantage of having a stock of sermons, seeing that I will be obliged, I fear, to commit my sermons to memory. The common country folk here cannot stand reading sermons. Now committing an old sermon written weeks before is a task by no means easy or pleasant. The idea of it is quite repulsive to me. There is something so theatrical about it, too, that I do not relish it at all. I am in no great anxiety, therefore, to accumulate a stock of sermons, but would rather trust to the ever-recurring excitement of duty to write anew.

In these words speaks the true preacher and natural orator —very distinct from the artificial speaker bent upon effect. At no time could Tulloch tolerate methods which had anything that could be called "theatrical" in them. It was not in his nature to *pose*, or study histrionic light or shade. To this point he returns frequently in these early letters. It was "a

most intolerable bore" this pretence of extempore speaking which the populace exacted, but at which his impatient yet right-thinking mind revolted. "I don't believe the Apostle Paul himself would be acceptable to many of our country congregations if he was found using papers," he says. "I will endeavour, however, to carry mine to the pulpit with me. It is dangerous to dispense with them altogether." Thus the young man found, too, another excuse for dallying with the time of inaction, chafed at yet sweet. For it was spring both in the year and his heart, and dreams such as belong to both those happy seasons warmed the easy tenor of the careless days, in which the future appeared all glorious through the mist of dreams, sometimes "a beautiful home such as Duddingston," a pretty country manse among its trees, caressing his imagination—sometimes more ambitious thoughts.

To Dr Dickson.

Do you know, I have not resigned my boyish dreams of an academic life. It is still my ambition. If you never be Pindar,[1] I may still be Professor, with quondam Pindar for my Co. In sober earnest, I contemplate the thing. Wouldn't it be glorious? . . . I will go ramble and dream of pleasures never perhaps to be realised, and honours probably never to be attained.

These early letters to his friends Smith and Dickson are almost all signed "Professor." It was evidently the scheme of life above all others which "pleased his boyish thought."

All things, however, come to an end, even two months of waiting at twenty-one; and the next step in life brings young Tulloch out of all his rural rambles and day-dreaming, into the busy town of Dundee, and immediate encounter with the serious problems of life. The first appointment offered to him, or that at least upon which his counsellors and he had determined as most suitable, was the post of assistant to Dr

[1] Their nicknames *en l'amitié:* the wish was, if not absolutely realised, at least more nearly so than youthful wishes often are; for both became professors, though not together

M'Lauchlan of Dundee, who was the first minister of the collegiate charge there. I believe this arrangement is peculiar to Scotland, and is one of the many expedients by which Presbyterian equality is practically modified. The collegiate charge originally would seem to mean a large parish cure in which two clergymen are conjoined; but in modern times there is seldom an instance of such a cure without at least one district church or chapel of ease, in which the two ministers officiate in rotation. Dr M'Lauchlan and Dr Adie were in this case the incumbents, and young Tulloch accepted the position of assistant, which bears a near relationship to that of curate, under the idea that the appointment carried with it the succession to Dr M'Lauchlan's living, one of the best in Scotland. Such a position may be held in Scotland by a probationer, a licentiate of his presbytery, before ordination. He gives an account of the whole matter, and his views in accepting the appointment, as follows:—

To Miss Hindmarsh.

What shall I tell you? My prospects (for a while at least) are already *sober realities.* I preached in Dundee on Sunday last in the fine church I spoke of in my last. It is indeed a noble church. Though by no means the largest, it looks from the pulpit almost the most spacious I ever saw. I preached not much to my own comfort I confess, for the pulpit was rather low for me, and I was in myself a good deal uneasy and excited; but with so much satisfaction to the folk of Dundee that I am forthwith offered the assistantship to Dr M'Lauchlan, one of the old and venerable incumbents of the charge. All parties concerned—a gentleman in the name of a committee of the congregation, the provost personally, and more than all, Dr M'Lauchlan himself—urged upon me the acceptance of this situation. As an inducement, Dr M'Lauchlan held out the almost immediate prospect of being appointed his successor, and he is a very old man—eighty-four—and his living is one of the best in the Church. All this was so unexpected that I did not know what to think, and of course would give no definite answer till I had consulted with my father. However, as soon as I had carefully reflected on the nature of the duties I should have to perform, which were fully explained to me, I felt very much disposed in my own mind to accept. Regu-

larly only one sermon to prepare a week, while at the same time I should be relieved of the sole burden of parochial visitation. There were other things that weighed with me: the inducement I would have to write as well and carefully as I can, having thus plenty of time, and so highly educated a congregation to preach to—the congregation being composed almost entirely of the higher classes, the *élite* of Dundee, just like the East Church congregation in Perth; while, if it be viewed as a mere passport to a country church, it is the best possible one in the world. And, dearest—this in a whisper—I could not help thinking, whatever it might lead to, with what facility meanwhile I could *see you*, as there is a steamboat which plies regularly between Dundee and Newcastle. . . . I will of course decline coming forward as a candidate for the place for which I was solicited to do so. My chance of success, I have reason to believe, was very fair; but it is a large town's charge, the sole responsibility of which would have devolved on me, and you will not wonder if I should shrink from such an undertaking. I think you will approve of what I have done.

He was not, however, to be quit so easily of the place referred to in the last sentence, which was Arbroath. He had preached there on one of the few June Sundays between the time he received his licence and his appearance in Dundee, without, it would appear, any particular intention. But this solitary appearance of the very young probationer had produced a more lasting effect on the minds of those who heard him than on his own. On July 24th he writes to Miss Hindmarsh that the provost of Arbroath had come to Dundee on the subject to inquire whether he would accept the charge if it were offered to him. On the spur of the moment he would seem to have answered that if the congregation were unanimous in wishing him to do so, and would let him know authoritatively that this was their desire, he would take the proposal into his most serious consideration. The living was in the gift of the Crown, and was consequently not at all dependent upon the choice of the people, but the young man would not even consider it unless both patron and congregation wished the appointment. Even then the matter would be perplexing enough. He discusses the question without

excitement, but with much seriousness, with his future wife.

By becoming minister of Arbroath [he says], I would at once be raised doubtless to a situation of greater emolument, of far higher honour, but at the same time far more serious and heavy responsibility, and far more weighty duty. Will you venture to advise me? A consummation so dear to my heart, so pregnant with happiness to me, might, with such unquestionable propriety (so far at least as my own opinion is concerned), so soon follow my going to Arbroath, that —— in short, I don't know what to think.

The temptation was great, and at this first mention it would have been little wonder if his young head had been a little elated by so flattering an offer, and one likely to bring so many happy accompaniments with it; but even then the weight of the responsibility and gravity of the proposal appalled him. "I hope, and I am sure," he adds, "that you fervently pray, dearest, that I may be enabled to put my trust in Him who conducteth all who truly put their trust in Him into all light and knowledge." He goes into further details of what the people of Arbroath were ready to do, to his friend Smith. He was promised "an ordained assistant —in short, a colleague, though one more at my service than an ordinary colleague in a regular collegiate charge would be." Without this, which was, in fact, what a curate in priest's orders might be to a young rector or vicar in the Anglican Church—a remarkable privilege for Scotland—he would never have dared to think of it; but with such aid, might he not venture? He entreats his friend to give him his most serious advice; then, with a natural revulsion of feeling, asks:—

Have you not some strange thoughts floating through your brain in reading the foregoing? Will you be able to recognise in the minister of Arbroath your late most inattentive form-fellow and laughing brother *en l'amitié?* How little do we know what is in store for us! I commend my ways to Him who alone can guide us all into what will be ultimately good for us.

During the whole of August and part of September this conflict went on. "I cannot tell you all the anxiety I have gone through about Arbroath," he says. At night he makes up his mind not to accept, but the morning brings another and another letter promising everything, warning him, which is a potent argument, that if he refuses, the Crown may appoint some one unwelcome to the congregation, and the Church itself be injured by his refusal. But strong as this plea is, the sense of the responsibility, "of the awfully important duties of the place, and my own unworthiness and unfitness to discharge them," are strong in his mind. At first he endeavours to put aside the responsibility of choice from himself upon the congregation by refusing to preach to them again as they desire, and by insisting upon a unanimous expression of their wishes; but this expedient does not help him, the congregation being not only unanimous but importunate. His mind, he complains, is so disturbed that he can do nothing, neither study nor rest. Arbroath fills all his thoughts—how he is to refuse? how he is to accept? What, in his youth and helplessness—with his natural desire to be well off and fortunate and married, yet with his tender conscience always reminding him how young, how inexperienced, how little fit he is to meet all the difficulties of such a life—is he to do? He goes over and over the question, looking at it from every side. His father and all his friends are eager on the side of fortune, astonished that he should hesitate when such an excellent opening is before him, better than anybody could have dreamed. But this is not how the currents of his thoughts go. In the midst of his trouble he escapes for a few days to visit his betrothed, a refreshment he has looked for most eagerly, and comes back, it is evident, with greater strength, if thoughts as yet undetermined. Step by step the people of Arbroath press their claim. When was it ever heard of that a young probationer in the very beginning of his career should refuse such a prize?

They will not be daunted by any of his hesitations, but grow hotter as he becomes less and less disposed to accept their propositions. The absorption of his mind in this self-debate, the pain it gives him, the perpetual return of the question, seem to foreshadow the clouds that gathered over his later life. At last the moment of decision came.

To Miss Hindmarsh. *September* 13.

Since I last wrote to you my prospects are all changed. I have given up Arbroath at the eleventh hour. I cannot convey to you any adequate idea of the intensely painful and unhappy feelings that have after all compelled me to this painful necessity. My last distracted letters would convey to you some idea of the state of mind I was in. Such a pitch did my unhappiness reach on Thursday last that I set off all in a sudden home, resolved to see my father about the possibility of throwing the affair up, even at the stage it had reached. At first, of course, he was opposed to it, and couldn't see how I was to get quit, but when he perceived the state of mind I was in, he entered rather into my views. He went to Dundee and officiated for me on Sabbath last, while I officiated at home. On Monday I set off to Edinburgh to see Dr Muir, and to state to him my difficulties, and overwhelming consciousness of inability and unworthiness for such a charge. He was very kind, would have me to consider the matter fully ere I gave it up, at the same time saying that it was a thing between God and my own conscience, and that I myself was the best judge. He was the more sorry, he said, as he had just had a letter from the Home Office saying that all was settled, and that the presentation only awaited my acceptance. On my return, accordingly, I found a communication from the Home Office. This morning, my mind having in no degree altered, I despatched a refusal of it, giving as my reasons my extreme youth and inexperience in contrast with the onerous and important nature of the charge.

It must have been a curious experience for the officials of the time to receive from this inconceivable young minister a letter, no doubt throbbing with all the agitated heart-beats of the self-struggle, giving such reasons for the refusal of that "settlement in life" which, in the experience of the dispensers of patronage, is so seldom objected to. Extreme youth and inexperience! There is an appeal in the very

words, but it is rarely that what it asks is a postponement, perhaps for ever, of the young man's chance in life. Something like a shadow of that struggle which finally overcame the mind of the poet Cowper, at thought of the public appearance he had to make, is in this record. But Tulloch's fight with himself and his patrons had a nobler meaning and ended in peace and the satisfaction of a conscience at rest. He tells the story of his struggle in much the same way to his friend Smith. "After nearly a month of *agony*, for I cannot use a milder term, I have thrown up Arbroath, at the eleventh hour." "The provost of Arbroath is grievously annoyed and offended," he continues to Miss Hindmarsh, "and so, I have reason to understand, will be the whole congregation: but I cannot help it. I could not, and dared not, have undertaken the responsibility of such a charge in my present conscious state of unpreparedness for it. And I have done right, however improperly and inconsistently I may seem to have acted; and I am glad to say that I have in a measure regained my peace of mind, indeed I fear too much so, considering the source of my dispeace."

This crisis, with its stirring up of all the deepest fountains of being, seems indeed to have begun a period of higher thought and profounder consciousness of all that he had undertaken in his sacred profession, perhaps adopted more lightly as the end of all his previous training than is consistent with the requirements of a spirit which has begun to look closely into itself. "Had I had the same views three months ago," he writes to Mr Smith, "I do not know that I should have taken licence at all. But this is a very personal topic, and I care not to speak even to you any more about it. I fervently pray that the views to which I have been awakened may not be without permanent and most salutary effect upon me." A similar sentiment is expressed a little later to Dr Dickson, and in still stronger terms:—

DUNDEE, 12*th March* '45.

I solemnly confess to you that had I, previous to taking licence, viewed the office with the same feelings as I have done since, I could not, if I know my own mind, have taken it. That I now really regret having done so, I do not say, nor do I humbly conceive that to be implied in what I do say, as it would be very contrary to what I tacitly expressed in my ordination vows. So strongly, however, and so painfully did these feelings sway me for a time, that I was almost at the giving-up point. That that has not been the result has arisen from many combined influences weighing with me. I have no time to explain them, as you, I daresay, have little desire to hear them explained.

After this storm had passed, he resumed his tranquil duties as assistant to Dr M'Lauchlan. But these were not long tranquil. The second minister of the collegiate charge had been opposed from the beginning to Mr Tulloch's appointment, and still more to any possibility of his development into that of assistant and successor, his own aspirations being to succeed in due course to Dr M'Lauchlan's position as first minister, a better one than his own. In November the third church—I presume what in England would be called a district church depending upon the collegiate charge —St Paul's, was offered to Tulloch, though apparently without any intention of changing his relations to Dr M'Lauchlan, St Paul's being still within the tripartite band which united the Dundee churches: and from this also a considerable amount of commotion and disturbance arose in the young minister's life. In many ways the conclusion of this year was a sad one for him. The death of his father broke up his early home, and surrounded him with mourning and with care. He was compelled to take upon himself those responsibilities which he had shrunk from with so much sensitive alarm, on account of his extreme youth and inexperience; and the deep depression to which he was subject at so many after-moments of his life, seems already to have fixed its black grips upon his young mind even at this early period. No doubt there were risings and fallings of the

mental thermometer, and probably these were his saddest moments when he poured out his heart to that closest confidant of all, the anxious sympathetic girl to whom his every movement was of interest, and whose "gentle voice and presence" are the only comforts to which he looks.

To Miss Hindmarsh. *December* 26.

I cannot tell you what dark and miserable thoughts I have sometimes. I am fain to fly from them by recourse to society. Now I have just returned to my solitary room more lonely than ever. I have been listening to the most exquisite music. My feelings were almost overpowering. How music, especially plaintive music, does move the whole soul! How its sad wild tones answer to the sad wild beatings of the unhappy heart! You bid me believe that nothing in this world will ever separate us. Ah, dearest, you do not know how you may darken your own life in thus seeking to brighten mine! Your letters are almost my only happiness.

In a very similar tone of depression he writes to Mr Smith. The year ended unhappily, with many conflicts and uncertainties around him, and in his own mind disappointment, confusion, and renewed terror of the high responsibilities of a clergyman's life, which he had treated so lightly in those days when to wait till he was of age for his licence roused his indignation. Almost, now and then, he is disposed to give up everything, to abandon even his sacred calling for a time. I confess that I feel a great difficulty in understanding the condition of the three churches in Dundee thus linked together yet separate; but no doubt many of my readers will understand the matter better than I do, and to those who do not, the mere facts of the case will probably suffice. What Tulloch had hoped and expected evidently was, to hold his assistantship for a year or two under the mild paternal authority of one of the oldest ministers in the Church, to accustom himself gradually to a clergyman's more weighty cares and duties, to have leisure, as he says, "to write as well as I possibly can," and in this

way to mature and train himself against the moment when his aged superior's death should place him in the highly advantageous and desirable place which had been held before him as an inducement to accept the comparatively humble one of assistant. We may be sure the young man would not have grudged his old predecessor a single peaceful day of his concluding life, and that the period of youth would have been well employed. On the other hand, it was but justice too that the second minister, a man of years and experience, should get the benefit of the improved position, rather than this youthful lieutenant, who had so little inclination to press to the front in his own person. Perhaps the acceptance of an individual charge was the best solution that could have been given to this problem, but it brought with it still a premature beginning of individual responsibility, as well as an abandonment of the brighter prospect.

Things mended, however, with the new year. His New Year's salutation to Miss Hindmarsh is warm with the hope, already made feasible by the prospect of the incumbency of St Paul's, that ere the close of the year they may be "sharing each other's lot"; and presently he blames himself for writing "lightly and happily," notwithstanding the many obstructions and difficulties still in his way. His heart evidently has escaped with a bound from all its unhappy thoughts of trouble, real or imaginary. He tells his betrothed of something "too flattering" that has been said to him. "It would call the proud happy blush to your cheek," he says. "What a clerical coxcomb am I! As for myself, I once could blush, but alas! the day is gone when such things could my young cheek tinge! Take a hearty laugh at my trifling." Altogether the mists have blown away, and he is himself again. In February he has to tell her of the moderation of his call, and as she is an Episcopalian and of English origin, it pleases him to think that he must explain to her what this means. The explanation may be of use to

other readers as little acquainted with Scotch ecclesiastical phraseology.

To Miss Hindmarsh. *February* 5, 1845.

The moderation of my call takes place to-day. You don't understand the phrase? Perhaps, in a single word, I may give you some idea of it. A sermon is first preached, then a form of call is produced and read, which is neither more nor less than the general formal invitation on the part of the people to me to be their minister. This form of call is signed, which is the whole of the matter.

From this point everything goes well, notwithstanding the frequent recurrence of anxious thoughts. In February he is absent from Dundee, visiting some of his friends, among others a young minister whose early death is afterwards recorded—"Willie Ramsay," an old college friend, now minister of the parish of Guthrie. He writes from the pretty country manse to his betrothed:—

Oh, were you here to see with me what a sweet lovely spot this is even in the month of February! The day is clear and beautiful, though a little frosty. The sun is gleaming most cheerily through the window; in front a nice trim garden, almost along the base of which runs a sparkling, dimpling burnie. Such a place almost makes me regret my probable lot. I could almost forswear all my prospects in Dundee, and settle, at least for some years (should God spare us), in some such exquisite spot as this. What think you?

Presently he falls into melancholy as he begins to discuss himself and his prospects, and tells her that an occasional moment of loneliness makes his soul gloom itself. But he adds, surely with a prevision of the part she had to play in his life, or with at least a wonderful insight into her nature: "Do not, dearest, suffer this gloomy strain to affect you; your soul must be sunny, your heart ever cheerful, if mine will thus be sometimes so overcast." This anxious injunction might have been a prophecy. How many after-scenes of anxiety and pain did that sunny and patient soul, that

"heart ever cheerful" through all trial, carry both of them safely through!

The next time he writes it is to tell her of the most solemn event in his life, his ordination, which took place on Thursday the 6th March, in the East Church of Dundee:—

A day of anxious excitement and trial is now nearly over. I am now a minister, and my ordination has been gone through, in regard to outward circumstances at least, as happily as I could wish. Few sights could be more solemn and affecting than that presented this day in the East Church as I knelt, with the hands of the Presbytery stretched on my head, in prayer before a large congregation. I will not attempt to describe my feelings; they were almost overwhelming. God grant me grace to fulfil the vow I undertook. The ceremony over, I was welcomed by the hands of the congregation as they left the church. Here too my feelings had sometimes wellnigh overcome me. I could not think of all that has recently befallen me, of the afflictive dispensations of God's providence, and of all the unmerited honour that was being heaped upon me, without experiencing a rush of feeling wellnigh insupportable. As a relief, dearest, my thoughts would at times wander to you. Oh, indeed, you would have wept, wept with joy, had you been with me to-day! . . . God hallow the ceremony of this day, and unite me in the bonds of love and faith to my affectionate people!

Friday.

I sent you a few lines, written last night, relative to the solemn and affecting proceedings of yesterday. I cannot tell you the many kindnesses I have received on an occasion so interesting to me. I can never cease to remember them. Letters of congratulation from two old college friends to-day drew tears from me. Presents are thronging in upon me from the owners of the hands that so cordially welcomed me yesterday—*bands* (the badges of ordination in the pulpit), handkerchiefs, a beautiful pulpit-gown, cassock, Bible, &c.

A Scotch ordination has not the imposing accessories of a similar ceremonial in England—the white-robed candidates, the bishop in his vestments, the lofty arches of a cathedral overhead, the music of the choir rising as to the very gates of heaven. All is bare, austere, and plain, as most religious ceremonies are among a people too deeply disturbed at the

moment of revolution to snatch any of the beauty of the old ceremonial out of the storm which brought in the new. To many people in Scotland this is now a subject of deep regret; but to many more, and these perhaps the most characteristic portion of the nation, there is something in that absence of everything which can act upon the senses which lays a more subtle hold upon the heart. In the Scotch Church there is generally but one candidate at a time for this mysterious rite, and his ordination is accomplished in the church in which he is afterwards to minister, where, after prayer and praise, and solemn addresses both to the congregation and personally to the neophyte, the young man kneels down; and while the moderator solemnly invokes the Holy Ghost to sanctify the act, the members of the Presbytery, his fathers in the Church, gather round, placing their hands upon his head. It may be that no *Veni Creator Spiritus*, sung by the most heavenly voices in the sublimest strains, would touch the heart more than the accents of one serious human voice, not without some tremble of emotion, calling upon God in heaven to confirm what His servants on earth are doing. The stillness, the absence of everything that can distract the mind from the spiritual significance of the act, are in their way very impressive, and profoundly harmonious with the disposition of a race whose temptation it is to hide its deepest emotions in its breast, and to prefer a pregnant suggestion to all the developments of highly wrought emotion. The congregation pressing forward to give "the right hand of fellowship," according to ecclesiastical phrase, to the newly ordained minister, who stands, scarce recovered from the deeper feeling of that mysterious moment, to receive their salutations —the congratulatory dinner in the evening, the bands, the glistening black silken gown, and all the rest of the attendent paraphernalia, may be vulgar and commonplace enough; but the ordination service in itself need never be so.

I find in an old note-book filled with a wonderful jumble — records of reading, notes of expenses, descriptions of scenery — the following affecting revelation of his own most sacred feelings:—

March 5th, 1845.—To-morrow is the day of my ordination. O God, remove my doubts, calm my fears, brighten my hopes. Oh may I have faith, earnest, hearty, operative. Oh be with me through the solemn ceremony of to-morrow. Deepen my consciousness of unworthiness, strengthen my confidence in Thy grace. O God, do unto me as seemeth best in Thy sight far above all that I can ask or think: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Tulloch was thus established in his young life, "settled," though not yet twenty-two, in as good a position as he was likely to attain for years. He had not been allowed to retain the assistantship to Dr M'Lauchlan; but even as the more or less independent minister of St Paul's he had acquired a local habitation and a name—enough to build the superstructure of his life upon—or so, at least, the young man thought. Many things made him feel the isolation of his position, the loneliness of which he so often complains. The support of sympathy was indispensable to him, the encouragement of companionship and fellowship. He made an effort to get his friend Smith appointed to the assistantship which he had vacated, but it would seem ineffectually. But amid all, his eyes were turned to one spot, that from which the solace of his life was to come. Miss Hindmarsh's family had been living for some time in Newcastle, and it had been a pleasant thought that there was a steamboat plying between that port and Dundee, which would make frequent visits possible. But she was now about to change her residence, and go with her father and mother to Jersey, an additional distance which no doubt made the union which Tulloch so much longed for more anxiously desired than ever. He writes in spring, when all the bustle of his settlement is over and calm restored, with a return as usual upon

the prevailing melancholy which had grown habitual to him amid all these agitations and changes.

To Miss Hindmarsh. *April* 17.

I have just returned from a solitary moonlight walk, and solitary smoke—which latter, by the way, I don't very often now indulge in—by the river-side. My thoughts have been far away, with you, my own love. I feel lonely, oh very lonely and dispirited, as I often do; and yet there mingles with all my loneliness and melancholy something most soothing and hopeful. When I look back, 'tis upon a most dark and troubled experience, not uncheckered, however (God bless *thee!*), with streaks of light. When, however, I look forward, my fond view presents all, through the sunshine of thy presence, and under the blessing of God, comparatively light.

I have been marrying again to-night, and who do you think? No less than one *John Tulloch!* Funny, isn't it? Still more funny it would have been had it been the first occasion.

Miss Hindmarsh's removal to Jersey took place about the same time as his instalment in his church, and the letters henceforth are full of anticipations and arrangements chiefly concerning the time he should follow her, her descriptions of the island, and his enthusiastic readiness to find in it everything that was beautiful and delightful. In his letters to his friends, little evidences by the way, of the preoccupation of his mind, begin to peep out. He is doing duty for one friend, and describes to another the "snug manse" and comfortable surroundings of his host, who has "a nice wife, though not altogether the thing I would like in that way." "*Apropos* of my marriage, I will tell you all when I see you," he says next: "everybody says it's true, and you know everybody always knows about one's affairs better than one's self." Little notes of the approaching event like these are scattered through several letters, until at last the momentous moment comes, and he writes from Jersey with a burst of rapture over the greenness and beauty of everything around him. It is July, the island of bliss is bathed in perpetual sunshine, and the young visitor is "living in a

dream of brightest happiness." Then with a little hush of awe in the midst of too much brightness, he records his marriage in "a beautiful rural church, St Laurens, about a mile and a half from St Heliers." It seems wrong to break upon that hush of rapturous feeling even to say that this happiest day of life was for the young bridegroom in this case doubly blest. No more imprudent step was ever taken, nor one more absolutely and triumphantly justified. The parents who permitted it would nowadays be assailed with blame on all sides. A boy of twenty-two with a small Scotch stipend and nothing else to depend on, a girl of nineteen without either money or knowledge of life. "I know," the young husband confesses, "that my marriage will be considered imprudent by the world." Imprudent would be far too mild a word to use in the circumstances should they happen to-day; but still to-day, no doubt, there will be cases in which nature and love will prove themselves in the right, let all the world be on the other side. Let us for once congratulate the hot-headed, the impassioned, the inconsiderate lover. Had all the wisest counsellors in the world been round him to guide his hasty unwary young feet, they could not with all their devices have led him to any step more wise. But such shall have trouble in the flesh. The penalty was worth incurring, but no doubt it had to be paid.

They roamed about beautiful Jersey for a week or two hand in hand, the two young creatures, finding everything more beautiful than eye had ever beheld before. One evening which they had spent sitting on the cliffs, looking out to sea, leaves a trace of its brightness in a letter to his friend. "I cannot imagine anything finer than the moonlit sea and sky. You could fancy Paradise restored as you gaze on the wide dreamy expanse of ocean on one hand, and the silvered exuberance of earth on the other." But this wonderful holiday of happiness and leisure, with all its surroundings of ecstatic sea and sky, could not last long. And by the be-

ginning of August the young minister had returned, bringing his young wife with him, to a life much subdued in colour, yet not wanting either in beauty or delight. Dundee is not an attractive town. The art of making a commercial place at the same time a beautiful one has died out in modern times. Even Venice, as she begins to feel the stir of new life in her veins, and puts forth her hands towards her long-disused tools, has to pay the cost of renewed living in blemished beauty, and amid howls of *dilettante* indignation. But if Dundee is not charming in itself, there is the noble Firth of Tay close at hand, and a line of pleasant villages on either side within immediate reach: and it is no ill fate to be able to combine necessary work in a town parish with a lodging on the *embouchure* of that glorious stream, across which at that time Science had not yet thought of weaving her fatal cobweb-line. It was thus that the minister of St Paul's began his new life.

Winter brought them back, however, into the town, into a more settled establishment, and to many disenchantments. The stipend upon which young Tulloch had made so bold as to marry could not have been, in any circumstances, a great one, and his marriage took place so soon after his settlement that there was not time perhaps for full information on the subject. But it was not long before a cruel discovery was made. The stipends of the Dundee churches were derived from old endowments, partly royal gifts, partly the spoils of the monasteries, which were devoted to the maintenance of the Church and relief of the poor, and were under the management and control of the town council—a thing very usual in Scotland. But at this troubled period of the Church's career, such a control was liable to great abuse. Most of the town councillors of Dundee had joined the Free Church movement in 1843, and it seems to have presented itself to them as a fair and honourable manner of reprisals for the sacrifices made by ministers on their own side of the

question, to carry confusion and dismay into the deserted manses which had been filled up by new men. It must have been after Mr Tulloch's appointment that the town council came to this extraordinary resolution. They could not interfere with the incomes of the clergymen who had held their livings from a period anterior to the Disruption; but in respect to those newly appointed, they set on foot a new distribution, cutting down the stipends from £275 to one hundred guineas, on the plea that all beyond that sum had been granted only during the pleasure of the town council. A more arbitrary or cruel act could not have been. Its utter unscrupulousness and high-handed despotism could not be exceeded by any petty tyrant; but there is perhaps nothing so like a petty tyrant as the local council, formed of men of unelevated understanding and narrow views, with all the heat of local prejudice and the terrible stimulus of irresponsible power, however small. If anything could be more cruel than a town council it would be a vestry—a group of men being, by some wonderful reason of human nature, more obdurate, less accessible either to reason or feeling, than any single man.

This discovery burst like a thunderbolt upon the young Tullochs some time after they had entered upon their new life. Their marriage had been, as has been allowed, an imprudent one; but with their habits and youthful philosophy £275 was no impossible income. By a word their revenues were thus reduced to £105, and the young pair found themselves suddenly face to face with a life in which the expenses must increase from day to day, and in which all the needs of charity, of appearances to be kept up, and of family burdens never ignored, had to be encountered, upon an income not much more than one-third of that which they had thought themselves sure of. The town councillors of Dundee were probably religious men, as it was their zeal for one party which led them to this cruel breach of faith with another;

but what an extraordinary view of both honour and religion must this have been! It is satisfactory to know that the ministers thus treated appealed to the protection of the law, and that the money, or a portion of the money, of which they had been robbed was eventually restored to them; but this did not happen in Tulloch's case until he had been appointed to St Andrews; and nothing in the meantime softened the sudden and unexpected blow, or the hardships of which it was the cause. The young pair had to face their changed prospects as they could, without money, and with little help so far as I am aware. But there is very little said on this subject in any of the papers I have seen. No complaint of poverty was ever on Tulloch's lips; and though there are continual references to money matters in his notes and messages to his wife when he happened to be absent from her, none of these are of any sordid character, nor does he ever appear to me to have had his spirit bowed down by these lowest yet sometimes most engrossing cares. He had begun some time before to write a little in the newspapers, and once or twice had already sent a 'Courier' to Miss Hindmarsh containing an article—one against the Maynooth endowment for example, evidently written out of the fervour of his thoughts, and for no ulterior reason. There is little reason to doubt that he continued this practice during the years of his residence in Dundee; but by no means, as has been sometimes said, with frantic laboriousness, to keep the wolf from the door. No trace of anything of the kind is in what he himself reports of his life, or in any definite recollection preserved by his contemporaries. "Although we are not without our difficulties," he writes, "and pretty hard ones too as the world goes, we are very happy." There was a great deal to do, and his youthful unassured strength was apt now and then to break down under the effort of continuous labour and responsibility; but he never seems even to have been obliged to deny himself a visit to Edinburgh, or farther than Edinburgh

—to Lauder, in the pleasant Border country where Mr Smith was now settled, and other houses of his friends; nor when he determined on going to Germany—a foreign country much more distant and alarming than any foreign country is now—does he seem to have been deterred by the very considerable expense involved.

At the same time there is no expression to be found in his papers of the indignation and sense of wrong which such a deception as that above described might naturally have brought with it. The atmosphere in his letters is wonderfully serene. He talks of the trials of his life,—of the sermon-writing, which "is a minister's first duty"; of the condition of the Church, which fills him with pain, and is in many respects far below the standard to which he has begun to aspire; but makes no complaint on his own part, nor says a word—he who was never slow to express his feelings—about the injury done him. One matter which he would seem to have felt deeply was the failure of the promise that he should succeed Dr M'Lauchlan, which, on the old clergyman's death, became so present to him as a matter of injustice, that he took counsel's opinion on the subject, and was encouraged by the lawyers he consulted to bring a suit against the clergyman who had stepped into that place. The suit was unsuccessful, and no details of how it was conducted have reached me; but this disappointment evidently rankled more than the other.

To Rev. W. Smith. *November* 1848.

You would no doubt be astonished at the result of my unfortunate case. I need not say what annoyance it cost me, above all from a sense of the gross misrepresentations that I knew would prevail about my conduct in the matter, when the adverse result was only seen, and all the most anxious and advised steps I had previously taken to ascertain my claims were unknown. It was indeed a most instructive instance of the glorious uncertainty of law. I bore the result, however,

upon the whole, most philosophically, and what is better, I trust Christianly. My present position is not, indeed, in many respects a very encouraging one, but I am resolved to work hard and bide my time.

He speaks in a very similar tone to Dr Dickson at an early period with a great deal of philosophy and calm—a mood which contrasts very strongly with the disturbed and melancholy moods of the foregoing years. Evidently, all opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, though there was unexpected poverty and much disappointment in his Dundee life, there was nothing in it that broke his spirit or in any way penetrated to his heart. "I shall in all probability bide my time here, unless something very desirable indeed in the shape of a country living turns up. I have viewed my prospective situation here in almost all possible aspects, and while there is not a little that might have been better, there is a great deal very desirable." These are not the utterances either of overwhelming care or discontent. The grinding weight of narrow means falls in such a case more upon the wife than the husband, and the danger to both was perhaps as much that of laying permanent burdens upon their future life as of immediate misery. At all events, it did not bring to either any crushing sensation of premature care. The few newspaper articles, now a piece of criticism, now a letting loose of opinion upon matters ecclesiastico-political, were, as they continued throughout Tulloch's life, a pleasant mode of occasional utterance, never the anxious expedients of a needy man to fill the empty mouths at home. The break which he presently found himself justified in making, the expedition to Germany, with all its little outlays and pleasures, is, if there was nothing else, a perfect demonstration of this fact. The *res angusta domi*, much referred to, and supposed to be so specially heavy in his case, in reality make no more appearance in the early records of his life than in

that of many persons more richly endowed with this world's goods. The little references to money, and to the necessary remittances, and to what the young couple could afford in the way of travelling and pleasure, are all perfectly simple and natural, but bear no mark of special difficulty, and certainly not of the hurry and misery of a life spent in toil for bread.

CHAPTER III.

GERMANY—A LONG HOLIDAY.

In the spring of 1847, Tulloch had an illness, not apparently of any very serious character, similar indeed to one which had affected him at the same time in the previous year, and which he describes as bad influenza, with a good deal of fever and general prostration—the season, with its east winds and grey skies, and the monotony of the long winter, no doubt producing their usual effect after a long uninterrupted strain of work. The time of year when "folk are longen to gon on pilgrimages" affected him with all the greater force that his spirit, always moved with a certain characteristic impatience, had begun again to feel the thrill of the bigger world outside, and to chafe a little at the limitations of the ordinary routine around him. Like all young men, he felt something of the burden of those who are born to set right the rotten state of Denmark and the world. And his illness gave a reason for that longing to shake himself free of his immediate surroundings, and change the skies at least, if not the mind, which during the last fifty years has become the panacea for all ailments and troubles. He wrote to his friend Smith in April to consult him about the possibility of getting some one to take his place for two months, beginning in the middle of June, a period for which he had obtained leave of absence from the Presbytery, and which he proposed to spend in Germany. He had been a more or less

desultory student of German for some time, and it now appeared to him that the period of his leisure could in no way be so well applied as by completing his studies of this language and making himself acquainted with the fast incoming stream of German theology, which was regarded at the time with a sort of half fascination, half alarm, by the new generation of Scotch ministers. It was with all the rising excitement of a man about to invade a world not realised, where there were giants to be confronted, as well as new friends to make and new knowledge to attain, that he set out accordingly in the end of May, leaving his wife behind with the solace of her first child, born in the previous year, to keep her company. Her father and mother, who had some intentions of settling in Dundee, were also to pay her a visit during his absence. It had not been without regret that this arrangement had been made. That Mrs Tulloch should accompany her husband had been the original idea; but the baby was no doubt a hindrance, and no doubt, also, the expense had to be taken into consideration. He accordingly set out alone. Wind and weather, and the important question whether he should take the steamer direct from Leith to Hamburg, detained him for a day or two in Edinburgh, during which time his letters faithfully reflect every change of idea. When, after waiting till a storm blows over, he finds himself at last at sea, the life on board, the little thrill of feeling with which an unaccustomed sailor finds himself for the first time out of sight of land, the uneasiness triumphantly kept under, the fellow-passengers to whom he makes friendly advances, some German ladies in particular, and, above all, the pretty ones of whom he playfully informs his absent wife, are all put down for her amusement; and the first thing he does on landing is to continue this record. The following is the young Scotch minister's *naïve* account of his first glimpse of the Continent. He was startled and sometimes shocked by what he saw, but very tolerant always.

To his Wife. HAMBURG, *Sunday night* [*25th May*].

In Hamburg at last, and very tired knocking about the hard streets; but I cannot think of going to bed before noting for you, dearest, my first impressions of the Continent. How different the *tout ensemble* is, to be sure! men and women, houses, streets, and everything different. With nothing remarkably striking about the mere town, though some parts of it are fine enough, Hamburg is yet, in its pleasure-grounds and public walks, a very fine town. Edinburgh, with far better natural advantages, has nothing like them. And here they are free to everybody; and to be sure the natives enjoy them! I came ashore in the morning about half-past ten with the captain, and attended church—the English Episcopal Church. With the Hamburgers as with all Continental people, Sunday seems a gala-day; and this especially—and, by the way, to-morrow also—as being the holiday season *Pfingsten, Anglicè* Whitsuntide. The desecration to me, accustomed to the comparatively quiet Scottish or even English Sabbath, is certainly shocking enough. Theatres, pavilions, saloons all thronged—all the stir and gaiety and noise of a public fair or holiday in England. The thing is very striking, so different from what you see among the lower classes with us—the perfect manner with which all seem to be enjoying themselves. There is none of that apparent, I might rather say staring, wretchedness so common—so common especially in our manufacturing towns. All look, and I believe are, comparatively happy. The funniest thing of all I have seen is the baskets which the women carry under their arms covered with a handkerchief—for all the world like a child's coffin. I am in a hotel called the British Union, which is entirely an English hotel. There are some fellows, however—Americans—in the smoking-room or bar who swear most terribly, which is most abominable. It is indeed awful how much profanity you encounter in travelling. However, I shall escape it, from ignorance of the words if from no other cause, as I proceed. After dining at the *table d'hôte* at half-past one, I went out to view the town, and having stumbled accidentally into the pleasure-grounds, was addressed by a young German. He said something (in German) about the weather (the day has indeed been beautiful), to which I replied in German in my best style. From this introduction we walked together, and endeavoured to maintain a conversation, in German of course. I did not feel much difficulty in expressing myself some way or another in German, and had the honour to be complimented on my attempts. My great difficulty was to understand what he said to me. This, I suppose, can only be got over by mixing largely and familiarly with the people.

Monday Evening.

What a place this is, dearest,—pleasure, pleasure! The Hamburger seems a glutton for pleasure—dancing, drinking, smoking, amusement in every variety. Inexperienced and bewildered as I am with the sights of to-day, I cannot as yet attempt to give you any description of them. In the afternoon I went to the country, desirous to get good quarters for the two weeks at least I must pass till I hear from you. I have succeeded pretty well I think. English people who used formerly to keep the hotel here—beautiful place—the whole country around is beautiful, almost surpassing Jersey; board £1, 1s. a-week—cheap enough. I shall take lessons, and will have plenty of opportunity of speaking German; and it will be so quiet and delightful (there being also pretty accommodation) in comparison with the bustle of a regular hotel, which I find, in my yet weak state, I cannot stand. The only thing I regret is that you are not with me. . . . All that you may have heard of the gaiety of the Continent, you can form no idea of it; it beats all imagination to one who hasn't seen it. I fear, alas! I fear (indeed I am told so by some here who know something of it) that there is a dreadful immorality mixed up with it. As for religion, I fear there is little. The thought is deeply melancholy to a Christian mind, but may, by God's grace, be salutary.

This letter concludes with directions about money, of which she is to send him as much as she conveniently can, after distributing the rest in different ways, and receiving various items which are owing, with a host of other business down to details about his coats, of which he is sending back some and has need of others. A pleasant flutter of novelty, and pleasant observation, and the criticism of an entirely inexperienced mind, is in every line. Perhaps the reader will wonder to hear of the excessive gaiety of the sober commercial Germans in that high northern corner, where thrift and trade reign. But probably the young minister's unaccustomed eyes were dazzled by that life out of doors, with its smoke-cloud and its music, which to some spectators bears an aspect of anything but gaiety. And then his ears were also unaccustomed, and the effect of not understanding the talk about him—notwithstanding the German "in my best style," which made so much impression on the stranger

in the Hamburg garden—was bewildering. This is the one thing that makes him uncomfortable. "It is most confusing and unpleasant," he says; "I have so little *brass*." He was too shy and sensitive to ridicule to plunge into the unknown tongue as some bold persons do, and he was always one of those ineffective linguists to whom it is much easier to read than to speak a new language. He was quite ready, indeed, at all times to allow that the gift of acquiring foreign tongues was not his at all.

The temporary settlement at Lochstädt, however, notwithstanding the excellence of all the arrangements—the kind people, and cheap rates of living, and excellent teacher—soon fails to satisfy him. Visions of home disturb him at his German; he is, after all, but half a man separated from the companion who has made so great a change in his life. Even in the first letter he had begun to regret that the original plan had not been carried out; and now, while he pleasantly pictures to himself the triumph with which she will show her baby to papa and mamma on their arrival—"with what fond feelings you will present him to them, proud and maybe blushing! I can imagine you, and am only sorry I am not there"—a gust of impatience and longing seizes him. How dreadful to be absent, to see them only in imagination! And why should not they be here? The thought grows in his mind. There is, after all, no reason why they should not be here. It is the first time that his characteristic impatience of obstacles, which so often burst forth in later life, shows itself. All the arguments which had no doubt been potent enough a week or two before to induce him to undertake the journey alone, appear totally without importance now; and so, as he thinks them over and his longing grows, do even the inconveniences on her side. She must come, he decides, and at once; and as she cannot leave "the dearest boy," he must come too.

To his Wife. 1*st June* 1847.

I am not insensible (and sometimes they appear before me with such force as almost to make me waver a little) of the innumerable inconveniences that must arise from having the dear little fellow with us. But on the other hand, the plain matter of fact is, that I am longing to see him again, and have him and you in this beautiful place. *In short, I cannot do without you.* . . .

I do not know [he adds in a second urgent letter] how I could ever have thought of the possibility of living altogether happily without you. You would enjoy yourself so much here. The country is really so fine, the weather so beautiful, and there are many things to interest a stranger. The only plan will be to bring the dearest boy with you. He will, of course, be some trouble during the passage—but after all, more in imagination than in reality; and once settled in the country here, or similarly at Dresden, he would be no trouble at all. There are a thousand reasons why you should be with me here. I have not been quite so well to-day. I suppose it must be the very hot weather, and knocking about in a strange place so much.

I am exceedingly delighted with my quarters here. I have begun lessons to-day. Mrs Stiel's brother, who has been very kind indeed, introduced me to my excellent teacher, and I do hope to have made some progress towards speaking before your arrival. The teacher was very much astonished at my pronunciation, which he said (he speaks English but indifferently) was most "remarkable," and assures me that I shall get on very rapidly, though I must say I am very much annoyed at my ability to speak so little, considering how I have been boring myself with it for some time. On the spur of the moment words won't come in German at all. But I must comfort myself with the adage, "we must creep before we gang." It is cheap comparatively living here; a capital dinner in one of the best hotels for 1s. 3d., *table d'hôte* 1s. 9d., which would cost you about double in England. And as you go southward, in Dresden, for example, everything much cheaper. Jewellery, that is, all ladies' trumpery, very cheap. I must really stop, however, as I could babble on for ever, and I have a good deal to do to-night for my teacher to-morrow; for all the world I could imagine I was at school again, having lessons to prepare.

Thus he writes, with now and then a description of the rich grass and balmy fields, the large cool rooms and house with its green shutters—the kind homely people, all interested and friendly—but above all, of the need of her and

necessity for her coming. Directions as to which will be the best boat for her, the one from Leith, which will save her the voyage to Hull—and in which, though there are some drawbacks, the captain is kind, and the boat comfortable—alternate with communications in respect to the "supply," the substitute who is to take his duty, only part of the period (which has by this time widened in possibility to three or four months) being provided for. Though he had only been a very short time absent, he has a hundred things for her to do; and as he keeps on thinking, the range keeps widening, till one wonders how the young wife of twenty, the young mother with her infant, can keep up with such ever-abounding demands; but above all, the cry is for herself. In any case, whatever else happens, that she should not fail to come. "Otherwise I shall be immeasurably disappointed. Oh do not disappoint me! If anything interferes with your transit from Leith, come on immediately by Hull at whatever expense." This tender imperiousness, we must say perhaps selfishness, all beautified, and to the cause of it a thousand times excused, by love—the mingling of authority and dependence, the detailed directions as to everything that is to be done, and the absolute trust that this and everything else she will do—afford us such a picture of the man in this one closest relationship as is rarely given to the world. An unkind commentator might at any moment have said that it would have been better and kinder to sacrifice his longing in order to spare so young and altogether inexperienced a traveller the troubles of that journey with the infant, which the young father was so sure would, after all, be more in imagination than in reality. But there are few women who would not rather have that kind of indifference to their comfort made sweet by the cry, "I cannot do without you," than the consideration which finds no difficulty in separate living. Nothing could show better the manner of this wonderful conjugal life, in which every-

thing was demanded by an ever-trusting, ever-appealing, authoritative, imperious, dependent love, in which he, who was never able to do without her, and looked to her for every kind of help, service, and assistance, placed upon her slender shoulders, all unawares, the burden of himself and everything that was deficient in him. The unselfish man, more thoughtful of his wife's comfort, less determined on her consoling presence and company and perpetual ministrations, may be a finer character, but in all probability he would be a less attractive husband. It is impossible fully to understand Tulloch's character and the fashion of his life without taking this into account.

She did not, however, disappoint him on this occasion, any more than on any other in their life, but came heroically with her baby, by the long sea-voyage, pleased no doubt with the novelty, doubly pleased with the imperative call, and that he could not do without her, and making nothing, we may be sure, of the difficulties of the voyage, letting him believe that to travel alone with an infant, which had to be carried about with her everywhere, was less troublesome in reality than in imagination, if not quite an exhilarating circumstance. And they were together for six charming weeks of summer in this Hamburg suburb, finding everything delightfully foreign and strange, while at the same time full of kind new acquaintances and friendly faces, and German folk who looked almost as good as Scotch, and a great deal of innocent pleasure. His studies went on closely, with the advantage of practising every day more or less successfully what he had learned the last. He has himself said often that he had no facility in learning languages, yet he got on with this by dint of sheer work and determination.

It had been his intention to proceed from Hamburg to Dresden; but these plans were again changed, and after that long peaceful holiday at Lochstädt, he compromised matters by making a hasty journey by himself through

Luther's country in the time that remained, while his wife and child waited for him in the quiet *pension*, where they had now made friends with everybody. In this period of happy holiday the record is silent, and except from the vague recollections, half obliterated by so many other reminiscences, which would now and then come up in conversation in later years, nothing more is known. But as soon as the young man sets out again, the fountain is reopened. His first stage was Berlin, from which he writes, detailing all that he saw. One of his first pilgrimages is to Charlottenburg, where he visits the famous mausoleum of Queen Louise, and is profoundly touched by it. His memory is a little vague as to the details of her story, though not to the "deep and melancholy interest" which hangs around it: and the statue makes upon him "an ineffaceable impression." "Oh that you could have seen it with me! it would have entranced you." In the evening he went to see 'Faust' in the theatre, but was startled to find Mephistopheles turned into a comic character. Next day, as he is walking along, the house of Neander, for whom he has the greatest admiration, is pointed out to him. He looked at it "you may judge with what feelings of reverence," and paused for a moment to think whether he would be justified in paying a visit to his favourite theologian. But the imperfection of his German, and the hope that he might some day "have more claim upon his regard through more intimate knowledge of his works, and an attempt to have rendered some of them into English," kept him back. I do not think this moment ever arrived, although an article upon Neander was one of the first results of his German studies. From Berlin he went on to Wittenberg, interesting to him from its associations with Luther.

To his Wife. *21st August.*

I reached Wittenberg about four in the afternoon, in the midst of a most tremendous rain, which, however, did not last long. A

beautiful evening set in, and I wandered about among the scenes so memorable in history. Wittenberg is now a decayed town, and in its quiet and antiquated appearance, as well as from its history, so closely associated with the figure of the Reformer, reminded me of St Andrews, though I do not mean to say there is any actual resemblance between them. The monument of Luther, erected by general subscription throughout Germany, a fine bronze statue by the same sculptor, Rauch, as I spoke of in my last, stands in the market-place. Both he (Luther) and Melancthon are buried in the Schloss Kirche, which I visited the same evening. This morning I rose early, about six. The morning was fresh and fine after the rain, and I felt its sunny influence as I passed through the streets of the ancient city to the Reformer's house, formerly part of the ancient Augustine convent. I stood within the room of the "man of evil," "the solitary monk that shook the world," though indeed he did not dwell there solitarily, as his cherished wife Kate dwelt there along with him, as the patches of embroidery, her own hands' work, testify. I inscribed my name in a book for the purpose, and then briefly scanned the various interesting articles which the room contained: two portraits of the Reformer by Lucas Cranach, who was burgomaster here; a curious cast of his face after death; his stove, a most interesting affair, made according to his own directions, with numerous Scriptural devices entirely covering it; his jug and chair and table, an original MS. letter, his seal (an impression of which, besides a leaf from the garland that lay across his grave, I have brought away with me as memorials of my visit). I quitted the room fraught with so many intensely interesting and glorious associations reluctantly, and wandered without the gates to the spot where the Reformer burnt the Papal Bull, December 10, 1520, marked by a young oak-tree planted on the site of that under which it was burnt. Hence I returned to the Stadt Kirche, where service had just begun, and remained for about half an hour. Here, though not, Murray's Handbook states, from the existing pulpit, Luther preached; and I now worshipped where, more than three centuries ago, the burning words of divine truth fell fresh after centuries of ignorance upon the astonished ears of the multitude. I could imagine the undaunted figure of the Reformer dealing defiance equally against the Pope and the devil, and rousing by his powerful eloquence the humanity so long crushed and insulted under the yoke of priestly tyranny.

His next stage was Weimar, whither he travelled through a long stretch of uninteresting country, "nothing but long

dreary flats of the most barren sort," though the landscape became beautiful and interesting before he reached Weimar itself.

To his Wife.

Nothing can exceed the quietness of the town—nobody almost in the streets. The grounds, however, are thronged by parties in homely attire; still there is no noise or bustle, all as peaceful as can be. Here lived Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder, all great names in German literature, and it was especially to visit the house of the former that I have stopped here. To-night I have seen the outside of it, as well as that of Schiller and Wieland. [Next morning] before leaving I visited some most interesting apartments in the ducal palace, the walls of which represent in fresco scenes from the works of Goethe, Schiller, &c., a room being dedicated to the illustration of the works of each. Although I don't profess to appreciate the artistic skill which they display, I am very much pleased with them. . . . I had a great disappointment, however, in not seeing the interior of Goethe's house, with the memorials it contains. I had the satisfaction, however, of having his garden pointed out to me, and the summer-house in it where he wrote a great many of his works.

And now I bade adieu to Weimar, under very heavy rain and a most lowering sky, which augured ill for my enjoyment that day. In the circumstances I passed Erfurt without stopping, the only object which I really cared about seeing being Luther's cell, where he lived as a monk, where he first studied the Word of God and experienced those dreadful spiritual conflicts which, with him as with almost all great names in the history of the Church, formed the appropriate preparation for the great work he had to do. I reached this (Gotha) about half-past ten yesterday evening, and would have gone on straight to Coburg, the weather, and the necessary delay, and the horrid disagreeableness of pushing out and pushing in the railway with my luggage, having made me forego my intention of visiting Eisenach, and Wartburg Castle in the immediate vicinity, where Luther, you know, was confined. Fortunately, however, there was no seat to be got in the *Eilwagen*, all having been taken before my arrival. I say fortunately, for otherwise I should have missed one of the most truly interesting days I can hope to enjoy in the course of my tour. Having taken out my seat yesterday and despatched my trunk, I felt free to roam where I listed to-day. (I like much to be independent of luggage.) After strolling about the town a little, and especially in the ducal gardens (this, you know, is Prince Albert's fatherland,

and his brother, I think his father is dead, is Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha), which are very pretty, I reached the railway station again and set out with the next train to Eisenach and the Wartburg. By a singular piece of good fortune, yesterday was the first day of a great *Sing* festival held in the open air at Eisenach, and immense masses of people from all quarters were flocking to it. I reached it about three in the afternoon, and was taking my way towards the Wartburg, not very well knowing my road, though I saw the castle before me, and felt conscious that I would reach it some time or other. However, just as I was beginning to ascend the height, a young fellow accosted me, inquiring if I were going to the Wartburg? as if so, he would guide me. In a minute he had appropriated my outer coat, which I carried on my arm, and led the way, beginning briskly to converse. Now I understood him well enough, and *now* not at all. However, we got on wonderfully. The German *bonhomie* is admirable. He assured me with much good-nature that I was very like a merchant in Eisenach. After a half-hour's continuous ascent we came to the castle. As we ascended, a series of the most beautiful views lay before us, quite equal to our Scotch scenery. On one side of the Marienthal (Mary Valley), the farther declivity of which, where the festival was being held, presented the most animated and picturesque appearance, banners waving, and groups of men and women crossing the point of elevation or seated in the green nooks. On the other side a far-reaching valley, also of the most varied and picturesque scenery. Having rested a little, I accompanied another party through the rooms of the castle. . . . I need not say that those which interested me most, and what I alone indeed was particularly anxious to see, were the chapel in which Luther preached, and the room in which he lived, his Patmos as he called it, where he translated the most part of the Bible, and struggled, as he conceived, with the devil in actual embodiment, having at length put him to flight by hurling his inkstand at his head. The mark of the inkstand (a very apocryphal-looking one, I must confess) is pointed out on the wall in confirmation of the tradition. I engraved my name reverently on the wall, and took my departure from one of the most interesting scenes in the whole history of the Reformation, more than ever impressed with the grandeur of its great agent. Altogether I spent a most exquisite afternoon in the midst of nature's most touching beauties, and some of history's most interesting scenes. Nothing could exceed the glorious panorama which lay before me as I gazed from the windows of the Wartburg; and the effect of the scene, enhanced by the distant music, as we descended, touched me deeply. The railway brought me here again about ten o'clock, and I have employed this pause, as

I don't start till noon, in writing to you, my dearest wife, to whom my heart still fondly turns amid the most impressive scenes, in the midst of all my enjoyment of which a regret mingles that you are not with me to share my enthusiasm and add a charm to my interest.

Though there is little that is novel in this account of a place so familiar, yet I think the simple reality of the young man's wanderings, still all-inexperienced, and throwing the glow of his own eager admiration over scenery perhaps less wonderful and beautiful than he thought, is so genuine as to be worth recording. The reader perhaps has seen the Wartburg, and remembers all those modern vulgarities which mar the effect of so many interesting scenes; but to make a day's expedition (independent of luggage) by the side of this friendly traveller, whose eyes light up with such enthusiasm, whose open countenance beams such kindness that even the difficulties of an unknown tongue do not hinder the perpetual finding out of humble friends, is worth the trouble. He retained all through his life this simple disposition to be interested, to see whatever was to be seen, and to yield himself up to the tender mercies of unnecessary guides, too tender-hearted to disappoint them of the sixpence which he felt it so natural to bestow. But we need not linger upon the rest of the journey. The old dwelling in Wittenberg, the prison in the Wartburg, the traces of the Reformer, bed and chair, and tankard and inkstand, whatever they might be, which he went devoutly to see in all the places he visited, no doubt influenced him in one of his earliest works, the biographical sketch of Luther, which has always been one of his most popular productions. He went on to Nuremberg and Munich, mostly through torrents of rain, which made the beautiful old town of Albert Dürer little more than a vision to him, and, disappointed in the latter place, modestly concluded that it must be his own fault, and that it was his imperfect knowledge of art that

produced the blank feeling with which he gazed at Pinacothek and Glyptothek. By the time he had got so far, too, a sense of the necessity of returning seems to have got into his mind, and in his last letter he begins to talk of going home to Dundee. He had indeed had, and enjoyed to the utmost, a holiday such as few young workers of any profession can so early command, three whole sunshiny months of perfect leisure and ease and happiness—no small boon. That it was of the greatest advantage to him in his opening life, and led his mind into fruitful paths, and gave him that stepping-stone towards a more elevated region and higher standing, which is of so much importance to a young man in his career, there can be no doubt—all credit to the kindly Dundee people who consented to so long an absence. It is not often that a congregation is so liberal, especially to a young minister at the beginning of his career.

CHAPTER IV.

KETTINS, 1849–1854.

THERE is little record of Tulloch's life in Dundee after he returned from Germany. It was, I fear, not a comfortable one, weighted by pecuniary difficulties; for no doubt a young man who, with a stipend of £105 a-year, allowed himself a three months' tour in Germany, must have had certain stern calculations to meet on his return: and it was also disturbed by litigation, and had little support of friendship or congenial society. He mentions some years afterwards, with a sort of mental shudder, a gentleman who was his only solace in his "miserable sojourn" at Dundee. But he was, like most Scotsmen, a little apt to use strong expressions; and we are all disposed, looking back from a happier position, to consider a period of anxiety miserable which had its alleviations in its time. The contemporary letters are certainly not miserable. It was only after his return from Germany that he entered the field of literature in any serious way. Contributions to the local newspapers had hitherto been his utmost flight. He now began to think of more serious efforts. The following letter will show how the tide was rising in his mind:—

To Rev. Dr Dickson. DUNDEE, 14*th February* 1848.

After about nine months' labour at German, consummated by my residence during the last summer in Germany, I have this

winter attacked Hebrew; but I progress very falteringly—as indeed I always do at the first uphill work with a language. I am naturally, as you know, no linguist: my capability in this respect is in no degree like yours. Studiously as I tried at German last winter, I found I had almost to begin *de novo* when I settled in the country. Now, however, I feel that I have got a grip of the grand, powerful old tongue, which I will not soon let go. Neander is my favourite theological author—and, in fact, my reading at present is almost entirely confined to him, with an occasional dip into Schiller; and the other day, for the first time since I came home, I glanced at Lessing. I have been reading with immense relish some of Neander's miscellaneous writings: two splendid lectures, as you may call them, upon Pascal, which I have attempted to translate; reviews of Arnold (he admires Arnold, as you may judge, from the heart), Blanco White, Wilberforce, &c. What a splendid old fellow he is! How rich and pregnant his thoughts! how deep and penetrating his critical gaze! how free and healthful his historical spirit! how suggestive altogether! I perfectly feast on him, and thought of translating his 'Gelegenheits schriften' even now. But he is very hard to translate, and I have so little resolution to persevere in any such task, so much of which is merely mechanical. Were we together as of old, how gloriously we would get on! The lectures on Pascal would, I think, especially delight you. I say nothing of my residence and ramble in Germany (which, *en passant*, has done me a great deal of good—not only in a corporal point of view, but also, I trust, in an intellectual), although I sometimes startle some good folks here with the expression of my sympathy for some of the peculiar views of the German scientific school of theology. . . . Willy Ramsay, to whom above all I preach "the more excellent way" of the German theology, and than whom I know nobody who would derive more benefit from its study if he would only fairly open his mind to it, is here. He and I took a run together to St Andrews, and learned that you had been there only the day before. We drove out on the same occasion to Cameron and dined with Milligan, and had our fill of Germanism with him, as well as of beefsteak. My dream of a professorship is frequent as ever—I hope less hopeless.

In the same year he defends himself against a suggestion that literature may have greater charms for him than his professional work, with, at the same time, the sharp expression of a young man's dissatisfaction with the state of public matters, in which he longs to have a hand, and keen sense that he could do better, were but his time come.

To Rev. W. Smith.

Your apprehensions of any literary predilections I may have, be assured, are vain. I would think myself altogether blameworthy if I neglected any part of my proper duty for any predilections, however dear. . . . I must also say that I think you misunderstood what I said about your proposed reform of the management of the Church Schemes. The fact of the matter is, our Church has, in my view, so many practical imperfections, and is ruled by a spirit so alien to my own (which, however, may be very absurd), that I do not feel aggrieved by the management of the Schemes, although in many points I think it faulty. The state of our Halls, on the one hand, presenting, with a few exceptions, such an array of dull commonplace theologues, and on the other, the whole state of the Church in towns—so miserably inadequate in all respects—have long appeared to me to be the grand evils of the Kirk. The prospect is, at any rate in the meantime, gloomy enough. Look at the appointment to the —— Chair. I know the nominee well, and while he is a most respectable fellow, and a very good scholar, it is yet my strong opinion that I do not know where one with any pretension to the Chair could have been found less likely to prove an effective and intelligent teacher. You will perhaps say that the Church cannot help either of the evils of which I have spoken; but does it feel them? I do not think so; and while raising its feeble cry about Catholic endowments, &c., it does not seem to feel that it has any responsible relation to the thousands in our large towns perishing for lack of knowledge.

It will be seen from these extracts that the young man, only twenty-four, was already strongly moved by the inspiration which pervaded all his after-life: his love for the larger views of a theology more wide and catholic than that of the atmosphere in which he had been trained, and the impatience with "practical imperfections" and sense of the impossibility of bringing the circumstances of the Church into accord with his high ideal, which was one of the greatest difficulties and troubles of his mind at all times. The Church of Scotland was perhaps at a lower ebb at this moment than she had ever been. No Church could have sustained such a loss as she did at the Disruption without feeling it for long after. There was perhaps some truth in the gibe of the Secessionists, which, with grim Scotch humour, stigmatised her

as a "residuary" Church. The new generation of ministers, young Tulloch and his comrades, had not yet had time to make their mark, or show what mettle was in them; neither had there been time to show that the magnificent experiment of the Free Church was inevitably attended by the horrors and evils of Separation. The firmament was low and the skies cloudy for the Establishment. No doubt, in the hurry of the great emergency, there was a hasty filling up of vacancies, and the mere necessity of going on anyhow must have for the time subdued higher aspirations. That the Church of Scotland should now occupy so very different a position, and have triumphed so wonderfully over the decadence with which she was threatened, was as much the work of John Tulloch as of any other individual in Scotland. We may even go further, and say more.

Notwithstanding Mr Smith's fear of Tulloch's literary predilections, he does not seem to have got beyond the newspapers in 1848. He reviewed in the 'Dundee Courier' the Duke of Argyll's Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, which called forth a brief note of thanks from the Duke, and some remarks in the correspondence with Mr Smith. "I read it with most lively pleasure," he says, "and the few remarks in the 'Courier' were just the hasty expressions of my first impression of it;" though he acknowledges that "there is some truth in what you say of its occasional petulance." "Would to God," he adds, "that only a portion of its spirit would descend upon some of our brethren—who are far more worthy of the seventeenth than of the nineteenth century!" He had a different office to perform in these same papers in notices of the death of the "Willy Ramsay" above referred to, and of whom he makes frequent mention—the young minister of Guthrie,—"one of the ablest of the St Andrews students, of singular precocity and promise," Dr Dickson says,—who died at the age of twenty-eight, and whose death furnishes Tulloch with an

affecting argument why "such old true friends as you and I should not forget each other, since such an event reminds us how soon and how sadly the best ties of earth may be severed."

I cannot tell you how I have felt poor Ramsay's premature removal. I had a deep fraternal friendship for him, the strength of which I had little idea of till the announcement of his loss brought it home to me in a manner that almost overwhelmed me. His funeral was a deeply mournful one, and its remembrance still is almost too much for me.

He afterwards edited a volume of sermons by this early lost friend.

His first step beyond the newspapers was a very modest one, and not of a remunerative kind. There was no such multiplicity of magazines in these days as exist now; and 'Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature' was not a very important or prosperous organ: but it was no doubt superior in dignity to the 'Dundee Advertiser' or 'Courier.' It was in this periodical that Tulloch published his translation of Neander's lectures upon Pascal, of which he had written to Dr Dickson. "Do you read 'Kitto's Journal'?" he asks Mr Smith in November 1848. "You will see a translation of a paper of Neander on Pascal by me in the January number, which I think will repay your perusal." His literary work extended no further during his residence in Dundee. Other matters, cares, and labours occupied his mind. His life as a minister went on without much outward encouragement or good cheer, but always steadily and with no complaints to any of his friendly correspondents. "My present position is not indeed in many respects an encouraging one," he writes to Mr Smith; "but I am resolved to work hard and bide my time." This manly resolution had its reward. He was already beginning to be known as a preacher, one of the most promising of the very young

undeveloped post-Disruption clergymen of the Scotch Church; and there were many who were aware of his disappointments in Dundee, and the very difficult position he had now to fill, with the hopes which had brought him to the town all cut off, and his means of subsistence so much under his reasonable expectations. The living of Kettins was, I believe, in the gift of the Crown. Tulloch owed nothing at any time to private patronage. It was a rural parish, lying soft and sheltered below the Perthshire hills, in a locality always dear to him, in which he had family connections, and to which throughout his life his thoughts went back tenderly. The charge became vacant in the beginning of 1849, and it is evident that he must have officiated in the church with a view to the appointment, for he speaks with evident pleasure of "my happy success in procuring the favour of the folk of the parish." His presentation to the living followed soon after; and it was the beginning of all the good fortune of his life. It gave him peaceful leisure in which to carry out many plans which were impossible amid all the interruptions of a minister's life in town, it extended his circle of friends, it widened his horizon. Money was scarcely, if at all, more plentiful, for no doubt there were burdens of the past to discharge which kept him poor; but the rural church, the quiet country-folk, the silence of the fields, the homely pleasant house, which could be made a home as no little dwelling in a town, however hallowed by love and happiness, could be, were all delightful to the young pair, who found their manse a kind of paradise after the noise and tumult of Dundee.

"Cannot be too thankful," he says, in a little diary full of those private utterances of devotion which are too sacred for the public eye, "in reviewing the whole of this matter, as this is in all respects a situation more adapted for me than Dundee. Settled here on the 20th September (1849). May I prove in this quiet corner of our Lord's vineyard a work-

man that needeth not to be ashamed! May I indeed feel my unworthiness, my insufficiency, and that sufficiency is of God alone!"

"I need not say with what pleasure I contemplate my retirement to Kettins, a place in every true respect far more desirable than the one I aimed at, and far more consonant with my most earnest views and aims," he writes to Mr Smith. It had been a professorship he had aimed at; but there could be little doubt that at his early age the quiet of the country, and time to think and feel the depths of his own spirit and the experiences of life, were of much more importance to him than any premature elevation of this kind. His friend Smith was by this time minister of Lauder, and Tulloch was eager to associate the name of that early companion at once with his own new position, by appealing to the "Pater" of *l'amitié* to "introduce" him, according to Scottish use and wont, which requires that a friend of the newly appointed minister should, on the first Sunday of his incumbency, take his place in the pulpit and commend him, with brotherly zeal, to the love and regard of his people. Had Dr Haldane been well enough, his old professor in St Andrews (his predecessor in St Mary's College, though this was in the womb of time, and nobody knew that such a prodigy would ever be) would have performed this friendly duty; but as "the good old man" was ill and weak, and our new minister had "no special regard" for any of "the old fogies of the Presbytery," Smith was the man whom he desired. Smith came accordingly,—"a grand man, and a grand preacher," as the country-folk declared,—and won all hearts, as his friend writes after his departure. He was another of the race of tall and finely developed men, large in person as in spirit and energy, of whom Tulloch himself was so remarkable an example—the new blood which was to bring new force and vigour to the Church of their fathers. From the letters that follow to the same faithful friend, we

get a pleasant glimpse of the new sphere. He had already discovered that the congregation was an intelligent and not uninstructed one. "The resident heritors[1] and all honourable men in the parish staunch Church folk."

To Rev. W. Smith. MANSE OF KETTINS, 10*th October* 1849.

I am getting things by degrees into order about me, although I am still considerably in confusion. I have begun visitations, and find it comparatively pleasant work to the same sort of thing in Dundee. There is a great deal of religiousness about some of the old bodies of cottagers. I must know more of them before I can exactly say whether it amounts to religion. I doubt not, however, there are good humble souls among them.

7*th January* 1850.

During the last month the weather and roads were together so wretched that my visiting was interrupted; but I am again very busy with it, and expect in the course of a fortnight to complete the circuit of my parish—not so very inconsiderable, I assure you. I find a good many Dissenters of various sorts, but upon the whole the Church is strong here, and if we had that old doting Croaker of the North down for a little, we could show him that there is still some life in the venerable lady. There is, however, a good deal seriously to do. I cannot say I find that real religion and morality are at all more prevalent in the country than in the town, even in such a quiet and completely rural parish as this. Theological ideas are more current, but there seems a sad want of right religious apprehension—above all, of self-denying Christian practice. Life and doctrine hang very loosely together, and this seems to me the black stain on all our Scottish Christianity. The gravest practical offences (immorality before marriage, for instance, which is sadly prevalent among the farm-servants) are spoken of and apparently quite sincerely regarded as very trifling things. Do you find anything of the same sort with you?

The "Croaker of the North" here mentioned seems to refer to certain letters of Sir G. Sinclair on the state of the Church, which had roused much wrath among the clergy. Tulloch had written several articles in the Dundee newspapers in reply. "I write thus hastily on Saturdays, amid my other

[1] The landed proprietors of the parish.

duties, from the honest indignation of my heart," he says. Then perhaps, as well as at later times of his life, he found it intolerable to see attacks from without upon the Church, over whose imperfections he lamented within. He was soon roused, also, by his new experiences as a country minister, into a burst of momentary indignation against "these confounded blustering Cobdenites," the effect of whose work had not been practically brought home to him before. "What do you think of probable prices this year?" he says; "I see nothing for the clergy but a sort of genteel beggary. For myself, with only half a year's stipend, the matter is as serious as possible. I have got every drop of my old Whiggery squeezed out of me, I think." The payment of the Scotch clergy depended on the price of wheat, their stipend being reckoned by chalders of grain, so that they felt more immediately than their brethren on the other side of the Tweed the effect of the changed laws. English clergymen with unlet farms bringing in no revenue at all, will sympathise with Tulloch's indignation. But it is well to be able to add that his Whiggery, or at least his Liberal opinions in politics, sustained even sharper trials, and survived for many years, if not to the end of his life, though with modifications. He was faithful to his own side in spite of himself, both in Church and State, though never slow to express his opinion of that side either in Church or State, and very clear-sighted in forming it. Expostulating with his friend Smith for his non-acceptance of Lady Yester's Church in Edinburgh, he says: "One is certainly not called upon to become a martyr for the sake of the Church in these times; but one *may be bound* to walk into a good living and an influential position for his own and her good, and to keep out those who will walk in, whatever be their qualification to do so." Nor does he fail in an occasional personal criticism. He describes with true professional relish a sermon which he has heard, "and which was not deficient in an occasional felicity of

language. He spoke of 'the devils urging on the worms' to destroy, if possible, the body of our Lord. Did you ever hear of a conception at once so grotesque and horrible?"

Of his own habits of composition in this kind, he gives a little description in reply to a question from Mr Dickson as to the time he took to write his sermons. "I have not written very many," he says, "as you may guess, since I came here; but, curiously enough, I wrote two (intending when I began only to write one) on Saturday forenoon and Sabbath morning, bating a little bit of introduction put down on Friday, and conclusions, which *it is no use writing.*" This last touch is very characteristic, and will remind many who have heard him in later years, of Principal Tulloch's habit of closing his book and addressing himself direct, often with an emotion which was very contagious, to the audience which had been following him through his argument or exposition with rapt and grave attention. The theologian, the teacher, was put aside; he thrust from him, with the impatience of an orator, all that had been prepared, and with his large eyes wide open, and his countenance flushed with feeling, threw himself upon the sympathies and responsive feeling of his hearers. No one could doubt that what he thus spoke had gone to his own heart, and came direct from it, warm and glowing with all the eloquence of nature. In these moments he was the true ambassador, the messenger of good tidings, and at no time was he more characteristically himself. I do not pretend to say that these personal addresses were always equal to the preceding discourse—sometimes they were the finest part of it, but not always; yet it was impossible to listen to them without being impressed by the strong personal influence of the man. It was of "no use writing" conclusions; by the time he had got to that point all the boundaries of composition were burst by the warmth of natural feeling.

Tulloch had now, however, come to the point when his

sermons to his rural congregation, and his little contributions to the Dundee newspapers, no longer sufficed to occupy his time and thoughts. How he opened communication with Dr Vaughan of Manchester, who was then the editor of the 'British Quarterly Review,' the chief organ of the English Dissenters, and a high-toned and excellent periodical, which has since ceased to exist, I have no information. Probably it was in the simplest way, by sending his first piece of original work, an essay on Pascal, to that magazine. It was then, I think, the only Review except the 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh,' and was less difficult of access than these aristocrats of the press, and more devoted to the subjects which occupied our young minister's thoughts. I find a letter from Dr Vaughan, dated May 17, 1850, in respect to this paper, of which he says that he sees "very little to suggest in the way of correction or emendation." "I like," he adds, "what you say of Pascal as often falling back from the uncertain testimony of mere sense or mere intellect, on his spiritual or moral nature, except that I have some apprehension that in your just effort to rebuke those who overlook this latter department of our nature you should seem to assert for it a separateness, independence, and completeness that may verge on mysticism." In these days erroneous views were more carefully looked out for, and mysticism especially guarded against, particularly in the regions of respectable and intellectual Dissent. There is a scrap of a note from Sir David Brewster enclosed among the editor's letters, with which was sent Faugère's edition of the 'Pensées,' which seems to show that the then head of the University at St Andrews was aware of the undertaking in which Tulloch was engaged. It seems, however, to have been printed before he told either of his most intimate friends of it. "By the way," he says to Mr Dickson, "do you ever see the 'British Quarterly'? If not, you should, for I think, failing its occasional Radicalism and Independency, it is fully as well

worth reading as any of the Quarterlies, and on some serious speculative subjects of great interest to me, beats them all. If you get a sight of it, look into an article in the forthcoming number (August) entitled, 'Pascal: Christian Philosophy,' and I will be glad to know what you think of it." What Mr Dickson thought of it does not appear; but the well-beloved Smith, to whom the Review was lent by the author, seems to have expressed his opinions with a freedom which tried that young writer's temper much, and called forth an exceedingly angry letter in reply—showing that it is not always wise between friends to indulge in animadversions of too bold a character. As a very genuine expression of youthful resentment in respect to a too candid critic, and surprise at his friend's want of understanding, I give the letter—at which, after the hasty puff of injured feeling was over, Tulloch himself would have been the first to laugh:—

To Rev. W. Smith.

Your criticism of my poor paper is not flattering. It is difficult, indeed, to extract any drop of consolation from it: for as to your *très bien* and *get along*, why, you might address as much to any miserable donkey stumbling along the highroad of literature. Curiously enough, an accomplished literary friend, but a bit of a Carlylist in his tendencies, writes me the very reverse of all you say. In mere literary respects, in "point of grace, and precision of style, and general arrangement," he does not see that the paper could be essentially mended. And then as to the argument, it is "clear, compact, and *relatively coherent*," which would seem to be quite in the teeth of all you say about want of *unity* and *genuine force*. What is a poor fellow to do? whom believe? My own opinion certainly is (so far as it is worth anything in the question), that if the paper has any merit at all it is at least that of *unity of conception*, and that the main part of the argument which deals with the charge of Cousin against Pascal cannot be charged with wanting force, although this may be perhaps true of the latter part of the essay where some of the special views of Pascal in Christian Philosophy are attempted to be dealt with; but this latter part, from its nature, did not admit of the same force of treatment. As for my heart being peculiarly in the love episode, I suppose I must consider this as part of your banter; for to suppose that *my pith is all* here, while preparing to be expended on

an elaborate philosophical argument, were indeed sorry enough. Again, as to words and phrases, you and I will never, I fear, agree about this, although I own the justice of some of your markings in this respect. Only you have curiously illustrated your own criticism by using, in the course of your few remarks, two of the worst sesquipedalia I have seen for a long time, when you say that there is a want of come-at-ableness and appreciability —for all the world!—in the grouping of the material.

Having thus given vent to his feelings, the young writer adds, "Let me hear from you soon;" and his friend seems to have had understanding enough to take the little ebullition at its true meaning, and no breach or coolness would seem to have followed. It remains an amusing instance of youthful literary impatience under the rod. I don't think that Tulloch ever regarded such animadversions with the calm which experience brings, and there were some periods in his career in which an ill-natured but skilful critic was, unfortunately, able to goad him almost into partial distraction.

With the new interests of literary life rising upon him, and the peaceful occupations of his rural charge, I have no doubt that the young minister's life at Kettins was a happy one. He always spoke of it as such, and I have heard him pause in the midst of much talk about books and public matters to say how, in the expanded life that had come to him later, he still missed his poor people and the familiar converse of the cottage firesides. No one perceived with more ready appreciation the humours of the country-side, and all that was quaint and original in the views of his peasant friends—so shrewd, often so clear-sighted, full of natural sense and that sharp perception of false pretences and insight into character which they so often possess. He was still more in sympathy with the restrained emotional side of the rustic Scotch character—the passionate nature hidden under a hundred folds of self-repression, yet sometimes bursting out in moments of excitement, in times of

bereavement, with something of Hebrew sublimity, the poetry of the Old Testament, softened yet heightened by the familiarities of the common tongue. The often quaint mingling of the matter-of-fact and the spiritual, the stern peasant philosophy neutralised by the twinkle of humour which it requires a native observer to detect, were delightful to him. I have heard him, for instance, tell the story of an old pair of Cameronians, Old Light Burghers, or whatever the little stern sect might be called, of which they were the last remnant, and how the old wife was addressed by a profane questioner, "I suppose, Janet, you think that nobody is likely to be saved but you and John?" I am afraid the English reader, who very likely has heard the story, sees only the ridicule of fanaticism in the reply, and does not appreciate, as Tulloch did, the quick perception of Janet, the gleam in her eye as she replied, "Aweel, sir, I'm no' that sure o' John." The chuckle of contagious laughter which would burst forth over a story like this was such as no spectator could resist. He entered with all his heart into those eccentricities, and often unperceived perceptions, of Scotch peasant life. He was entirely in sympathy with the people in all their troubles and their joys.

I think, however, that the burdens which probably the young pair had brought upon themselves in their early life in Dundee were much felt at this period, especially when wheat was low in price and the nominal stipend reduced. Sometimes the young minister had to decline an invitation to accompany a friend upon an expedition on account of want of means, though he felt himself to be greatly in need of a change.

To Rev. W. Smith.

I have been closely at my desk, and at the same time unavoidably dining out a good deal, which together take the colour out of a man's cheeks [he says on one occasion]. . . . The *res angusta domi*, as poor Coleridge complained, is a sad damper to

many genial projects. It is the wet sheet always coming over one's fair visions. It is all very well to talk of remuneration for "sheets," but all remuneration which comes my way is just like pouring water into a sieve. It is there and it is gone. The tin *feels* in one's pocket for a day or two (I like to keep it, if possible, for a day or two, just to feel it), and then it is to be felt no more, and the pocket returns to its normal state of emptiness; and an empty pocket at this season [December] of bills and abominations of a like nature is one of the most pregnant reflections I know. . . . The fact is, my dear S., as you may indeed guess from these somewhat incessant literary efforts [he says at a later period], I am very hard up. God knows I am not extravagant in any way (unless it may be occasionally a little in books, *which I can't want*), and I have the most economical wife in the world: and yet I am always in poverty, and I believe I shall go to the wall altogether unless things change and stipends get somewhat better. Never say die, however: although I speak thus, I hope better things. The conclusion of this is, that I do not see that it is possible I can meet you in Edinburgh, though my heart leaps forth to the proposal.

The connection with the 'British Quarterly,' however, was one which the editor of that periodical evidently did not wish to let drop, as he suggests at once a new subject as soon as the paper on Pascal was out of hands. It was a paper on German Protestantism that Dr Vaughan wanted in preference to one upon his favourite writer, Neander, which Tulloch desired to write. The death of Neander in the summer of 1850, however, changed the editor's ideas, who decides at once that "your first suggestion had better be acted upon." "Pray make the paper as biographical as you can," he adds, "consistently with such a view of his writings as may bring out their characteristic points." The reader will perhaps recollect the impulse which Tulloch records when passing the house of Neander in Berlin, to ask for admittance there and introduce himself as an admirer and disciple, and the pause he made, half shyness and half hope that he "might some day have more claim upon his regard." This could now never be: but it was with genuine enthusiasm that he threw himself into the endeavour to expound

his favourite writer. The article was intended for the November number of the 'British Quarterly'; and in September, Tulloch writes to Mr Smith: "I am just about finished with the paper on Neander. It traverses some very delicate ground, and I don't know what you may think of it." No doubt there was a certain daring in the act of the young minister—in days when German criticism and philosophy were still looked upon, especially in the Church, with very suspicious eyes — who thus constituted himself the champion and interpreter of the great Teuton. German theology in those days was still a bugbear only half understood, making the hair of good religious people to stand on end: more especially in Scotland, where devout persons shook their heads at the mere mention of that dangerous nationality, and thought the language itself a peril. And Scotland has never been slow to cry heresy, nor to judge severely the utterer of a new opinion. Fortunately, however, in this case, Tulloch met with nothing but applause. Mindful of his late onslaught upon Mr Smith, he is anxious to let that critic see that he bears no malice.

I send you by this post the 'British Quarterly,' containing "Neander." You may be as severely critical as you like, as I am already rendered impervious to your attacks by a thick wad of complimentary newspaper paragraphs. I hope you may find the paper at least interesting, and not altogether inadequate to the very noble subject.

Mr Smith perhaps remembered the remarks that had been made to him on a previous occasion, and did not venture to lay himself open again to the same frankness of treatment; or perhaps, which is more likely, the young writer was already conscious of making great strides, and had himself learned much from his first practical contact with print. At all events, it is evident that the two friends were of accord in respect to this second publication. "I need not say," Tulloch resumes, "that I am truly gratified that 'Neander' pleases you so much. On reperusal there appeared to me a con-

siderable stiffness in the composition in two or three places. Some of it, however, was written with considerable haste; and amending as I did a good deal on the proof, makes a clumsy job."

After this, literary occupations thicken. He had an article on Newman's "Phases of Faith" early in the next year (1851) in 'Kitto's Journal.' He had written one for Chambers's "Papers for the People," a series which, to his disappointment and vexation, was stopped as not profitable —"another victim to the paper duty," he says—before his paper could be printed; and he was beginning to open negotiations with the lately established 'North British Review.' I am afraid, however, judging from a letter from Dr Kitto, found among others on literary subjects of this period, that the 'Journal' at least was not a good paymaster. Kitto writes, "Anxious to have the aid of your vigorous pen," a few months after the publication of the article on Newman, and expressing his hope that, in consequence of new arrangements, he can now hold out "the prospect of material advantage to the contributors and myself after the first year." "If the Journal has reached the circulation we look for under the altered plans," he adds, "it is intended to afford remuneration to such contributors *as wish for it*. This has always been my anxious wish, but I have not hitherto been able to realise it." The payment to such contributors as may wish for it has an ironical sound, but evidently was said in all sad and harassed seriousness. And no doubt a journal specially designed for the clergy will always find amiable, if not very effective, contributors, pleased to give their assistance for the sake of the glory alone. Tulloch, however, got something from the 'British Quarterly,' at all events, for his articles; and it would seem that his revenues of this kind gave his friends an idea that he was able to afford himself a little freedom in travelling and otherwise. Mr Smith, for instance, having

decided to visit that first of many shows, fondly called "the Great Exhibition," after much hesitation and calculation, was able to persuade the minister of Kettins to accompany him there. This expedition, as well as a modest supply of books—not the rare editions of the collector, but books for daily use—was procured by the little stream of literary work which kept growing and making life richer, even when the weight of the pocket was not palpably increased. In October Tulloch writes to Mr Smith that "a very flattering offer had been made to him through Professor Martin of Aberdeen to write for the 'North British Review,'" then a comparatively new periodical, and one at that time of conspicuous ability. "Of course I assented," he says. "I perceive it is desirous of emancipating itself as far as possible from identity with Free Churchism." The Review had been originally intended as the organ of that body, or at least as a champion and exponent of its principles, so long as they could be conjoined with other more literary views. But that enforced connection could not go on long; and it soon came to be, so far as distinctive colour was concerned, more national than orthodox. His first contribution to this periodical was an article entitled "Literature and Christianity," based upon Carlyle's 'Life of John Sterling,' which immediately attracted a great deal of attention. In "taking the Christian side against Carlyle and his *confrères*," as he describes it, he did at the same time full justice to that great writer—"expressing an admiration of Carlyle in a literary point of view (while in other respects very fierce against him), which, I daresay you will think exaggerated. My better acquaintance with him," he adds, "only deepens my profound admiration of his literary powers. I know no one of the present day who is entitled to rank with him in this respect. If you are sceptical, only study him."

This article brought him many pleasant testimonies of appreciation. "I was surprised the other day to receive," he

says to Mr Smith, "a letter from Sir D. Brewster on the subject, so loftily complimentary that I should blush (!) to communicate it to you. *Do not spare me for this:* I shall be able to stand a little dissection." "What you say of my paper," he writes to Mr Dickson, "coloured as it is, no doubt, with the rose-hue of an old and trusty fellowship, made me very happy." He had "a most kind and flattering letter on the subject from Archdeacon Hare;" and the general praise, which was sweet to so sympathetic a nature, exhilarated him, and was a stimulant to new effort. I find among the papers about this same time a charming letter from Cambridge, from Sir James Stephen, whose 'Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography' Tulloch had reviewed in the 'Dundee Advertiser,' having read the book, as he says, "with the greatest delight," and written the paper hastily, "to comply with an expectation on the part of the proprietors that I would write something occasionally, as they are so kind as to send it to me." This rapid performance, which the author ventured to send with a note full of admiration, produced the pleasant epistle which, with its gentle banter of the inexperienced critic, yet appreciation of a man as yet unknown, it is worth while to quote:—

I am gratified by your approbation, and I am still more grateful for the kindness of the tone and manner in which it is expressed. If, when seated on your critical tribunal, you have yielded not a little to the influence which certain sympathies will exercise over the mere judicial faculty, I must not presume on that account to rebuke my judge.

What you say on the subject of my notice of Luther is quite accurate. But I felt, and still feel, that the delineations of him in his interior, holier, and more elevated modes of existence are so innumerable, that to add another portrait to that vast collection would have been to little purpose. . . . When I wrote that and the other papers which you so kindly notice, I was toiling and working in that great Slough of Despond, the Colonial Office; and I half regard it as a miracle that I was able to handle such topics at all at a time when every sound which reached me was in dissonance with them. Since then I have turned into a pedagogue

—a Professor of Modern History in this place [the letter is dated from Haileybury]; and here I have delivered, and have since published, two volumes of 'Lectures on the History of France.' My friends tell me that they are much better worth than my Essays, and therefore I venture to ask your perusal of them if they should fall in your way. They will not be altogether out of harmony with the sacred topics to which the study in your manse is devoted.

If the railway should ever whirl you thus far southwards, I trust that you would allow me to have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with you, and of making you acquainted with our lions here and with their haunts. But forgive me if I hazard one unhandsome criticism on your note, in a sort of ungenerous return for what it has pleased you to say of my writings. That you dwell at a manse in the county of Angus is clearly enough revealed to me; and the name of the parish of which it is the manse, I, after considerable hesitation, pronounce to be Cettins. But one should be a Champollion to decipher with confidence all the letters who (*sic*) combine to form your patronymic. I trust, therefore, that this will reach you, as there can be but one manse even yet, I take it, in a Scotch parish.—I am, dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant, JAMES STEPHEN.

It will thus be seen that Tulloch's first efforts in literature met with a very genial response both from his friends and those more important critics in the greater world whose approbation he, like all ambitious young men, was eager to secure. He did not, however, confine himself entirely to the study in the manse, where "sacred topics" were varied by literature, but kept his eyes open to any vacancy that might occur in the universities, never giving up the youthful desire to find himself in the position of a professor, which he had entertained from the earliest period. Early in the year 1851 the professorship of Ecclesiastical History in Glasgow became vacant, and he writes anxiously to consult Mr Smith as to the expediency of applying for it. "Perhaps you may be inclined to laugh at the absurdity of such a youngling as myself (he was twenty-eight) for such an office; but after all, the younger the better, if there is real aptitude for the task; and I certainly feel the strongest bias—I think I may say a fervent love—for the study of Church history in all its

branches." His friend would seem to have approved the idea warmly; upon which our young man, always with a thread of wilfulness in him, begins to be less interested in the plan, about which at the first suggestion he was so warm.

To Rev. W. Smith.

It presents an aspect of congeniality to me peculiarly fascinating [he says, with that curious involved phraseology which is like a faint Scotch accent in his style]. I think I could qualify myself ere long thoroughly for it. At the same time, I am getting strongly attached to my position here—more so, perhaps, than I allow myself sometimes to fancy. The place is certainly in one or two respects a very delightful one, and the people upon the whole most manageable. I can therefore wait. In fact, in some respects I prefer waiting. It would enable me to carry out some studious projects I have in my head, which, if successfully carried out, would entitle me, more than I can expect to be entitled at present, to set up for a chair. Non-success, therefore, in my present attempt, if prudently gone about, would not, I think, leave any regret behind. At the same time, the opening is one that does not occur every day, and I feel in some respects so strongly and consistently drawn to Church history as a study, that I could not think of letting the opportunity slip.

A whimsical incident here occurred to make an end of this chance. One of the persons whom he wished chiefly to consult on the subject was Dr Jackson, who held the Chair of Biblical Criticism at St Andrews, and with whom, though knowing little of him while a student under him, he had recently become intimate. On writing to him, Tulloch found to his consternation that Dr Jackson was himself a candidate for the vacant chair, and immediately withdrew, not without a passing thought of the chair vacated by Jackson, who at once got the appointment in Glasgow; but he adds, "I do not feel any of the same degree of heart toward Biblical criticism as I do towards Church history." And accordingly he settled down again, not ill pleased, to "study hard and be quiet a little longer," before throwing himself upon the wider world.

It is evident, however, that the little country parish was

beginning, at least in the ideas of his friends, to be too small a sphere for him. In the January of 1852 we find him in Aberdeen, by the invitation of Professor Martin, "looking about me and learning what may be learned," he says, with an evident reference to an expected vacancy in the staff of the University. The following personal reference will be interesting to many readers:—

To Rev. W. Smith.

The most interesting, and indeed the only interesting, acquaintance I have made is Professor Blackie, who, with all his eccentricities, and they are not few, deserves the Greek Chair in Edinburgh; and if they give it to an Englishman or a foreigner, these heavy-headed Councillors should one and all be——condemned to swallow and digest, if that were possible, the Greek Rudiments. I heard Pirie lecture to-day considerably better than I expected—indeed, not contemptible by any means, only lumpish and execrably delivered. Martin I think a very good teacher, for he scarcely lectures; and Blackie no less so.

Some months later it becomes apparent that it was the Chair of Theology in Aberdeen which was his object in this visit. "The appointment seems a very curious affair of comparative trial," he says, "and I have little idea of doing anything further in the matter,—besides that it is Church History—Historical and not Dogmatical Theology—to which I wish to give myself." We may add here his opinion upon a contemporary appointment in Edinburgh, made under the old and very curious system by which professors at the Edinburgh University were appointed by the Town Council, with all the evident disadvantages of private canvassing and personal interest, which often made merit an altogether secondary question.

To Rev. W. Smith.

I wonder much you don't share my horror at the idea of Alexander's appointment to the Chair of Moral Philosophy. Why, with such candidates as Ferrier and M'Cosh, and even M'Dougall (for Morell from his heterodoxy is, I suppose, not eligible), Dr W. L. has simply not a vestige of a claim. "Clever man," no doubt,

but what has that to do with the matter? Having published much, he has published nothing, so far as I know, that evinces in the slightest degree the peculiar capacity to deal with the topics of discussion that belong to a Moral Philosophy Chair; while all the others I have mentioned have decidedly manifested such capacity. After Sir W. Hamilton, indeed, I believe Ferrier to be the only thoroughly metaphysical genius in the country, and nobody who knows the man or his writings has a different opinion. Alexander's position as a Dissenter is to me a matter of no consequence comparatively, although certainly this does not recommend him.

The consideration of the Aberdeen Chair being set aside, another of his friends suggested to the minister of Kettins a different kind of appointment—*i.e.*, a church in Liverpool, in which there were supposed to be advantages worthy his consideration. The stipend was about £400 a-year: the congregation was wealthy and important, and to a man with children springing up around his board there were opportunities which were very apparent, and which no father, even while his boys were but babies, could fail to take into consideration. Upon this point Tulloch again consulted his universal referee, Mr Smith, confiding to him his doubts and difficulties.

I don't feel that it would be the place for me, unless I were to abandon studies and views very dear to me, and in the prosecution of which I think I am following out my bent of mind, and therefore my duty, as far as I can see it, more than if I were to give myself entirely to preaching. Excuse this, which is not meant to be egotistical, but merely to express a feeling for which I could not find a more modest utterance.

In pursuance of the suggestion, however, he went to Liverpool "to see about him." I have a local recollection of the church, heavy with *bourgeois* respectability according to the fashion of the period, with cushioned pews, a heavy pulpit with a portentous roof over it called a "sounding-board," which overshadowed the whole place, and an atmosphere as of the dust and afternoon slumbers of years pervading it, to which it thus became for a moment possible that Tulloch

would bind himself. His instinct was a true one, for nothing indeed could have suited his free and open-air nature less than this respectable meeting-house full of all the conventionalities, where the wealthy Scotsmen of Liverpool had suffered the lethargy of a pious dulness for generations. No one would dream of saying a word against the intelligence and energy of such a great community, and the Scotch colony in Liverpool was an important one, and had been stirred into new activity by the excitement of the Disruption in the Scotch Church. But there is something even in the prodigious prosperity and material wealth of such a community which daunts the spirit accustomed to cultivate the muses on a little oatmeal, according to Sydney Smith's well-known translation. I cannot, unfortunately, lay my hand upon the packet of letters to his wife in which Tulloch describes this experience. But there was one in which he gave her an account of the splendour of a house on the other side of the Mersey, in which one of the members of this congregation entertained him. He wishes (as he always did) that she had been with him to see the mighty river with all its ships, and the wonderful landscape, and all those atmospheric effects which the neighbourhood of a great town varies with such strange lines of human movement upon the pearly tints of the morning, and the glow of the sunset; but there is a sort of half-amused, half-puzzled oppression in the young man's bosom in that home of luxury. He came away more clear than ever, that "it would not be the place for me," and plunged into talk about the 'North British Review' and all the Reviews, and articles planned and accomplished, with double zest after his escape from the atmosphere which was so little suited to him.

Shortly after, his second article published in the 'North British,' upon Niebuhr, appeared. He tells his friend Dickson with great satisfaction that "it has been very handsomely paid for. The North Britishers are gentlemen in

that way," he adds with glee—they "pay much better than the 'British Quarterly';" as for Dr Kitto, it has already been made apparent how little he was to be calculated upon. The articles now succeed each other quickly. We have one on Müller and the question of the Origin of Sin (curiously enough this is also one of the subjects to which he returned in later life, selecting it for the first series of the Croall Lectures, delivered in St George's Church, Edinburgh), another on the earlier essays of Sir Arthur Helps, and many more in preparation—notably that on Bunsen's 'Hippolytus,' which was to influence his whole career. But there were still intervals of the *far niente*, for which he had always a delightful capacity, and in which he describes himself humorously as "leading a life of dissipated indifference, doing nothing but examining schools and trying to settle accounts." His literary plans and thoughts were confided to his friend Dickson with great detail and fulness. One of these, which never seems to have been worked out, was an essay or book on the spiritual state of man before Christianity—"an absurdly extensive subject, you will say; but it is only a sketch founded upon one of the 'Small Books on Great Subjects,' published by Pickering, the beautiful typography of which may have taken your fancy in some bookseller's, if you have no further acquaintance with them."

To Rev. Dr Dickson.

My aim is a rapid but impartial view (I trust) of the subject, to point an argument for the divine origin of Christianity. Some things in a long letter of ——, which you read to me when I was with you last, have been so running in my mind in connection with this subject, that the idea of writing to you about it has struck me. He instances, if I remember, some special truths or precepts of Christianity which he conceives anticipated by heathen wisdom. Would you be so good, if you can find time, to make a note of them for me? For my own satisfaction I would not like to miss any remarkable instance of anticipated Christianity, or what is supposed to be such. . . . I have Tholuck's little volume on Heathenism, which is useful in its way. It is my object, how-

ever, rather to speak of the highest results of heathen inquiry in search of truth, metaphysical and moral, with the view of showing by comparison how utterly untenable is the notion of Christianity being (as many maintain in the present day again with fresh zeal) a mere natural product of the human mind. At the character of Heathenism in a general and popular sense I will also glance but shortly. The article in question will probably not be in readiness for some time.

So far as Dr Dickson is aware, this article was never written, or at least never completed; but it shows the tendency of his thoughts, and the manner in which already his mind had begun to work. Another significant and humorous bit of self-perception occurs in his description to his friend of his article upon Helps' Essays. He says:—

> Remark with interest the strong plea I put in for a tendency of mind—intellectual indecision you may call it: I call it by the fine-sounding name of Catholicity. I do not know if you will think it at all applicable to a certain friend of yours.

The reference here must have been to many a friendly dispute unrecorded; for Dr Dickson adds a note to the effect that this was (as Tulloch himself evidently indicates) "a leading characteristic of his own mind, which saw clearly what might be said on either side, but did not find itself constrained to incline strongly to either"—a peculiarity, let us add, extremely exasperating to those whose point of view is less catholic and more decided.

The article on 'Hippolytus' was the most important piece of work he had yet taken in hand, and one for which he prepared with great gravity and anxiety, feeling himself at a turning-point in life, though by no means divining the importance which it was to assume in after developments. He writes thus on the subject in the beginning of another year:—

To Rev. Dr Dickson. THE MANSE OF KETTINS, *February* 10, 1853.

I have undertaken to handle for the 'North British' Bunsen's 'Hippolytus,' and a great article is expected—something more important than anything I have yet done either for the 'North

British' or the 'British Quarterly'; so says the editor. I feel, therefore, somewhat uneasy on the subject, especially as in the six weeks or so before me for it, I shall be liable to many interruptions, examinations of schools, &c. "Original and patristic learning," a display of which many might look for on such a subject, I of course make no pretensions to. My miserable deficiency in this and every *learned* respect I know too well, although I hope, if I am spared for ten years, I shall do something in that time to remedy such deficiency. I am, accordingly, to treat the subject from a quite different point of view, dwelling at length upon the critical-historical method of Germany (of which the work is so genuine a product), vindicating its superiority over the old dogmatic methods of theology which still prevail among us, and then passing on to notice the significance for Christian science in the time to come (for the new era of it, which undoubtedly must come if Christianity is not to undergo among us some eclipse), of the results reached by Bunsen, contrasting them at once with the hierarchism of Popery and Puseyism, and the ultra-orthodox dogmatism of the so-called Evangelical Protestantism, &c. &c. I feel I am expressing in the most obscure way my intention, but perhaps you will catch a glimpse of it. The paper will, you will see, be from a decidedly free point of view, which will probably astonish some readers of the N.B. Of this, however, I have distinctly advertised the editor; in this knowledge he is "glad to commit the subject to my hands." Let me know what you think of my plan, so far as it may be intelligible to you from my obscure representation, and mention any special points of significance that may have struck you. And if you think they would be at all serviceable, do not hesitate to send me your notes on the whole. The most perplexing and difficult aspect of the work to me is its philosophy of the Trinity, as expressed in the 'Aphorisms' and the 'Apology.' It appears to me to introduce a point of view with which the historian has really nothing to do; besides that, candidly, in any relation, I think a great deal of it nonsense. What do you think of it? Give me any insight or any help you can.

For a month or two after, his mind was largely occupied by this subject, and his letters are full of it. He was in expectation of a visit from his friend Dickson, and anxious to finish the work in order to have the benefit of his advice upon it before publication. And his mind overflows in the meantime in descriptions and representations of the method he meant to adopt, with a strong inclination at the same

time to discuss the school which he had been of late studying so much—the modern Germans and their ways, which were to him a kind of revelation.

To Dr Dickson.

In the first, and what in my own estimation will be the most important, part of the paper, I treat at length of the method of the German critical school—its excellences, dangers, &c. It is in the second part I have any difficulty as to the mode of treatment. At first I intended to exhibit the results of the work merely in a negative polemic way, in their bearing on Popery, Mysticism, the Tubingen School, and our own ultra-dogmatic Protestantism as well. But this I found conveying rather too poor an idea of what the book contained. I have deviated, therefore, into an attempt to exhibit something of the full picture of the ancient Church in its constitution, worship, and theology, presented especially in the last two volumes. This, however, involves a more detailed treatment than I intended, and is somewhat apt to weary me, as it may the reader; and this leads me to say—be sure and bring your notes with you, as they will be valuable for the detail, in which I am most apt to go astray.

Dr Dickson (then Mr Dickson of Cameron) paid his friend a visit at Kettins in the spring, when they had many talks over this momentous article, and read the book together, and communicated their mutual thoughts upon that and many other subjects. There was snow on the ground, and one lively recollection which remains in the mind of the survivor, was their joint observation of the movements of a weasel—a dark little busy creature flitting about in the snow, much occupied, and full of business—and of what its small ideas might be as to the men-mountains overshadowing its little world. This was a long way from 'Hippolytus.' And the reader will probably by this time think he has heard enough of the composition. It would be too much to expect that at this distance of years a review of a book—itself forgotten, pushed out of sight by floods of other books, and by new tides of thought, and by the progress of time, which has altogether swept away the once so well-known bustling and

genial figure of Bunsen—should retain the recollection of any large number of readers. But it was more important in Tulloch's life than any detached literary composition usually is, and helped to open before him an increasing and widening career. That he had also begun to be known and remarked in his profession is evident from various pieces of public work in which he was already engaged. For instance, he had been, while still at Kettins, appointed one of the examiners for the Dick Bequest — a fund established many years before by a rich merchant of that name, a native of one of the counties benefited, for the maintenance and assistance of parochial schoolmasters in the counties of Elgin, Aberdeen, and Banff. An examination of applicants for the advantages of this fund was held in September yearly, and the examiners were chosen among clergymen competent in classical subjects, and well otherwise known.

An occasional allusion occurs from time to time in the letters of this period to a mysterious piece of work which the minister of Kettins did not talk over with his friends as he did his articles, and on the growth of which there is accordingly little light to be thrown. In February 1852 he already gives a hint of this undisclosed occupation to Mr Smith. "I have proposed," he says, "a subject to Fraser (of 'North British Review'), but would certainly be better (save for the money, which, alas! is always needed) unengaged for this quarter, as I shall be otherwise much employed, having begun something not destined for any Review, and not to be said anything of in the meantime." Nearly a year later he makes a similar reference when writing to the other bosom friend who shared his confidences. "What am I doing then, you will be saying? Not idle, I assure you, my dear fellow: never, in fact, was I so busy in all my life. But whether anything in the shape of publication may come of my labours remains to be seen—something is intended certainly." The piece of work thus hinted at was a much

more sustained effort than any of his previous productions. And the occasion and aim of it require a few words of explanation.

There existed in those days, which had not yet become days of universal competition, what may almost be called a romantic prize, for which young men in Tulloch's position were specially incited to strive. To call anything romantic which concerns theology in its most abstruse aspect seems a curious misnomer, and yet this unique intellectual emulation was, in its grave way, a sort of Olympian game worthy of the energies of the best. The "Burnett Prize" had but a short life, being awarded only twice; but such was not the intention of its founder, who had meant it to be everlasting. This was a certain Mr John Burnett of Aberdeen, a member of the Scotch Episcopalian Church, and a successful merchant in that hard-headed northern city. There is little information of any personal kind about him. He must have been a diligent and honourable, as no doubt he was a slightly eccentric, personage. It is recorded of him, that his father having failed in business, he and his brother, as soon as they themselves came to success, paid off every farthing of their parent's liabilities; and as his life went on, he became interested in many benevolent schemes. It is also told of him that, having apparently lost faith in religious dogma, or found none that represented his ideas, he gave up attendance at church, "lest he should be committed to a creed," says his biographer, in the brief notice of him given in Mr Leslie Stephen's Dictionary of Biography. There is a mixture of pathos and of Scotch argumentativeness in the object to which, holding these ideas, he devoted a portion of his fortune. The money was placed in the hands of trustees, the interest to accumulate for periods of forty years, at the end of each of which periods it was to be divided into two prizes for the writers of the two best essays on the proofs from natural religion of the existence and character of God.

One wonders if the old man had convinced himself on this subject; if he found the evidence of nature more satisfactory to his soul than the teaching of the Churches; or if it was irritation with the prejudices and narrowness of his non-juring brethren, and the equally narrow and unenlightened views of a slumbrous Kirk, that led him to this curious institution, unique of its kind among all the shows of mental athleticism. The prize was one of solid value, amounting in 1855, which was the time fixed for the second competition, to a sum of £1800 for the first, and £600 for the second prizeman. It is doubtful whether such chances often fulfil their purpose by bringing out either the best arguments or the best writers on a subject of such importance. However, the names of those successful in the first competition were at least those of well-known men, to whom afterwards, in their very different spheres, the highest awards of their professions fell. The gainer of the first prize on that occasion was William Lawrence Brown, a distinguished theologian in his time, and who afterwards became Principal of Marischal College, in Aberdeen. The second was John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury.

These were respectable predecessors in the competition, to which, as it approached a second period, John Tulloch, full of ambition and energy, and lacking advancement, now turned his eyes. He had begun, at least, to prepare for it in 1852, and it is evident that it was carried on behind all his lighter and more popular work, an undertaking of the gravest moment, which he fully expected to be the stepping-stone to fame, and to which he returned with continued zeal in every interval. One can well imagine how the greatness of the subject would take possession of his mind and fancy; and how, as he trudged far afield through all weathers to hillside farmhouse or cottage, to the bedsides of the dying, to console and advise in all the nameless troubles that come to a country minister's ear, his thoughts would return to that

high argument; and how every combination of cloud and hill, and every blazing sunset, and all the adaptations of Nature for the sustenance and protection of the living multitudes which are nourished by every sod and every stream, would give it illustration and enrichment. There are some eyes which see her only "red in tooth and claw, with ravine;" but there are others to whom Nature appears as a benignant mother telling the still greater love of the Father of all. Tulloch was one of these. The "homely nurse" was dear to her foster-child in all her aspects. He had at all times that softening sense of delight and kindred in the mere fabric of the world, in open air, in changeful skies, and summer and winter, and all the vicissitudes of earth and heaven, which is one of the richest of natural inheritances. And an undertaking more congenial to his mind than to show how every one bore witness to the Creator could not have been conceived.

It is a more sacred thing to draw the domestic curtain from the peaceful manse and show the evening scene, near the fireside in the little study, or in the lingering daylight of the prolonged sweet summer evening of northern skies, when the outdoor occupations were over, notwithstanding that at any moment Duncan or Sandy might come lumbering to the door in heavy ploughman shoes to bring some village trouble to the solution of the minister; and when the children were asleep, and the young mother free to take her share of the work, copying in her more legible writing the sheets which in their original form would have daunted the most courageous examiner, notwithstanding that her ear was ever alert to a murmur from the little cribs above. She was his first judge and critic, making her modest comments, as well as his untiring secretary; and the work was thus a joint work, his helpmeet filling up everything that was wanting in him with her softening presence and steady patient work. He was still under thirty, she twenty-six—a pair formed for

all the enjoyments of life, young in heart as well as in age, fond of all simple pleasures. One wonders if any circumstances of ease or wealth or gaiety, or all that makes what in other spheres is called life, could have embodied a greater happiness or afforded a more beautiful spectacle than these laborious nights and days.

Thus passed the peaceful years at Kettins, with increase of children and care, yet much unfeigned and wholesome pleasure in life. I have often thought that George Eliot, in one of the most touching and beautiful of all her creations, that of Milly Barton, must have somehow in the spirit had a glimpse into the manse of Kettins, and seen the young minister's wife, three days after the birth of a big, peaceable, thriving baby, sitting up propped with pillows, not to darn the family stockings, but to laugh and cry over that bewildering manuscript, and go on with her copying! These are heroisms of which no one ever hears, which, when they are told, have a way of being turned by the ignorant into something like a complaint, as of an exacting husband or a cruel fate. No such meaning was in them. The work was hers as well as his, and the incident, told with tender pride and pleasure, formed one of those sacred traditions which make the history of a family noble and dear.

CHAPTER V.

THE VACANT CHAIR—THE BURNETT PRIZE.

In the end of the year 1853, when Tulloch had been four years at Kettins, and had made himself known by his work in the Reviews, to an extent, I think, quite unusual with the writers of anonymous periodical literature, the little world of the University in St Andrews was much moved by the prospect of an approaching vacancy. Old Dr Haldane of St Mary's College, who had seen all these young men grow up, and trained many of them—he who had been too infirm to "introduce" Tulloch to the people at Kettins — was now on the brink of the grave; and the anxious question who was to fill his place had become a matter of immediate importance: for he was old as well as ill, and his recovery had ceased to be looked for. The University of St Andrews consists, contrary to the Scotch custom, of two colleges—one which bears the name of the United College of St Salvator and St Leonard, the other St Mary's. The former has been for a long time devoted to the secular Arts and learning, the latter exclusively theological. The Principal of the United College was Sir David Brewster, and it was from him, through the medium of Dr Brown, the second Professor of Theology, that the communication which caused, it may easily be imagined, a great commotion in the manse of Kettins, arrived one November morning in the midst of all

the parochial and literary work going on there. These two gentlemen, after much consultation together, had decided that one of them, Dr Brown, was the most fit person to succeed to the position of Principal; and that among the many younger men who looked to a professorship in the University as the height of their ambition, Tulloch of Kettins, already so well known to all the neighbouring country, and especially in St Andrews, was the best choice that could be made for the chair which Brown should leave vacant if his candidature was successful. Dr Brown's letter proposed, accordingly, a union of claims and interest to procure these two appointments. He had himself the maturity and experience needed for the first, and was in some respects the most natural substitute for the old Principal; while it seemed fully recognised between himself and Sir David that the minister of Kettins had the best claim to the reversion of the second. Tulloch, as has already been seen, had regarded every recent vacancy with interest, and always entertained the hope of occupying the position of Professor. Such a proposal as this was, however, so much more real than any speculations of his own, that it was suggested by those whose suggestion alone contained almost a promise of success.

Dr Brown enclosed the draft of a memorandum drawn up by Sir David, which it was intended to send to all persons of influence who could further the views of the two candidates. The singular argument used in this circular is very significant of the temper of the time. The United College had been separated by the abolition of Tests from any formal connection with the Established Church, and contained many men of very liberal and advanced views; and it was highly desirable, in the opinion of Sir David and his supporters, that the heads of the Theological College should also be men of liberal and large minds, and free from narrowness and prejudice. Tulloch lost no time in signify-

ing his assent and concurrence, and the circular was at once sent out both to persons of influence at home, and to the members of the Government who had the real power in their hands. Sir David Brewster was at first the leading actor in the matter, and I find a number of letters addressed to him by various important personages in reply to his application and circular. It is curious to see how calmly these gentlemen take the matter, which kept some hearts throbbing so strongly, and in the midst of our sympathetic eagerness to know how the final appointment was brought about, turn off the inquiry by a piece of political news which has no longer any excitement in it! But these were the days when the Crimean war was about to begin; and no doubt even Sir David, though more concerned about his colleagues in the University than the peace of Europe, was moved by what the Duke of Argyll told him, though it had nothing to do with the matter in hand, and went out from old St Leonard's full of importance to repeat it: "Despite all our efforts, I much fear that war cannot now be avoided. We have the satisfaction of thinking that we have done everything we could to avert it; and if it is forced on us, we must fight to the stumps." It is very strange to find so few echoes of important and stirring moments in the national history in these little records of individual life. Through all the convulsions of '48, not a word in the letters of the young men, whose intimate communications we have been reading, betrays the character of the period. But when we have a glimpse into the circle of the statesmen on whom this little University business is pressed, while they are in the heat of the struggle which preceded a great international convulsion, the bigger question bursts in through the faint opening afforded by the smaller. Mr Ellice, who is more especially devoted to Scotch affairs, says a word or two of civil attention to the application, then plunges into the overwhelming interest of the moment. Nevertheless the smaller

practical business which had to be settled made progress, and gradually gained the attention of the much-occupied statesmen.

It was anything but a small matter, however, in the little circle immediately concerned. The old man whose succession was in question died in March. "Dr Haldane has just expired," Dr Brown says with a certain sigh of satisfaction; and whatever influence could be had, whatever friends in power could be appealed to, whatever effort could be made, the moment had now come to put everything in movement. Tulloch responded to this appeal with the utmost energy, thinking only, so far as he was concerned, of the second chair, which indeed was very good preferment for a young man of thirty. His local friends and those of his family in Perth and Dundee were, if not great men themselves, the great men's factors and men of business. If they could not reach Lord Palmerston they could reach Lord Kinnaird, who in his turn could get at the head of the Government; and they all responded warmly to young Tulloch's appeal. So did a number of the friends whom he had made in the course of his literary work, notably Baron Bunsen, who had been highly pleased by the notice of 'Hippolytus,' and felt that one good turn deserved another. He had some hereditary connection, that of political support or local championship, in one way or another, with the family of Kinnaird; and both Mr Arthur Kinnaird of Exeter Hall fame, and his brother Lord Kinnaird, were favourable to the son of the minister of Tibbermuir. Letters came thickly on all sides during March and the beginning of April—discussions of the mutual prospects from Dr Brown, enclosures from Sir David Brewster, signed with great names, letters from bailies and other dignitaries in support of Tulloch's claims. To him there seems to have been no opposition; but a sort of *sourd* undeclared antagonism began to be vaguely apparent in respect to Dr Brown. Dr Cook of Haddington, another well-

known man, if not actually in the field, was secretly supported by a number of influential people in Edinburgh. And Dr Brown had opposed the Government and disappointed the Lord Advocate in some special matters of which I know no details. No doubt these could be easily procured; but they have nothing to do with the present subject, and would not interest a generation from whose knowledge they have altogether passed. Though nothing is said distinctly on the subject, there is a faint suggestion of opposition in several of the letters, before the curious explosion came which made an end of the double candidature and of Dr Brown's hopes together.

It has been generally supposed that the appointment of Tulloch, at so early an age and so unexpectedly, to the Principalship of St Mary's, was the result of a compromise between two parties, neither of them strong enough to carry their own candidate; and no doubt there was a certain degree of truth in this. But at the same time, the first suggestion of such a step was evidently the result of the mistake described in the following letter:—

To Rev. Prof. Brown. MANSE OF KETTINS, 20*th March* 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—On Saturday I had a note from Lord Kinnaird desiring to see me on the subject of St Andrews before his departure to London to-morrow. I have just returned from seeing him, and the result, I regret to say, is by no means satisfactory. His lordship, it appears, misunderstood our plans. In the hurry of communication with Lord Palmerston he had not made himself acquainted with the contents of the Memorandum, which I enclosed with my brief letter to him on Dr Haldane's death. He considered me, therefore, to be applying *for the actual vacancy* which had occurred. He was naturally astonished in consequence to hear that Sir David was making interest in your behalf, more especially as strong means have evidently been taken to prepossess him against you in reference to your supposed liberal views on the Education question, on which question he seems himself entirely Conservative. In this state he had written to Lord Palmerston requesting him to delay procedure in the matter till he should see him in the course of the week.

I feel excessively annoyed at this position of matters. I trust that both you and Sir David will see at once that I have been entirely blameless in word and act. It is a matter of regret, perhaps, that Sir David did not himself communicate with his lordship on Dr Haldane's death, as I expected he would. I could not do more than to set the whole thing before him and send him the Memorandum.

I copy this from what was evidently the *brouillon* of the letter really sent to Dr Brown, and it breaks off abruptly with an expression of hope "that his lordship's influence will be neutralised, and that your Fife political influence" will carry the day. There can be no doubt that it was a most awkward position for the young man, and that he felt it deeply; but from the moment of this fortunate but most innocent mistake, it is evident that the elder theologian had no chance. To him, as we have said, there was opposition—to Tulloch none; and no doubt the authorities were too glad to find a really able and popular man, with nothing against him—nay, with everything in his favour—under their hand, whom they might place at once in the Principal's chair, and so be done with the matter. The turning of the tables was complete. It was on the 20th March that the above letter was written; and on the 11th of April Sir David Brewster writes to Kettins to inform the anxious and still disturbed and uneasy young minister of the "probability"—considered by the writer as a certainty—that the appointment would be given to him. The name of Dr Brown dropped at once out of the correspondence; and though the intimation of Sir David proved a little premature, Tulloch was gazetted to St Mary's early in May. Thus a revolution took place in his fate almost as extraordinary, in the tranquil course of everyday life, as the promotions of a fairy tale. The idea of offering himself in his youth and unimportance as a candidate for one of the foremost positions in the country, had never occurred to him. But it is evident that it did not seem so much out of the question to persons

in authority as it did to himself. Lord Kinnaird, who made this lucky mistake, was a man whose residence was in Perthshire, and who knew very well the opinions and feelings of the community round him. And when the young man's name was pronounced in higher places, there were not wanting witnesses from unexpected quarters to answer for him. Baron Bunsen, as has been already said, spoke to Lord Palmerston in his favour, and the ground of the recommendation—the liberal and able discussion of a learned work — was the most admirable proof of the candidate's suitability in the special circumstances set forth by Sir David Brewster. It was thus that this unhoped-for and unthought-of promotion — an amazement to everybody at the time, a standing wonder since, and perhaps of all university appointments made in that generation the one most perfectly justified by the results—was made.

No doubt Dr Brown's disappointment was great; but his behaviour, so far as appears from the correspondence, was not without magnanimity. To see a young man put over one's head is never an experience easy to bear. But he brought no accusation against the successful competitor, who had never meant to enter into rivalry with him. "You cannot assert your open and honourable bearing throughout the whole affair more strongly than I think you entitled to do," he says. "I have only to add that I still think the second-best result of our original arrangement will be your introduction to the University, however brought about." Lord Kinnaird, on the other hand, in congratulating the new Principal on his appointment, writes that he "considers it very fortunate that the mistake occurred. I am glad, however," he adds, "to hear that your nomination gives general satisfaction, which the arrangement proposed by Sir David Brewster would not have done."

By another most happy chance, the little ship of fortune which the young couple in the manse of Kettins had sent

forth some months before any idea of this promotion had crossed their minds, came to land almost in the shadow of the other great event. Both husband and wife had regarded the Burnett essay as the probable turning-point of their fortune. They had indulged in many fond anticipations—those calculations beforehand which are so often the sweetest part of a piece of sudden prosperity—on what was to be done with the little fortune when it came: the percentage for the amanuensis had been settled with much tender jesting and smiles and shakings of the head. Tulloch, not usually overconfident, and so unduly apt to doubt his own scholarship, would seem in this case to have had a presentiment of success. Perhaps, however, the other unlooked-for advancement had put it a little out of their heads during the busy summer, while they were beginning to think of their removal from rural Kettins to the beautiful old house at St Mary's, which was their home for the rest of their united lives. This removal was not done in a moment; and though our young man, whom I may now with satisfaction begin to call the PRINCIPAL—the only name by which I ever knew him—had begun his work, and already delivered and published with much applause, yet some whispers of heresy, his inaugural address, the family still remained in the manse of Kettins in January 1855 when the second great event happened which made his name known over all the country. The first information he received was by a formal letter from the Trustees, accompanied by an enthusiastic one from a private friend, which gives us a very pretty glimpse of the curiosity and interest excited. The Trustees' announcement is as follows:—

ABERDEEN, 20*th January* 1855.

BURNETT TREATISES.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—On behalf of myself and the other trustees of Mr Burnett, I beg to send you the enclosed proof of the advertisement which will be despatched this evening to the

'Times,' stating the result of the adjudication, and at the same time to congratulate you most heartily on your success. Great interest was felt here in the announcement, and I am bound to say that the meeting in the Town Hall evinced no small satisfaction when it was found that a Scotchman carries off one of these great and honourable prizes.

The amount is payable at Whitsunday, but by local usage in Aberdeen all money transactions are settled here at the 4th of June, and not at the strictly legal term of Whitsuntide, 15th May. The funds of the trust are invested in securities which we cannot get payment of until our June term, and therefore I must prepare you for the announcement that before then we shall not be able to pay the successful competitors.

I need not remind you that by Mr Burnett's deed of settlement the successful treatises must be published and 300 copies presented to the Trustees. Requesting your attention to the terms of the bequest in regard to publication, I shall be glad to hear from you when you have considered this subject, and it will always give me great pleasure to be the means of affording you any further information you may desire in any point connected with the trust.—Your very obedient servant,

JOHN WEBSTER.

The printed paper enclosed gives the decision of the arbitrators as follows:—

We, the judges appointed for the Burnett prizes, in reporting to the Trustees the result at which we have arrived, feel it necessary to state that, after giving careful examination to the whole of the treatises sent in, we have found considerable difficulty in coming to a decision, not on account of any difference of opinion among ourselves, but on account of the very near approach to equality of merit in a considerable number of the treatises.

We should have been glad to find that there were two treatises so incontestably superior to all the rest as to release us from all hesitation. Still, though there is no essay which, in our judgment, is not greatly capable of improvement by omission or alteration (which we mention with reference to the future publication of such essays), we are unanimously of opinion that there are *three* which stand, by an appreciable interval, in advance of the rest, viz.:—

No. 143 in Mr Webster's list, "Christian Theism." Motto—*Το ἀγαθον τῶν μεν εὖ ἐχόντων αἴτιον τῶν δε κακῶν ἀναίτιον.*

No. 141 in Mr Webster's list, "Theism," &c. Motto—*Ζητεῖν τὸν κύριον, κ. τ. λ.*—Acts xvii. 27.

No. 1 in Mr Webster's list, "The Witness of God, or the Evidence of His Being and Perfections." Motto—Οὐκ ἀμάρτυρον ἑαυτὸν ἀφῆκεν.—Acts xiv. 17. "Ask now the beasts."—Job xii. 7.

We are of opinion that of these, No. 143, "Christian Theism," deserves the first place, and therefore to it we adjudge the first prize. As to the other two, we find much greater difficulty in deciding which of them should be preferred. If the trust-deed left a choice to the judges in this matter, we should have awarded them equal. But as this does not appear to be the case, we deem it necessary to state that two of our number are disposed to assign a certain preference to No. 141, and that the third acquiesces in that judgment, since at the utmost he should have been disposed only to place them equal.

This award was signed by the names of Baden Powell, Henry Rogers, and Isaac Taylor, the three judges chosen, strangely enough, perhaps with an idea of more complete impartiality, from the other side of the Tweed. I may add, in passing, that this, the second time these prizes had been awarded, was also the last. Long before the third period of forty years was exhausted, the University Commissioners had seized upon this unique and picturesque institution, and in equal indifference to the intentions of the founder, and to any particular necessities of the people, appropriated the Aberdeen merchant's carefully settled money to the support of a lectureship,—surely a very arbitrary interference with a marked and certain purpose. The prize in money won by the first competitor was £1800; the second, that which fell to Principal Tulloch, was £600. The Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson remained unknown to fame, so far as I am aware, and did nothing afterwards to justify his success.

The following more lively account of the proceedings is from Professor Martin of Aberdeen:—

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, 20*th January* 1855.

MY DEAR MR TULLOCH,—Very great was my delight to hear your name read to-day as the author of the second Burnett Prize Essay. I was not aware that you were a candidate. I join very cordially with you in the pleasure you must feel at your success.

The scene to-day was quite an exciting one. The electors (consisting of the professors of both colleges, and the clergymen of the city) were summoned to attend in the Town Hall at 2 P.M.; and by that time a large body not of these only, but of our most respectable citizens, was in attendance. The proceedings being simply formal, no objection was made to the presence of any one who chose to enter. About a hundred gentlemen accordingly sat round the table, or stood in groups around the large room, anxiously awaiting the important disclosure. Principal Dewar opened the proceedings with prayer. Mr John Webster, advocate, and secretary to the Burnett Trustees, then read the report of the judges. . . . I presume the report will be published and you will have a copy. Thereupon the sealed notes were taken up, handed to some of us at the end of the table to bear witness to their being unopened, and then came the opening! What a moment of breathless attention! how every eye was fixed on the tall figure of Mr W., who did the thing with great effect, really entering into the spirit of it! No. 143 was at last opened. Mr W.'s fingers dragged somewhat heavily out the precious enclosure. It ran as follows: "The Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson begs to thank the Judges for the great attention they must have given to his essay, and desires to be addressed to South Staffordshire or Wallsend Parsonage, Newcastle." The Rev. Robert A. Thompson! No man knew him, but he was a happy man. The thing was over so far. Now came the turn of 141. The seal was broken, and Mr W., looking into the note, burst out with an exclamation of joy, declaring it was a Scotchman! whose name accordingly turned out to be the Rev. J. T., Manse of something or other, which I ventured to suggest was Kettins. And so it was, to my great delight. As soon as the meeting was over, I asked Mr W. to telegraph the event to you at St Andrews, which he accordingly gave orders for doing. I hope you have received the message. I am much pleased at the event. It will contribute greatly to your comfort in your present position, and in every way consolidate your influence in the University. Many must be disappointed—208 essays were given in, so 206 must be prizeless. . . . And so good-bye. May you be kept very faithful, for your work is a great work, and great is your responsibility. That the Lord may bless you is the prayer of yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM MARTIN.

It must have been on Saturday that this scene took place, when the new Principal was at Kettins preparing for the Sunday duty which it was still his to fulfil. On reaching St

Andrews on Monday morning he found and reports as follows, with singularly little excitement considering how important the matter was:—

To his Wife.

Various congratulatory letters awaiting me from Aberdeen—*second prize* only though; a person of the name of Thompson, an Englishman, first prizeman. Isn't it a pity? Your £100 dwindles into £50. We must not complain, however. Try and come this week. [Next day he adds:] I wrote you a very hurried note on my arrival yesterday in reference to the decision in the Burnett Essays. You will of course be sorry I am not first, as I am a little myself. All the difference between £1800 and £600. In reference to the honour of the thing there is not so much to be regretted, as the judges say in their report that they found considerable difficulty in coming to a decision on account of the *very near approach to equality* of merit in the three best essays. No. 143 they are of opinion deserves the first place. The author is an English clergyman of the name of Robert Anchor Thompson, and seems to have some connection with Newcastle. He is said to have been a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Oxford some years ago. Between myself and the third man the judges say they had much greater difficulty in deciding who should be preferred. (Thompson, you see, must be a mighty clever fellow!) Two of their number assign *a certain preference* to me, and in their judgment the third acquiesces, as at the utmost he would have been disposed to place us equal. Are you not sorry for No. 1, whoever he may be—so near, and yet to get nothing?

The little half-amused grudge against "the person named Thompson," who must be such a mighty clever fellow, and the touch of regret for the man who was so near success yet failed, bring the big and warm humanity of the new Principal in the flush of his honours into full light. "Are you not sorry?" He knew very well that among her tears of joy, his happy secretary in the dismantled manse would shed a few in pity and sympathy over this third left out. She would not have had anybody left out, even for the advantage of her own. He adds to his invariable "Come!" the addition, "Travel first class, of course, on the strength of the £600"

—the wonderful comfort of that sudden windfall (well deserved and well worked for, yet a windfall still) stealing to his heart.

Other letters poured upon him of congratulation and delight. His friend Dickson writes from the manse of Cameron, with an outburst of generous pleasure: "With all my heart I rejoice, and wish you joy in your new honour—honour, too, combined with cash, no incongruous adjunct. I rejoice for the honour's sake, and the money's sake; but above all, because it must stop the mouths of all gainsayers, and prove most essentially *justificative* to the adversaries of your appointment to the Principalship." This good friend had been "quite unsettled" on the Saturday, knowing the day of decision had come, and could not rest till he had gone to St Andrews to get the news. "Come out on Friday afternoon," he adds, "and spend the Saturday, that we may rejoice together." Not less warm, though he had not been in the secret, was the well-beloved Smith. "You may become sated with success," he writes, "but your friends, I assure you, will never grow weary in wishing you joy." Along with the little bundle of friendly letters full of these heartfelt congratulations, and breathing so much brotherhood and affection, are enclosed two offers from well-known publishers —Messrs Macmillan in Cambridge, and Messrs Constable in Edinburgh — for the publication of the essay. The rising tide brings everything with it—appreciation, recompense, applause, as well as that delighted approval of friends, proud to see their early intuitions of his worth so fully justified. "Nothing could have happened more seasonably," writes another neighbour and ally, Mr Stevenson of Coupar-Angus. "If any thing was wanted to vindicate the opinion of your friends, and to silence the talk of those who questioned the propriety of your appointment as Principal, it was just this."

I may quote another of these congratulatory letters, one

from a Mr Shaw in Dundee—I imagine a bookseller—on account of a curious note upon a contemporary event which may amuse the reader. This correspondent tells the new Principal of a visit from Mr Erskine of Linlathen, the well-known and venerable prophet of a shadowy creed which nobody could define, yet all respected and admired. Mr Erskine's opinion was that Tulloch's Burnett Essay was much the best, and ought to have had the first prize. Mr Shaw thinks the opinion of such a man will do much "to remove the strong underground clerical prejudice against it as coming from one so young." He then adds the following pleasant contribution to the literary history of the time:—

> I do not know if you have seen the new weekly, entitled the 'Saturday Review.' I have heard it said that Gladstone has to do with it—the matter reads as if he and his party had, in literature as well as in politics. I ordered the first four numbers, in one of which Professor Ferrier's book [1] is reviewed. The periodical is too good and *genteel* to have a circulation sufficient to pay, and hence I think it will not last long.

This quotation is irresistible, though it has nothing to do with the matter in hand.

Thus, though the Burnett Essay was not the first foundation of good fortune to Tulloch, it proved an admirable second to the entirely unexpected promotion which set him at so early an age in one of the most important positions in Scotland. It was published in 1855 by Messrs Blackwood, who gave him £200 for the first edition, so that in all he re-

[1] The following extract from a letter of Professor Ferrier on the same subject is amusing: "I have just heard, on the best authority, that the article on Fraser, in the 'Saturday Review,' was written by —— at the instigation of the editor, on account of the latter's hostility to Blackwood, in order to depreciate *me*. An *atheist* butters a *drone* at *my* expense, because a London editor hates an Edinburgh publisher. Can anything be funnier?" This shows, at least, the opinion entertained by men of letters among themselves of the sincerity of critics and the genuineness of reviews. Let us hope that things have improved now.

ceived £800 for the work—a very unusual honorarium, I need scarcely say, for a volume of divinity. It never, I think, came to a second edition, which is very comprehensible. The public taste for abstruse arguments of this description is limited, and it was then no longer the tendency of the general mind to study theological works as in the time of the founder—while the three hundred copies given to the Trustees forestalled the natural market, as they were distributed precisely to those persons who were sure otherwise to have bought the volume. Mr Thompson's essay was also published, but I do not know what was its fate. "The judges know nothing of him, nor does any one else so far as I can find," the Aberdeen trustee says—which perhaps shows, after all, the futility of such competitions so far as they are supposed to bring out the best man.

With this double honour the young Principal and his family left Kettins and established themselves in the delightful old house which for more than thirty years was their home. He was but thirty-one, at an age when many men are but in the probationary stage of life, and very few have attained high place in any profession. Such a sudden elevation has in it many dangers; but no temptation to rest upon his laurels seems to have moved him. He had, when the time came to leave his rural manse, "many causes of regret," having been "as happily circumstanced as possible," he writes to Mr Dickson, all little causes of anything less than satisfaction having floated from his mind in the tenderness of departure. Nor does he seem to have ever lost his sobriety of mind in the excitement of these successes. With a modesty which was heightened by his native sense of humour, he speaks of the utterances of his warm partisan Sir David Brewster as "altogether too absurd in their eulogy," and anxiously inquires if the "chagrin" of Dr Brown is as great as has been reported to him. "I should like to work well with him, having a very considerable re-

spect for him," he adds, "although I do not honestly think much of his theological acquirements."

The first event of the new life was the delivery of an inaugural lecture, which at once revealed the nature of the teaching which was now to proceed from the sleepy chair where the old theology had drowsed for so many years. The times had changed altogether from those in which Dr Haldane's antiquated text-books and murmur of heavy commentary had sent generations of students to sleep, or filled them with impatience or indignation. The new occupant of that place met the young men whom he was to train into the teachers of a nation, as a young man, himself full to enthusiasm of the progress of spiritual thought, the new development of theology, and all the newly awakened intellectual energies which were contending with revived and unreserved force over the several subjects which it was his privilege to expound. His first address to his students was upon "The Theological Tendencies of the Age," in which he characterised, with a touch at once firm and powerful, the champions of authority and the defenders of so-called reason, the *Rationalismus vulgaris*, and the finer developments of that school. With the latter his thoughts were comparatively little occupied for the moment; but the description which he gives of the supporters of Traditionalism in its recent great and well-known development in England, shows at once the high appreciation he had of the remarkable leaders of a most important movement, and his strong consciousness of the danger involved in it.

How influential this movement has recently been, and continues to be, in British theology, it is needless particularly to point out. The genuine earnestness of the men who first engaged in it, and the depth of sound conviction from which it has sprung, will not be denied by any who have given it their candid attention; and we must no less acknowledge the consummate scholarship, the range and subtlety of intellect, the fine and beautiful comprehension often of the real import of the Church's history, the

deeper significance of certain aspects of her doctrines, and especially, perhaps, the exquisite literary skill displayed in the writings which it has called forth. We feel all the more bound to acknowledge this that the movement is one totally opposed to our sympathies, and whose effects in every relation, as well upon Christian theology as upon practical social interests, can only be regarded as purely disastrous.

It is not, however, against the Anglican traditionalism that his spirit is moved most strongly. The following exposition of an evil which he felt more urgent to himself, and the place in which he stood, he describes as follows:—

It were a fundamental mistake, however, to suppose that the traditional tendency in our theology is confined to its full-blown and unequivocal manifestation in Anglo-Catholicism. To any one who cares to look below the surface it will be found no less really operative in other quarters, little understood as its operations may be. The essential character of this tendency, as we have seen, is to refer the whole truth to some outward authoritative expression which is to be received simply as such; or, in other words, in reference to which the right of private judgment is not to be exercised. This letter element of the definition is, we beg to observe, all-important. For, so far are we from considering authoritative expressions of the truth in the proper view of them unnecessary or unwarrantable, that we regard them as essential to the existence of the Church in any definite form. The connection between the terms Symbol and Church, in any true sense, we hold with Vinet to be inalienable. The question before us at present is not one at all as to the appropriate value of symbols or authoritative expressions of doctrine, but one as to the right of private judgment,—the claims of the individual reason and conscience as to any external authority whatever that may be set before them. The question, in short, is one between tradition, in whatever shape, and science. Is the truth to be held unquestioned and unquestionable in *any* outward formula, at the simple dictation of any outward power? or is it now only, for our time as for all times, the product of two factors, of Scripture and Reason, of Revelation and free Inquiry? It is the implied principle of all genuine Protestantism that it is the latter. It is, however, we are forced to confess, the practice of much of our Protestantism to hold it for the former. And what is remarkable and might be instructive to the Christian student is, that this practice is especially characteristic of certain sections of our Protestantism that

consider themselves the furthest removed from all taint of Popery, as they are certainly endowed with the most loud-voiced zeal against it.

The general evidence of this traditional tendency in the questions to which we refer, is a slavish adherence to certain religious formulæ, a timid cowering from the glance of reason, as something which it is felt somehow ought to be acknowledged, but which it is not known how to acknowledge. . . . However it may profess to acknowledge the right of private judgment, there is nothing less known, and nothing less tolerated, by the adherents of this school, than any free and fruitful exercise of this right. Authority in fact has here, in certain cases, established itself in a far from inflexible, as in a far less dignified and impressive form, than in Catholicism. And as irresistible evidence of this, we find this school of all the most utterly destitute of a real and learned theology. It will not be supposed for a moment that we undervalue the practical zeal and the earnest piety that distinguish many who belong to this school, in England especially; but as we value the interests of social science, and the hopes even of Christendom, in the fiery struggle through which it is passing, on the one side and the other, we feel bound to protest against a system which, according to our firm belief, leaves us logically powerless as theologians before the seductions of Popery and the assaults of infidelity. For, disarmed of its critical weapons, and the eyes of its science worn dim with age, or put out by bigotry, Protestantism were indeed only a despoiled giant, easily vanquished and taken captive. In regarding this traditional tendency as a whole, then, it may be gathered where we diverge from, and disapprove of it. Not in any respect because it embodies the element of tradition, but because, in one shape or another, it exalts it to exclusive supremacy. Not in any respect because it adheres to the past, but because it denies the rights of the present and the necessities of the future. The element of traditional authority, whether it be embodied in the general symbol of the Catholic Church or in some more special symbol, is to be regarded as in itself wholly invaluable for the interests of Christian science. They who would arbitrarily separate themselves from any of the noble expressions of the Church's past life seem to us utterly and hopelessly wrong. But so soon as external symbol, be it what it may, is held not merely as an illuminated guide to the truth, but as, once for all, its authoritative expression and reality, no more to be judged by the private reason but to judge it, then the essential principle of Protestantism is in effect rejected, and the condition of a living theology destroyed. All that is best and richest in our British theology will be found to spring from the recognition of the traditional element so far;

but a fatal barrenness follows the exclusive predominance of the element wherever it establishes itself.

The great inspiration of Tulloch's life was his struggle against the unlovely traditionalism thus described, which, as he said long after, was "the worst kind of Popery, a Popery which degraded the Christian reason without nourishing the Christian imagination"—a curious but most characteristic phrase. And it is remarkable to find his chosen opponent thus set before him in the very outset of his career, with a bold and unwavering force of identification, which could only spring from strong feeling and some presentiment of the conflict to come.

The lecture was published shortly after, and received with much approbation, though not without some faint threatenings and suggestions of heresy. Some of the letters preserved among the Principal's papers show a reflection of this in their indignant protestations against any such outcry. The following from Professor Lorimer, of Edinburgh, is an instance of the manner in which better critics received it:—

> It is said that every man's orthodoxy is his own doxy; and as in your letter you have brought out, in the clearest and most forcible manner, precisely the views which, in a confused and disjointed condition, I had been carrying about with me for many years, it is possible I may not be a very unprejudiced judge of it in that point of view. To me, however, it seems to combine the most enlightened and hopeful and progressive Christianity with the soundest and safest Protestantism; and such, I have little doubt, will be the opinion of every one who considers what Christianity and Protestantism really are, and what he has been accustomed to hear said about them.

Tulloch's literary work had not been dropped, though the events of life had so quickened round him. In the very midst of the excitement about the vacant office, when he might have been thought to be most moved by the suspense, he had diverted his thoughts by the composition of an article on Vinet, for which he apologises indeed as too sketchy as

well as too short—the latter fault arising from the fact that he had used smaller paper than usual, and miscalculated the amount of writing, which is a sort of literary straw to show how the wind was blowing through the manse of Kettins—the wind of change and commotion. As soon, however, as his appointment was certain, his mind seems to have been at once engrossed by the necessary studies for his first course of lectures. In the height of summer and the holiday season, having just "spent a very happy ten days wandering about the Clyde," we find him already at work.

To Dr Dickson.

I am reading away and collecting materials uncritically for my winter campaign. I will not probably begin to write for some time yet. For anything satisfactory about the Canon one must go, I suspect, to German sources—especially Credner's 'Zur Geschichte des Canons,' of which I do not happen to have a copy. 'Alexander on the Canon,'[1] which I brought with me, just to have a look at the old fellow again, is inconceivably absurd.

This allusion reveals one of the greatest difficulties which he had to encounter. Principal Haldane had worked to the end of a long career with the tools and on the lines of the theological science of his youth, using still the superannuated text-books in which the advances of modern criticism and research had not yet found a place. On these Tulloch himself had been daily nourished in his pupil days, but his own mind had long since travelled beyond their arid lines, and it was an entirely new world of investigation and knowledge into which he had now to lead the students, who had up to this time impatiently suffered the older teaching which responded to none of the questions of their time. The risk of having the reproach of heresy thrown in his teeth, or at least the stigma of defective orthodoxy, was great—indeed it was a risk impossible to avoid. He was compelled to incur it boldly, the old way being no longer possible either with respect to his own convictions or the teaching required from him. Other

[1] A text-book used by Principal Haldane.

practical questions as to the working of the University also arose, of which the following letter will give an idea:—

To Dr Dickson.

There was a meeting of St Mary's College yesterday morning, at which the opening of the session was fixed for the 28th of November—a long interval, yet which I shall endeavour to improve as best I can. The subject of fees was not mentioned at the meeting; but from some talk I had with Dr Brown afterwards, I find there is no doubt it will be introduced immediately after my induction, which I expect will take place on the 7th November. Brown is quite resolved that, so far as he has any influence in the matter, there shall be fees immediately. As to the propriety of fees, and the ultimate advantage arising from them, to the College, I quite agree with him. I have thought of the matter a good deal, and am more and more convinced on the subject that the innovation, though it may make a talk at the time, will be permanently beneficial to the College in every way. While agreeing with Brown, however, on the general question, I am far more impressed than he seems to be with certain difficulties which beset it. Brown is obviously not a very practical man, being easily run away with by any notions he takes up, and of the justice of which he feels convinced. He, I suppose, will, on the contrary, think me too compromising.[1] While quite convinced of the propriety of exacting fees, I had made up my mind that it did not beseem me to incur any possible odium in introducing the subject. It is quite a different matter lending my influence in favour of the innovation if taken up by an older member of the College.

I may conclude the history of this important crisis in Principal Tulloch's life by a quotation from the speech delivered by Mr Dickson of Cameron, on the occasion of one of the civic festivities by which in those times, if not still, the most grave ecclesiastical as well as secular appointments were celebrated. The death of Principal Haldane had left two offices vacant. He was not only the head of St Mary's College and primarius professor, but also the incumbent of

[1] *I.e.*, too ready to resort to compromise. This is one of the words which seems to me to give a faint Scotch accent, to myself far from disagreeable, to many of the letters printed here—a slight difference, not in the words but in the manner of using them.

what is formally called the First Charge of the Parish of St Andrews—one of the ministers of the "Town Church," the strangely travestied and disfigured building which yet retains the old walls and construction of the fifteenth century. While Tulloch was elected to fill the vacant place in the University, the Rev. Dr Park—a man of considerable eloquence and refinement of mind, who had spent many years at the head of one of the Scotch churches in Liverpool, but since the Disruption had held the parish of Glencairn—was appointed to the church; and to celebrate his induction, a dinner was given "in the west hall of the Madras College," where a number of Fife gentlemen met the Presbytery, Kirk-session, and other local notabilities. After all the loyal and other toasts appropriate to the occasion—among others that of the army, not strictly appropriate perhaps, but which called forth a stirring martial address from Major Whyte Melville, the son of the lord of the manor, and a representative not only of arms but literature, of whom St Andrews was proud—Mr Dickson, from a neighbouring parish, had the happy office of proposing the health of his friend, to whom his private congratulations had been so warm and sincere. After referring to the work by which the new Principal was already known, he proceeds:—

To those who have read these essays, I need not mention how remarkably they are characterised by lucid exposition, by a comprehensive grasp of leading principles, by breadth of views, by the facility with which what Mr Tulloch's German friends would call a many-sided mind occupies the various points of view of the several writers, and by the hearty sympathy, the genial relish with which he enters into and appropriates whatever measure of truth and excellence he finds in them. A distinguished alumnus of this University, and carrying off while here some of its highest honours, he is now about to return to it in the prime of manhood, after ten years' personal experience of the ministerial work in town and country parish, to co-operate with esteemed colleagues in training students for that work. In this high office, I believe that all of us who know him entertain the fullest confidence that he will bear himself honourably and well. We believe that the

sense of high responsibility will move and sustain him to the faithful performance of its duties, and that his interest in them and his love for them will make his light to burn more brightly from year to year. We believe that, arrived as he is at that desirable age when men retain the freshness and vigour of youth, while they have parted with its impetuosity and rashness, having a full comprehension of the exigencies of the time, and a ready tact in discerning the resources and methods with which best to meet them; and at the same time that he is conversant with the products of free thought, both at home and abroad, possessing a rare power of discrimination, which enables him to take forth the precious from the vile, to make use of the useful and reject the noxious,—we believe that, with these and other essential qualifications which the time requires, he will be found to discharge with efficiency the duties of his office. In such circumstances we shall all surely look forward to his coming among us most hopefully and confidently, and we shall all feel justified in anticipating for him, should God spare him, in his new position, a long career of high honours and eminent usefulness.

"I take some credit," says this faithful and life-long friend, thirty-two years after, when that bright career was over, "for having been so fully prophetic." The prescience of brotherly affection and understanding was indeed thoroughly proved and justified.

It was with such prognostications and surroundings that the new Principal entered upon his larger sphere.

CHAPTER VI.

UNIVERSITY WORK.

It was not until the summer of 1855 that the Principal's family settled down in St Mary's. I wonder what the fashionable controversialists of the present day would say to the pecuniary conditions of this great promotion which landed the young pair, with an already numerous and still increasing family, in the large and beautiful old house, requiring servants and cares unnecessary in a country manse, with, of course, duties in the way of entertainment and ceremony from which a country minister was quite free, upon the magnificent income of £300 a-year. This was, with an official house, all the stipend that belonged to the Principalship. Principal Haldane had held a cure of souls along with his high office, but pluralism even in such a cheap and inoffensive way was against the newly developing ideas of the time. Even in money this was very little advance on the stipend of Kettins; and, taking all things into account, it was as a matter of fact a poorer means of living. The new appointment, I presume, awakened the public attention to the miserable inadequacy of such an income, but it was not until 1858 that any action seems to have been taken in the matter.

There is not much material by which to learn the history of the first few years at St Andrews, for Tulloch seems to

have been much absorbed by his work, and seldom from home; while of his two chief correspondents, one, Mr Dickson, was within reach of continual meetings, and he complains of Mr Smith's "obstinate silence," a reproach repeated from the other side, both friends by this time being fully engrossed by the business of life, and with less and less time for letter-writing. For the first time the Principal found himself in the midst of a thoroughly congenial and indeed brilliant little society. St Andrews has become too well known to demand much description. Its fame, which is partly of letters, but I fear still more of golf, has extended far and wide, and there are now few places where the visitor is more likely to meet with other pilgrims from all quarters of the world. The little grey town with its rocks and ruins, the stately relics of a historico-ecclesiastical period now entirely passed, and leaving no sign except in these monuments of a lodging far more magnificent than faith or learning has ever since had in Scotland,—with the dark and dangerous reefs below, which make St Andrews Bay a name of fear to seafaring men; and around the half-encompassing sea, sometimes grey as northern skies can make it, sometimes crisp and brilliant in its blue breadth, as full of colour as the Mediterranean; the long stretch of sandhills and cheerful links, the brown and red roofs all clustered about an old steeple or two, thinning out into farmhouses and cottages landward among their spare and wind-swept trees, running down into fisher-houses, and the bustle of a little storm-beaten port towards the east,—stands now, as then, upon its little promontory, with all those charms of situation and association which make a place of human habitation most dear. I think there is no such sweep and breadth of sky anywhere. The "spacious firmament on high" sweeps round and round, with the distant hills in soft outline against its tints of pearl, and the levels of the sea melting into it, yet keeping their imperceptible line of distinction, brimming over in that vast and glorious

cup. The great globe sways visibly in the summer sunshine, so that the musing spectator seems to see its vast circumference, the level of its human diameter, the circle that holds it separate from all other spaces and worlds. Nowhere else has my mind received the same impression of the round world and all that it contains. And there could be no more magnificent sight anywhere than the sunsets that flame upon the western sky over the long levels of the links, or the rush of the aurora borealis in the intense blue of the midnight frost, or the infinite soft gradations of earth and sea and air in the lingering summer evenings, when the gleam of half-a-dozen lighthouses comes out intermittent, like faint earthly stars in the dim celestial circles when silence reigns and peace.

The edge of the little promontory was not obscured then as it is now with commonplace houses; but the green of the Scores was free, with no interruption until the upright lines of the ruins and the heavy old immemorial tower of St Rule gave a climax to the landscape; and the town was still under the all-improving sway of Sir Hugh Playfair, whose hand swept and garnished into uniform tidiness even certain scraps of ruin—such as the Blackfriars Chapel in South Street—but no doubt did good service elsewhere. The society, I believe, was more stationary than it has been since, and more entirely disposed to make of St Andrews the pleasantest and brightest of abiding-places. Sir David Brewster was still throned in St Leonards. Professor Ferrier, with his witty and brilliant wife—he full of quiet humour, she of the wildest wit, a mimic of alarming and delightful power, with something of the countenance and much of the genius of her father, the great Christopher North of 'Blackwood's Magazine'—made the brightest centre of social mirth and meetings. Westpark, their pleasant house, is now metamorphosed into a big stony mansion, which the Muses know no more; but at the period which I record it was ever open, ever sounding with gay

voices and merry laughter, with a boundless freedom of talk and comment, and an endless stream of good company. Professor Ferrier himself was one of the greatest metaphysicians of his time—the first certainly in Scotland; but this was perhaps less upon the surface than a number of humorous ways which were the delight of his friends, many quaint abstractions proper to his philosophical character, and a happy friendliness and gentleness along with his wit, which gave his society a continual charm. It is permitted to speak of this lively and delightful household, because that pair, so full in their way of native genius and originality, have both passed from the haunts of men. I cannot add, for the reason that this has fortunately not happened in other cases, more than the names of the Sellars, the Fischers, and other members of the mirth-loving community. The house of the late Mr John Blackwood at Strathtyrum added, at a later period, other elements of wit and delightful social intercourse. Society has become more reticent in later days. It permits itself no such liberties as those which in the flow of wit and high spirits were freely taken with individual peculiarities and the quips and cranks of intellectualism. It has become perhaps *tant soit peu précieuse*, cultured, thoughtful, and other fine things. But the native gaiety, the exuberant fun, the freedom and friendliness, mingled with the best of talk upon all subjects, and a lively acquaintance with everything going on, which existed thirty years ago—no such very long period after all—has died away. It lingered longer in St Mary's than anywhere else, until trouble and sickness, and the fading off of the elder generation and the coming in of a new order, chased the last traces away.

It was into the heart of this pleasant company that the new Principal came; and probably the walk that could be taken with Ferrier, the pleasant meeting at the philosopher's house, the humours of the characteristic company altogether, made correspondence and even change of scene less neces-

sary. He had, of course, many occupations which led him to Edinburgh from time to time—the General Assembly in its season, the Dick Bequest, and other business; but it is not till 1858 that I find again the letters in which, when he was absent, all his life was recorded. In March of this year he writes from Edinburgh, after an account of meetings and University business which had occupied him all day:—

To his Wife.

I heard Dickens last night; got a capital reserved seat by favour of the Director,—right opposite to him. It was a great treat, without any exaggeration. He has a voice of great compass and play of feeling, great dramatic gifts altogether, and he maintained unabated interest for upwards of two hours. It was all the better to me, I daresay, as I had pretty well forgot the Christmas Carol. Scrooge, the hero, was his great *forte;* but he gives the Cratchetts also—both father and mother and the children—with great effect; and as his voice deepened into the sweetest pathetic tones in reading the death of Tiny Tim, nothing could have been finer. The only objection I could find to the whole was, that it was too *histrionic,* which, however, I daresay is a good deal owing to his appearance. The latter was in all respects a great disappointment. It is a sort of mixture of the *waiter* and the actor, Frenchified in his dress to a degree quite disagreeable. He has not a pleasant face, singular lines—I don't know whether of care—running under his eyes and from his mouth—in short, not very gentlemanly.

Next day he continues with little sketches of what he sees in Edinburgh:—

After writing to you yesterday, Smith and I had a long walk over the Braid Hills in the neighbourhood. The afternoon was lovely, and the views of Edinburgh from different points very grand. I should certainly live in this neighbourhood were Edinburgh to be our final refuge. Dined afterwards with ——: party rather stupid, including some ancient ladies in whom one can scarcely imagine any passion ever to have lived. Mrs Ferrier would have delighted in them as objects of her imitative powers—the physical peculiarities of their countenances and the abounding range of their gossip would have given her great scope. I went between nine and ten o'clock to Mrs Stirling's, an old friend, who had been kind enough to let me know she had some friends in the evening, and that she would be glad I should come. We had

some very good fun,—songs from Blackie and from Mr Nicholson,[1] —the latter of whom sang a piece of most ridiculous nonsense about being mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id. Mrs Stirling was greatly delighted with Dickens, and did not sympathise in my abuse of his personal appearance, although she would not say much in favour of it. One little thing will, I think, give you a vivid picture of his Frenchified *tout ensemble*. His trousers had for pockets those miserable slits a good way down the thigh that you have seen in the caricatures of 'Punch,' into which he sticks his hands now and then. Then he had no whiskers, but moustache and large imperial—a most unBritish-like countenance. Thackeray with his broken nose is an Adonis to him, and in all respects more like a gentleman. He has, however, none of Dickens's histrionic powers, which are really great, thoroughly accomplished and artistic, and yet full of life and freedom.

A month later we find him again in Edinburgh, introducing with characteristic generosity and enthusiasm another notable figure, perhaps the only one man who produced a greater impression upon Scotland and the Church in his time than himself:—

Yesterday morning, as we whirled along on the railway, was lovely beyond description, and I could not help thinking what animals people are to sleep in bed while nature was so full of life and beautiful. . . . Then to church, and preached pretty fairly, and heard Macleod with great pleasure in the afternoon. But his preaching is nothing to his conversation. *It* is wonderful, and gives one more impression of genius than anything I have listened to for a long time; humour, brilliancy, piety, a grand amalgam of a very rich fine mind. We talked from eight o'clock to twelve unceasingly, saving that we smoked a little before going to bed, and that I had now and then to struggle against an overwhelming impulse of drowsiness when there was any pause. This morning we talked more lustily than ever, if possible, and we have just come into town together.

He adds, "The University Bill was introduced and very favourably received last night in the House of Commons. The general details seem very good, and should make us as comfortable as we are at all likely to be made." This was the point upon which every eye was now strained. But not-

[1] Now the well-known Sheriff Nicholson of Greenock.

withstanding all anxiety and the cares of the very small income which had to be so rigorously regulated, care did not ride behind the young Principal as he strayed about the world. He gives his wife a sketch, sometimes a little sharp in characteristic delineation, of the houses among which he goes visiting. "It is very funny if it were not so tiresome and such a squandering of good time," he says, "to go about and see and scrutinise families in this way." On another occasion he describes his feelings in preaching: "Congregation not very good, preacher rather languid." "The church bare and uninteresting, the people not stimulating." "I was rather annoyed to hear afterwards that I was not heard. It is like speaking in a vacuum, the great naked wide spaces sucking your words away like a greedy and unedified monster." Then he falls into home gossip, hoping that Mrs F. has recovered her equanimity, that Mr S. has been refreshed with rational talk on the immortality of the soul, that Miss R. is in full bloom, and the children well, "and you yourself grave and sweet as ever, resplendent in matronly perfection," —says the ever fond, ever admiring though much demanding husband. Every little expedition is thus fully detailed.

A more important development of life, however, was now before him. In May 1858 he went for the first time officially to London to watch the progress of the University Bill, above referred to, through the House of Commons—an experience often repeated in later years. Not only did the better regulation of the studies of Scotch colleges in general depend upon this new Act, which was the first attempt at legislation on the subject, after the old easy-going days to which reference has been made in the beginning of this book; but the temporal interests of the Professors of every degree were largely involved, and it was of the highest personal importance to Tulloch himself that such ameliorations might be made as would render life possible in his new position. The bill had been for some time in consideration, passing from the

hands of one Lord Advocate to another—the reforms contemplated being of the very highest importance in respect to University education in Scotland. The Principal of St Mary's had already been consulted on the subject by the Scotch officials as early as the summer of 1856, when the Lord Advocate of the moment—I think Mr Moncreiff—appealed to him for advice, enclosing "the heads of the measure for University Reform."

You will see that the subjects with which I propose to deal are these:—

1. The Tutorial system.
2. Matriculation Examinations.
3. Degrees, &c.
4. Constitution of the Faculty of Arts.

I have quite resolved not to enter upon the subject of additional claims in this measure. It is very possible that it may be necessary to adopt the machinery of a commission to carry out the provisions of the bill, but this may be considered when the details are adjusted.

This would seem to have been the first draft, afterwards enlarged and modified, of the Act which was carried through Parliament in 1858 by Mr Inglis, at present Lord Justice-General of Scotland, who had succeeded Moncreiff in the post of Lord Advocate.

This Act [says Dr Dickson of Glasgow University] is the basis of the present working constitution of the Universities. It constituted in each a new University Court, and a University Council composed of graduates. It provided an increased Parliamentary grant, which was expended under the direction of a Commission (appointed at the same time, and of which the Lord Advocate was chairman) in increasing the teaching and other resources of the University. To this Act they owe, in a large measure, their prosperity for the last five-and-twenty years.

Notwithstanding the importance of the moment, and the probable effect, both upon themselves and their colleges, of the bill, the deputation from the University of St Andrews—*i.e.*, Principal Tulloch and Professor Ferrier—went to London

very cheerfully, with much interest no doubt in the progress of the bill through the House, and a desire to bring what influence they could to bear upon members in its benefit, yet with a full disposition to enjoy their visit. The weather was beautiful—much too hot for the Scotch visitors; and there is a reflection in their letters of the mixture of pleased admiration and good-natured contempt—the holiday feeling of novelty and freedom, the amusement with themselves and all their surroundings, of country professors turned into schoolboys for the nonce, though with the most serious matters in hand, between their pranks of sight-seeing and pleasure-making—which is very pleasant to see. Professor Ferrier was much the older of the two, and had much more of the training of a man of the world than his companion; but the younger Principal takes upon himself with much gravity the air of chaperon to his volatile friend, led away by him to various queer places which he surveys with guileless eyes seeing no evil. He begins with the journey, leaving nothing out of the simple history:—

"The most charming feature along the line were the hedgerows, milk-white with bloom. The fragrance came wafting in through all the dust and din, and one felt more than ever the beauty and glory of the country in such weather." The pair of friends, all dusty and unshaven from their night journey, burst, much against the Principal's will, into the trim and well-ordered room where Mr John Blackwood and his wife were seated at breakfast—the young and handsome Principal, not previously acquainted with the lady, having evidently a great objection to appearing under an aspect so little prepossessing—before they went to look for rooms, which they found finally at 27 Duke Street, St James's,—small rooms and dear, London being unusually full, our country people think, which perhaps was to be expected in June. Apparently they had some sort of partial board in addition to their lodging; for next day a couple of fellow-

lodgers are described called Bug, whose name appals, and whose sentiments amuse, the letter-writer. The gentleman "was good enough to compliment Scotland on its scenery, though seen after Switzerland; very good of him, wasn't it?" Little sketches are added of various social entertainments. The two professors were asked to a ball which happened to be going on in the house of a Scotch member, and where they were equally impressed by the size of the crinolines and the absence of beauty. This was a point upon which the Principal was always somewhat severely critical; though he did not hesitate to extend his friendship on occasion to plain persons, yet he was strongly of opinion that it was a woman's business to be pretty, and that she failed of her duty in not being so. A whimsical irritation often glides into his descriptions when he finds himself among people thus culpably (if not wilfully) negligent of what the world requires of them. This irritation developed on the occasion of the ball into a strong impression of the unreality of everything, expressed with Carlylian sentiment. "What would ladies look like if they were *peeled?*" he cries, crinoline and all false ornaments taken from them. He thinks, with a professional instinct which makes him laugh, of a book that might be written on "Realities and their Contrasts." "The least peep of London society at once shows the use and meaning of such a man as Thackeray—all honour to him!" This perhaps was rather severe upon the poor little ball, in which the great world was probably not represented at all. One evening these liberated philosophers went to Cremorne, which they found "apparently innocent" enough, but no doubt covering vice. There they saw a great number of ladies finely dressed, upon whom they looked with dubious pitying eyes, but who were much more striking than those they had seen at the ball, or in the park. "Went to take care of Ferrier," the Principal adds. When they take a walk in the park, it is again his companion whom he describes.

"If you had seen Ferrier as he gazed frae him with the half-amused half-scowling expression he not unfrequently assumes, looking bored, and yet with a vague philosophical interest at the wonderful expanses of gay dresses and fresh womanhood around him." "He will go nowhere without a cab; to-day for the first time I got him into an omnibus in search of an Aberdeen professor, a wild and wandering distance which we thought we never should reach." Thus the pair go on together, each with a more clear perception of the humours of their surroundings as seen through each other's eyes. They were also at the theatre on various occasions, but found "Lear"—probably one of Charles Kean's Shakespearian revivals then attracting so much interest—tiresome. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, in which that year Mr Frith's "Derby Day" was the chief attraction, seems to have puzzled the Principal too; which, I remember, was its effect upon myself, equally inexperienced in such matters, and bringing both to theatre and exhibition a high ideal expectation which was wofully disappointed, though one did not dare to say so amid the general chorus of applause from spectators more accustomed to such triumphs of art.

During the day the two professors had more serious occupation on hand. They visited assiduously all the members of Parliament to whom they could get access, and who gave their conflicting opinions not only as to the success of the bill but as to whether it would come on at all, other matters of great moment standing in its way. The Principal thought Mr Ellice "a bit of a humbug," though very kind and civil. "He evidently knew very little about the University Bill, although he wished to appear as wise as possible in our eyes. But I can see through a fellow pretty well," he adds, with great *naïveté*. He saw reason, however, very soon to change this opinion, and to conceive a great idea of Mr Ellice's interest and energy—a corrected opinion from which he never afterwards swerved. "Baxter" (then, as for so long after,

member for Dundee, and an opponent of the measure) "talked sensibly and manfully, but evidently does not think the bill will pass this session," which it did, however, unexpectedly, to the great satisfaction of everybody. The Principal went two or three times to the House of Commons, but does not seem to have been much impressed by anything he heard there. He was greatly impressed, however, with another kind of eloquence different from anything to be found in that (then) more refined assembly. Mr Spurgeon was at this time one of the wonders of society, competing with Mr Charles Kean, if not surpassing him, in fashionable interest. Naturally it was with a more serious mind that Tulloch, himself already a preacher of fame, went to hear the new prophet.

To his Wife.[1]

We have just been to hear Spurgeon, and have been both so much impressed that I wish to give you my impressions while they are fresh. As we came out we both confessed, "There is no doubt about *that*," and I was struck with Ferrier's remarkable expression, "I feel it would do me good to hear the like of that, it sat so close to reality." The sermon is about the most real thing I have come in contact with for a long time. Guthrie is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to it; and although there is not the elevated thought and descriptive felicity of Caird (the latter especially, however, not wanting), there is more power. Power in fact and life are its characteristics, and I could not help being pleased that I had hit upon the man pretty well in the notice of him along with Robertson and Guthrie, which was never published. The place is fully adapted for preaching, being the largest, lightest, and airiest building I ever saw. It was crammed of course, but not in the least uncomfortable, as round all the thickly studded benches there was a wide and open corridor, with window-doors open, out and in of which you could walk into the gardens (Surrey gardens) as you liked: and Ferrier kept taking a turn now and then during the sermon. He began the service with a short prayer, then sang the 23d Psalm, but instead of our fine old version, some vile version, in which the simple beauty of the hymn is entirely lost. Then he read and expounded the 32d chapter (I think) of Numbers. His remarks were very good and to the point, with no display or misplaced emotion. He then

prayed more at length, and this was the part of the service I least liked. He preached from the same chapter he read, about the spies from the land of Canaan—the good and bad spies. It was a parable, he said, of religion. Canaan is not rightly taken as a type of heaven, but of the religious life. Then after speaking of men of the world judging religion (which, however, they had no right to do) from those who professed it rather than from the Bible—which in thought and grasp was the fullest part of the sermon—he said he would speak of two classes of people, the bad spies first and then the good spies, those who made a great ado about religion and did not show its power. His description here was graphic beyond what I can give you an idea of, the most telling satire, cutting home yet not overdone, as he spoke of the gloomy religionist who brought up a bad report of the land of religion, making himself and his wife and children miserable, drawing down the blinds on a Sunday, "always most religious when most miserable, and most miserable when most religious;" then the meek-faced fellow, who can pray all Sunday and preach by the hour, and cheat all Monday, always ready with his prayer-book, but keeping a singular cash-book, wouldn't swear, but would cheat and lie. Then, again, he showed still higher powers of pathos in describing the good spies—the old blind saint who had served God for fifty years and never found him fail; the consumptive girl testifying of the goodness of her Saviour as the dews of death gathered on her brow. And then of all who only lived as Christians—the good wife who converted her husband by her untiring gentleness, and having supper ready even at 12 o'clock at night; the servant who, because she was religious, cleaned knives better without losing their edge; the Christian merchant; the wife who, *unknown to fame, and having no time for teaching or district visiting, achieved her household work day by day.*

In fact, the whole was a wonderful display of mental vigour and Christian sense, and gave me a great idea of what good such a man may do. The impression made upon Ferrier, which he has just read over to me as he has written it to his wife, is "driving downright." He improves in look too, a little, as he warms in preaching. At first he certainly is not interesting in face or figure—very fat and podgy; but there is no doubt of the fellow, look as he may. His voice is of rare felicity, as clear as a bell—not a syllable lost.

This was, on the whole, what impressed the visitors most of all their London experiences. They made an expedition to Oxford, however, which was quite new to the Principal,

and which he admired exceedingly. "The academic glories of this place are beyond description," he says, "and the quiet delicious after London." He lived at Balliol with Mr Jowett —not then the Master of the College which now is so indissolubly connected with his name—who was "unusually kind," and took his visitors to all the sights. Tulloch was particularly struck, as was natural, by the Deanery of Christ Church, which he saw and admired with an evident though unexpressed comparison between that ecclesiastical splendour and his own humbler state. "The window of his library opening upon a beautiful lawn with the most magnificent trees; the trees everywhere are glorious, and if in no other respect St Andrews would never rival Oxford even with its wealth." The Principal's admiration of trees was always great. He had a kind of adoration for the great beeches and elms and oaks of Windsor, with which afterwards he became so familiar, and nursed those of his own planting in the "Walk" at St Mary's with a regretful devotion, feeling deeply in that respect the disadvantages of the beloved kingdom of Fife. "I got up to chapel at eight o'clock in the morning, at which, of course, Ferrier did not make his appearance. It was a little tiresome," he adds, which is an opinion perhaps not ungeneral at the bare matutinal service of an unmusical college.

After breakfast we went to hear Mr Mansel deliver his concluding Bampton Lecture; but the heat was unendurable and the lecture vigorous, but rather heavy and stale logic; wit not brighter certainly, nor intellect more powerful, than in Scotland; but yet in so much richer material you think they ought to be better.

Before coming to London on this mission, and during his stay there, the Principal had been applied to by a committee of the Church who had charge of its chaplaincies abroad, to undertake the establishment of a church in Paris for the benefit of Scotch residents there. The idea had pleased him; and after a few communications by letter, and a meeting be-

tween himself and the representatives of this committee on his way home from London, it was decided that he should go to Paris in September, remaining until his University work began in November. It was his great desire that his wife should accompany him, and with some difficulty it was arranged accordingly. The children, among whom some childish disorder—I think whooping-cough—had been disturbing the usual pleasures of the summer, but who were all mending together in the satisfactory and sympathetic way of a large, healthful, well-conditioned nursery (there were already six or seven of them), were placed for change and country air in a cottage at Kettins, the native air of most of the party, under the charge of their aunt; and with some anxiety, but very pleasurable anticipations, the Principal set out in the end of July—Mrs Tulloch, I think, following him shortly after with the companionship of a young lady, who was to remain with them during their stay in Paris. But the little party had been settled in their sunny lodging on the Champs Elysées but a very short time when a dreadful telegram arrived announcing the sudden death of the baby, the youngest of the family, which had taken place at Kettins after an hour or two's illness. The sorrowful parents hurried home in all the miserable haste of such a journey, and thus their pleasant holiday was turned into an ineffaceable recollection of pain and unavailing regret—the additional pang that absence lends to such a moment of calamity. It was their first bereavement, and, with one exception—the death of another infant the year after—the only break in their healthful and vigorous flock. A week after the Principal returned to his interrupted work alone, leaving the sad mother with her children. This sudden blow in the midst of the growing brightness of his life brings him back with a touching longing for the sympathy of his old and faithful friends, and I find letters to both Mr Smith and Dr Dickson telling his melancholy tale.

To Rev. W. Smith.

The telegraph on the 17th brought us the sad and bitter news of the death of our dear little one, and we hurried off within an hour or so. I cannot tell how deeply this stroke has affected both of us; and in my loneliness here it moves me at times very bitterly. And yet that God has taken the dear child to Himself ought not to affect us. He did not suffer much; and my wife, had she been there with him, could not have done anything (as far as we can see) that was not done. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. I try to realise the comfort of these words, although we cannot help feeling the severity of the trial in the circumstances. My preaching, of course, has been interrupted for a Sunday, which is matter of regret, but I do not suppose of a great deal of consequence. I am, upon the whole, satisfied that there is a good field here, but it will require both time and means to work it.

The letters to his wife naturally contain a fuller picture of his lonely thoughts. He returned by the same route which he had travelled a month before with so many anticipations of pleasure, but now with a heavy heart, forgetting by moments how it was that he felt himself so lonely and sad, then recalling all the painful circumstances in that endless round of grieving and sorrowful reflection, and return upon the one central fact of bereavement which belongs to this saddest of human experiences.

I have gone through the day fairly well till now, when left alone in our old rooms. I need not say how lonely I feel. To add to my sadness I have taken up Miss A.'s letter about poor baby, which had come after we left. Poor dear infant! my heart bleeds to think of him suffering, and a paroxysm of tears has come over me as I remember his sweet face. And yet why weep when he is with his heavenly Father? Do not let this, my sadness and loneliness, distress you, and say nothing about them; they will have passed away by the time I hear from you. The picture of the children which you left is a comfort to me in my loneliness. I hope Willie and Sara will write to me occasionally as they promised. Tell Johnnie that I hear the bells of the horses even at this hour, as I sit and write. God's blessing on you, my dearest, and on the dear bairns! You must try to be as happy and healthful as you can; and I must try, in reference to the whole matter, my work here and our sad bereavement, to look

more to God, and so have fewer worldly and selfish thoughts. I feel deeply how irreligious, impatient, and irritable, and merely earthly, some of my feelings have been, but I have had more serious feelings to-day, though I cannot say much about them. There is undoubtedly a deep comfort in casting one's self upon God, and leaving issues to Him. If we had only more faith and living feeling of His presence to do this. I cannot take up the language and feeling of many on such subjects, but I would wish to have a deeper experience of the realities which I preach.

I may add that many utterances of the same description are to be found in the occasional diaries kept from time to time, scattered through various little books, now containing the musings of a few days, now a longer record of months, which are full of devout aspirations and many prayers, — struggles against the errors of temper which he felt to be his besetting sin, and earnest endeavours after a more and more deep realisation of things unseen. There are some readers who would perhaps prefer a fuller revelation of these most private musings to the actual record of his life; but the secret prayers and aspirations of the soul are at once too sacred and too similar to other outpourings of religious feeling to justify, I think, that tearing asunder of the veil in which nature has shrouded us. He would himself have deeply disliked any such invasion of his privacy. "I cannot say much about them," is his sentiment. With many of those who feel most deeply this incapability is the most strong.

In the midst of these saddened feelings, however, there is a touch of uneasy observation, which is very characteristic, in his account of the Sunday after his return. He had secured one of the rooms in the Oratoire, the well-known but somewhat dingy French Protestant *Temple*, for the afternoon service, which was all he could arrange for at first.

In the afternoon I preached; the church improved by the curtain; the congregation considerably increased—about sixty or

more, I should think; one or two of them, however, heavy, fat blockheads, sleeping right before me, even during the reading of the chapter. I preached, I thought, pretty fairly—"Blessed are the people that hear the joyful sound"—but have been annoyed afterwards to think of the sleepers, although I did not happily allow it to annoy me at the time,—coming in the afternoon, after walking about so much,—I must accept this in charity to myself as the explanation. At any rate, I must leave the result to the divine blessing, and do my work as I best can, and as He gives me strength to do it.

The melancholy interruption, however, which had changed the character of his visit to Paris, changed also his plans, and instead of remaining to complete the work he had begun, he left in about a month, apparently providing a substitute, and returning in the end of the year to complete his engagement. On leaving Paris in September he made a little tour into Germany, going as far as Heidelberg—where he had Bunsen's house pointed out to him, but did not screw up his courage to call—and returning down the Rhine, which, with an imagination as yet unspoiled by further travel, he admired greatly, to Cologne. By this time the gloom had happily lightened, and the fresh air and variety of scene restored his cheerful humour. His comments upon the Rhine voyage and his fellow-passengers are again quite light-hearted. He tells his wife that he would no doubt enjoy it more were she with him, but humorously adds, that he feels "a sense of glorious independence" when he sees ladies ("and often ugly ones") toiling after their luggage. Why the ugly ones should be conspicuous in this respect we are not told, but now as ever the Principal was strong in his sense of the culpability of women who had neglected to furnish themselves with good looks. He describes an English family who joined the steamboat at Coblenz, and who were "surprisingly ugly." "It is difficult," he says, "to conceive any worse contrast than these four visages with the glorious nature around. And yet perhaps they are the best people in the world," adds, charitably, this lover of beauty, "and I might greatly

esteem them if I knew them." This whimsical disapproval of plain people, perfectly serious, though always touched with a laugh, perhaps proceeded from some innate consciousness, absolutely unconnected with vanity, of his own always imposing, handsome, and dignified aspect.

In December of the same year (1858) we find him again in Paris, travelling with much regret on the eve of Christmas across the stormy Channel at a bad moment, and wondering why, "as Mr B—— said on his way from Germany, I should be such a fool as to be there!" "I thought of your cosy party," he says, "and Mrs Ferrier's radiant humour at the foot of her table thrown away upon . . . when I should have been there to enjoy it." Paris, however, was not without little gleams of compensation and pleasant hospitalities. He had a pleasant evening at Lady Elgin's, then old and infirm, but "amazingly pleased to hear of St Andrews, Dr Chalmers (he was a particular friend of hers), and Scotch matters in general," whose daughter, Lady Augusta, afterwards so well known as the wife of Dean Stanley, acted as hostess, and where he met "a funny old woman called Madame Mole [*sic*], who abused the Emperor heartily to my great satisfaction." Madame Mohl's reputation had perhaps scarcely then reached Scotland, well known as the name is now. At Galignani's, which he found "a great resource" on his former visit to Paris, he saw Montalembert, whom he describes as "not striking-looking, rather plain, a considerably improved edition of Professor Aytoun. Thackeray's great figure and white hair and broken nose were conspicuous to-day in Galignani's," he adds. The fact that his work had been tolerably successful, and that there was "a considerably increased interest and life" in the little congregation in the Oratoire was the most encouraging circumstance, however, in the cold and rain-swept Paris, which was so different from the sunny city he had formerly known. His last communication before leaving Paris gives a sketch of another celebrity of the moment—

I have seen Madam Blaze de Bury; she is evidently what Sir David would call "a very *charm*ing woman," speaks like a book, and indeed with far more liveliness and copiousness than most books. Scotch, and yet thoroughly French in her manners,—but also with very clear intelligence and winning and eloquent ways. She was very kind, regretted my leaving so soon, and promised when I returned to introduce me to Montalembert and other distinguished people, of whom she obviously considers herself a centre. She and I thoroughly agreed about the Emperor and the whole character of the existing *régime*. He is a thorough materialist, she says, with no capacity of idealism, no elevation, intellectual, moral, or social, a great gamester, &c. We shall not say any more, in case the police peep into this and put me in limbo.

During the successive visits to Paris above recorded, Tulloch makes on various occasions passing mention of studies and revisions, so that he carried his literary occupations with him even into an atmosphere so little calculated as a lodging in the Champs Elysées for special study. He returned to Paris again for a short time in May 1859, after the work of the session was over, and it seems to have been at one time a possible arrangement that he might have spent the long Scotch vacation, from March to November—which makes the position of a Scotch professor so doubly blest—in charge of the rising congregation in Paris which he had thus founded. There are no indications in the correspondence as to how it was that this plan came to nothing. He describes in one of his letters the pleasant little town of St Germains, and the walk which he had taken there (with one of the active organisers of the congregation, I think his friend Dr MacGavin, for whom he had a high esteem), along the historic terrace with all its associations—always full of mournful interest to a Scotsman—with a note that, should the arrangement come to anything, here might be a place where the children might flourish and his own historical tastes be cultivated. However, the plan never did come to anything, and that new association with St Germains and

its terrace has failed us. No man could have been less of a Jacobite than our Principal; but he would be little of a Scot, and less of a sympathetic being, who could, from that standing-ground, think of the last of the ancient Stewart kings, with his mock court and miserable state, with many a Scottish gentleman behind him, sick for home, without an ache and penetrating pang of pity in his heart.

The University Bill, of which so much has been said, and which remodelled the system of higher education in Scotland, had also settled and fixed the revenues of the College, and in some degree improved the position of the professors. It was "to do as much for us as is likely ever to be done," the Principal had said. This "much," however, proved to be but little, though better than the original income which the late Principal had eked out with the stipend of the Town Church. From £300, the value of the principalship of St Mary's had been raised to £490 a-year, with the addition of an official residence—the delightful and dignified old house, more like the dwelling-place of the head of a college than any other in Scotland. This was the whole of the Principal's official income during the rest of his life. It came to be supplemented in various ways by various offices (all involving work) as the years went on. But it is a curious illustration of the economy of Government in Scotland, and the limitation of her resources, that a position so important and dignified should never have been associated with an income more appropriate.

It is true that England is exceptional in this point, and that nowhere in the world is there any parallel to the wealth of Oxford and Cambridge, the German universities, for instance, being as poorly endowed as the Scotch. Still, within a united country in which the same standard of comfort and expenditure as well as of position and dignity exists, it is astonishing that such disparity should be. I am not aware

whether the Principal was disappointed with the smallness of the addition made to his income, but there are certain signs of restlessness in his mind, a natural desire either to find a supplement to that poor income, or even to change his position altogether. When the principalship of Edinburgh University was vacant, and even when there was a theological professorship there to be disposed of, overtures were made to him, which he was not unwilling to consider, but which never came to anything; and the Paris scheme was evidently thought of at once as a means of securing a welcome change, and as producing some additional emolument. Of the following suggestion nothing more is said; but it seems to have been thought of at least. The "theological faculty" had not received the same attention in the new Act as the larger "Faculty of Arts," and was still in question.

To Rev. W. Smith.

What do you think of the transference of St Mary's College to Edinburgh, absorbing of course the funds of the Faculty of Theology there? The idea has been started. Our friend Robert Lee is keen about it, I understand. Give me your mind about it. I had another scheme in my head as to opening up the theological faculties (Biblical Criticism and Hebrew), which I have not time to explain just now, but the more I think of it I see fewer objections than I did at first to the transference of St Mary's College. The proposal of course is, not to *abolish St Mary's*, but rather to abolish the theological faculty in Edinburgh, or more truly, to absorb it in St Mary's, giving *one* undeniable Principal to the Church in the *metropolis*, and five theological professors amply endowed.

It may perhaps be well to insert here the substance of a letter addressed by Tulloch to the University Commissioners of 1858, which he reprinted in a pamphlet on "The Theological Faculties of the Scottish Universities in connection with University Reforms" in 1883, thus evidently showing that his experience had confirmed his original ideas. His strong sense of the wrong and injustice of shutting out the

theological portion of the Universities from a share in the meagre provision afforded to the classical and philosophical (called in Scotland the Faculty of Arts), is expressed with great vigour, and though his wish to throw open the theological chairs without distinction to all religionists will seem to many a very strange one, it was characteristic of his individual view. To abolish tests in their very stronghold—the one department in which they seem most rational and necessary—was indeed a bold and startling suggestion. It could, I imagine, only be possible in a country like Scotland, where, at that period at least, religious differences concerned the modifications of Church government chiefly, and not questions of doctrine.

The Commissioners' Report of 1826 exhibits in detail the extent of the pecuniary depression. It is enough to mention here that the whole emoluments of many are admittedly very inadequate. Not to speak of the incomes of such officials as sheriff-substitutes, with which our professorial incomes have been sometimes compared, there is scarcely a provincial lawyer who would not consider his talents thrown away for such a return as is expected to secure a professor of theology.

This peculiar poverty of the theological faculties has arisen from various causes, and, in some cases strikingly, from their having been deprived, under the operation of a legal statute, of a considerable proportion of our original revenues. By the abstraction of teinds (in which the whole of their property originally consisted), for the benefit of the parishes from which they were drawn, the divinity faculty of St Andrews alone has suffered a loss of upwards of £668 a-year,—refunded, but only to less than a half, by the Legislature, which in 1832 acknowledges the justice of compensation for a loss entailed by law.

I presume, without any hesitation, that such a state of things can no longer be permitted to exist. Something must be done at length to take the stigma of pauperism from all university positions which are deliberately allowed to continue for the good of the country. The late measure of university reform would be worse than a mockery if it did not accomplish so much as this. If in no other point of view, the mere uselessness of such a policy as would leave our theological chairs in their present condition must effectually prevent its being contemplated. Their occupants in such a case, as has hitherto been the rule rather than the excep-

tion with them, must betake themselves, in the main, to other pursuits, whatever be their disposition to devote themselves to the cultivation of their special science. It is, no doubt, an ideal possibility to cultivate theology, as well as philosophy, "on a handful of oatmeal";[1] but every one knows how poorly such ideal possibilities translate themselves into actual life; and nothing, in the general run, proves more sure than that unremunerated labour is unfruitful labour. Even theology is no exception to this economical principle, as its history in Scotland shows in too sad a manner. I cannot, therefore, in the view of any university reform deserving the name, contemplate the idea of the theological chairs being left in their present state. Such a course would be at once so vain in itself, so harsh in its personal bearings, and so injurious to the interests of Scottish learning, as to stamp it with the condemnation of all who are really interested in our higher national education.

I have already stated how it appears to me that our theological professorships may not only be maintained, but multiplied and invigorated; and it would certainly prove one of the noblest results of your labours, if you could succeed, either in this way or in any other way, in reconstructing and catholicising the theological faculties in our universities, so as to give a permanent impulse to Biblical learning, and to wiser and more profound, and therefore more tolerant, views of those great truths which are the salt of national civilisation. If there be one thing more than another that may well engage the attention of patriotic and Christian Scotchmen, it is how to quell the spirit of sectarian animosity without abating the fervour of religious earnestness characteristic of our country. The common education (as far as practicable) of our students of divinity; the recognition of theological study, as not merely a professional and denominational acquirement, but as a general mental and spiritual discipline; the growth of Biblical learning; and the general rise of a scholarly and cultivated theology, which, while retaining all that is sterling and vigorous, and in a word Christian, in our old Scottish theology, should at the same time embrace the more varied wants, and adapt itself to the more subtle speculations, of the present age;—these are the most likely means I know of securing this end, and these can in no way so surely spring up as in connection with such comprehensive faculties of theology as I have ventured to recommend.

I am well aware that, even were my recommendations carried out, the cultivation of theology would still so far bear a denominational aspect, in the fact of separate Established and Free

[1] Sydney Smith's version of "Tenui musam meditaris avenâ."

Church and United Presbyterian, and possibly Episcopalian, professors of divinity, *within* the universities. I myself sincerely wish that there was no need for such a recognition of our ecclesiastical differences, with which theology, as a scientific study, has truly nothing to do. But in the present state of ecclesiastical feeling it would probably be hopeless to propose any more extended opening of these chairs, and to abolish the tests altogether, especially in the case of the chairs of Systematic Theology and Church History. There is an obvious difference, to which I have already alluded, in the case of the chairs of Hebrew and the proposed new chairs of Biblical Criticism;[1] while the more purely learned character of these chairs, and the rarity within all our Presbyterian Churches of the scholarship which they demand, would make them comparatively safe objects of indiscriminate competition. None but acknowledged scholars, under the awakened force of public opinion, would dare to aspire to them; and in the mere fact of scholarship there is already some guarantee of academic and catholic, rather than of sectarian feeling.

No arrangement, in the meantime at least, seems better. Things, it is obvious, cannot remain as they are; and even you cannot keep them as they are. For the mere fact of *neglect* will work the most notable of all changes. It will cut us off, as surely as any definite act can do, from the general university system of the country; and in the course of a few years this severance will tell more fatally than I care to predict upon the ancient character and existing interests of the universities. The literary and philosophical classes will assuredly suffer; and many who are now silent at the injustice threatened to the most venerable, and not the least useful, part of our academical discipline, will then in vain regret what their own apathy may have helped to produce. It will, moreover, not only continue, but render hopeless of remedy, all the existing evils of our theological education, its disorganisation, its imperfect system of graduation,—all, in short, which makes it so little what it ought to be in relation to the necessities of the Christian ministry or the honour of the country. Such appear to me to be the inevitable results of neglect; for, to legislate for a science which it refuses to sanction,

[1] The chairs of Hebrew are not at present ecclesiastical; they confer no ecclesiastical privileges, such as a seat in the Presbytery, but may, as stated in the text, be held—as they have been held over and over again—by laymen. The chairs of Biblical Criticism, which *remain to be* instituted in all the universities save one, may certainly be made open without any injury to the Church. There can be no deprivation when there has been no possession.

to control and organise where it will not give the means of support, is, I presume, beyond the concern, as all success in such a case is certainly beyond even the power of the national Parliament.

I must not, however, and cannot, anticipate a policy of neglect in the view of the serious considerations that I have urged. I have confidence rather in the importance and justice of the cause, and in the wise, and far-seeing, and really liberal spirit which you will bring to its examination; and my sanguine hope is that, under your auspices, not merely certain branches, but the whole scheme of our ancient university studies, will receive a new impetus, and a higher and more successful direction.

The universities of Scotland must look to the three learned professions for their support; and of these professions the Church especially demands, as a preliminary to more professional education, a full literary and philosophical training. It is obvious, therefore, that young aspirants for the ministry must always form a large number of students; and apart from any consideration of the antiquity of the theological faculties, and of the closeness and vitality of the bond which connects them with the general intellectual life of the universities, these faculties are, on this account, deserving of encouragement. While law is putting forth its claim for new chairs, and medicine remains unchallenged in all its professional privileges, it would be an obvious conclusion to most minds that a study which, in the course of academical discipline, has always taken precedence of both, and which probably does as much as both together to preserve the old classical and philosophical studies in our ancient seats of learning, should be specially entitled to national recognition and support.

Whether the "theological faculties of the different Churches" will ever come to such a point of enlightenment and charity as to be able to work together in one corporate body, keeping to their great points of agreement, and subduing the smaller points of difference, is a question to which as yet no answer has been made. It would of course be entirely impossible, where the apostolical succession is a matter of the first importance. Even in Scotland things have not come as yet to that broad level of brotherly toleration.

In the spring of 1859, Tulloch was invited to deliver a course of lectures in the Philosophical Institution in Edin-

burgh,—an institution which is associated with many distinguished names. The subject which he chose was the Reformers, beginning with Luther, of whose haunts and ways he had made a loving study during his first wanderings in Germany. The series of admirable historical biographies thus begun was afterwards published under the title of the 'Leaders of the Reformation.' This was the shape in which history recommended itself specially to his mind, and in this respect the fashion of the time has followed the Principal, as is proved by the many and sometimes conflicting series of historical sketches which now abound. But it was not then a common impulse, and his whole heart was in his studies. This group of great historical figures, dominating one of the greatest epochs of religious and mental development in the history of the world, had been the first to attract his own interest and tempered veneration; and he was able to secure the delighted interest of a large audience of listeners to these picturesque and graphic sketches which afterwards formed a singularly attractive volume—perhaps the most generally popular of all his works. I quote from an article contributed to 'Fraser's Magazine' for December 1859, by Mr Skelton, an account at once of the lectures and the book:—

A lecture is nearly as dismal a business as a sermon. But these lectures on the Reformers were well worth hearing; and the great interest they excited when originally delivered in Edinburgh was no mean tribute to the cultivated intelligence of a Scottish audience. Principal Tulloch, no doubt, possesses many of the natural gifts of the orator: he speaks with energy, decision, feeling, and admirable directness. But it was the thinker, even more than the orator, who captivated the attention of the listeners. A great theme was being worthily treated by one who appreciated its significance and understood its lessons. An intellect singularly temperate and dispassionate was estimating with judicial calmness and generous sympathy the notorious fruits of a stormy struggle. There was no strained pathos, no artificial rhetoric; but the words were weighty and condensed, and coloured throughout by the vivid light of a vigorous and glowing imagination.

The most interesting part in the book, the critic goes on to say, is the temper of mind it discloses.

> To say that Dr Tulloch is fair, candid, and dispassionate, is to say little. His sagacious moderation, his rare temperance, his thorough impartiality, would be notable anywhere; within the sanctuary of a stiff-necked sect the presence of these virtues is, in Mr Mansel's phraseology, "a moral miracle." Moderation no doubt sometimes cloaks indifference, and impartiality is proverbially associated with the *nil admirari*. But it is not so here. Dr Tulloch is perfectly moderate, but perfectly in earnest. He is tolerant because his own convictions are honest and deeply rooted. He is impartial because he has a generous sympathy with the true and noble wherever he finds them. The influence which an intellect of this kind is fitted to exert over the Church and nation to which it belongs cannot easily be overrated. A devout and tolerant ecclesiastic, across the Border at least, is a *rara avis*, and the calm and candid criticism of such a man must be listened to with peculiar attention.

Tulloch's appreciation of this criticism is humorously expressed in a note sent to the writer on reading it. "I cannot help saying that you are a good fellow, and feeling as if I were a bit of a swell. Such a certificate," Sellar says, "I have nowhere got."

It is unnecessary for me to say that no more competent writer could have pronounced this first literary verdict upon the Principal's work. These historical sketches are full at once of the keenest insight and the clearest power of characterisation. The same breadth and dispassionate sympathy with all good men, conjoined in a most attractive and unusual combination with an almost passionate enthusiasm for noble aims and noble thoughts, continued to be Tulloch's inspiration during his whole life, and is to be found in all his works. Whether he would ever have been able to take sufficient grasp of the many threads of interest which go to the weaving of a great history, remains unproved; but he had one of the historian's greatest qualifications in the power to appreciate the different developments of individual char-

acter and tendency, and in the intellectual honesty and sincerity which could "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

I may add the opinion of another and very different writer in the following letter, written on receiving from the author a gift of the newly published volume, by the venerable Mr Erskine of Linlathen:—

DUNDEE, 21*st June* 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—The idea that you were in Paris has, although perhaps it ought not to have, delayed my acknowledgment of your kindness in sending me a copy of the lectures which I have had such pleasure in listening to this spring. It is very gratifying to me to receive the book from yourself; but it is, I confess, still more gratifying to me to know that the studies, and especially the theological studies of so many of those who are to be the spiritual teachers of our country, are superintended and influenced by the man who wrote those lectures, and who recommended Mr Campbell's work on the nature of the Atonement as the completest work on the subject that had appeared. Latitudinarianism is bad, chiefly because it is almost always irreverent; but a faith which is not founded on truth perceived, and does not take hold of that truth, but of an authority supposed capable of creating truth and defining, or even taking its place, is almost as bad, and must often lead to the other.—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

T. ERSKINE.

A second edition of the 'Leaders of the Reformation,' with various additions, was published a year after; and about the same time a companion volume, 'Puritanism and its Leaders,' comprising sketches of Cromwell, Milton, Baxter, and Bunyan, was sent to the press. It was Tulloch's idea that they might, if successful, "form a series, making a kind of popular biographical Church history, which many people profess to be a great desideratum." Whether the publisher, Mr John Blackwood, upon whose excellent literary judgment all who had any connection with him loved to rely, discouraged this extended scheme, or whether it fell into abeyance under the pressure of other thoughts and things, I cannot say; but the idea was not pursued further.

It was in 1861, I think, that Tulloch published a little volume called 'Beginning Life: a Book for Young Men,' in which all the subjects, both philosophical and practical, most likely to affect in ordinary life the youths (not academical) whom he addressed, were treated with infinite good sense and liberality. This was, though perhaps without great literary attractions, one of the most successful of his works, and circulated largely in many editions.

For a year or two following there are few things to record, except visits, both on public and private business, here and there, with remarks upon the persons he meets, and all that he sees, which often contain interesting and pleasant glimpses of the life round him. The dates, I confess, have often to be guessed at; in many cases there are none at all—mere "Thursday," "Monday evening," and so forth. When his correspondents have not preserved the envelopes, the matter is almost hopeless, save by laborious collation of allusions—very difficult when only personal events are in question. Even when the Principal does by chance give a date, we are not very much more advanced, and I have been brought up suddenly in the midst of a series of letters, dated '65, by a sudden allusion as the newest subject of remark, to an event which had happened several years before, thus proving that the supposed '65 was '61. (Naturally he reproves his wife with virtuous severity for not dating her letters.) In 1859, after, I presume, officiating more than once at Crathie, though he had not yet had the honour of any personal intercourse with the Queen, he was appointed one of her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, the intimation reaching him while he was on a visit to Principal Shairp, in a Highland cottage, and making a little pleasant excitement there. In 1861 he made, among other expeditions, a journey to the Highlands in company with Mr Smith—the two acting as representatives of the Endowment Committee—to inquire into the state of poor ministers in out-of-the-way corners, who were in

charge of chapels, without the resources of parish ministers. This mission was carried out generally through storms of rain: the fresh and quite endurable yet hopeless damp of the Highland atmosphere is in every line. One part of the way, no better vehicle being possible, the two commissioners travelled in a cart, and found it "rather funny and enjoyable."

We had just one shower. Mrs B. had sent lunch and Mr B. tobacco (I have taken to smoking a cutty-pipe), and we jogged on very merrily. I pleased myself and amused Smith with the suggestion of a caricature—our two noble selves in the cart, lunching and smoking, representing "the Endowment Committee in the Highlands." . . . After ordering a tea-dinner, we went off to inspect the old incumbent of the chapel here, as to his position and property. We found a rather sharp old man, *sans* all his front teeth. He told us he had brought up fourteen children, and that the Royal Bounty (an allowance from the Crown for Highland ministers) had taken away his allowance twelve years ago, because he had a farm—rather hard treatment. He said he knew of me from 'Good Words.' We satisfied ourselves, examining the church and school—calling on the schoolmaster on our way—and returned here to dinner, which has proved excellent. The inn is very good—and much need of it, for it rains and blows. A wild night on the western ocean, on which we look out.

On another occasion, the two stalwart clergymen, driving as far as they could till the road stopped, had to continue their way on foot, walking twelve miles up the side of one wild loch, and down a glen to another—one of the wildest of the many labyrinths of wood and water near the Caledonian Canal. They had to cross a stormy loch in a smack, so called, the water being too rough for a rowing boat, and got across in two hours by making a series of tacks. Finally, after all the wet and weary journey, they reached a haven of rest in the luxurious Highland mansion of one of the Messrs Baird, whose wealth and liberality are so well known. On another day they set off over the hills to seek subscriptions for the Committee, and found the various "heritors" or landed proprietors of the wild Highland parishes "very nice people apparently, but not very ready at giving." "And I con-

fess," adds the Principal, "I hate begging in any shape. For the most part, I leave it to Smith, who makes a pretty fair talk about it." Sometimes, however, "Smith's usual eloquence" fails, and the Commissioners are kindly welcome to lunch, but get "not a penny."

I rode a pony over the most extraordinary road—precipices and gullies, which you could only cross with the greatest deliberation—and had the pleasure of hearing from the missionary how viciously the said pony had been behaving itself; however, I enjoyed the ride amazingly. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scenery, as we rode home; the hills were lovely, and would have charmed you—the moon shining above the loch in great beauty at twelve o'clock, when we went to bed.

Next spring ('62) we find him again in a very different scene, in London, where he had gone on University business—always endeavouring to obtain an extension of the Government grant, and a little more liberal treatment in several individual cases. On one day he and his colleagues waited upon three Cabinet Ministers—Lord Palmerston, Mr Gladstone, and Lord Granville; and Mr Disraeli, the leader of the Opposition.

March 3.—To Lord Palmerston's almost the whole of the Scotch members accompanied us—about fifty people, a very imposing assemblage. Sir John MacNeill led off, stating the claims of the Scotch universities as a member of Parliament, and as Sir David would not speak, I had to follow, and then Professor Ramsay. I felt a little nervous, but was very short, and did my part decently, I think. Sir John MacNeill made a capital statement in all the four cases. Lord Pam. joked as usual, and did not give us much encouragement; but Mr Gladstone was very friendly, and Lord Granville considerably so. Mr Disraeli almost gave encouragement. We found Dizzy in a very pretty drawing-room, Grosvenor Gate, overlooking Hyde Park. He looks fresh and well, and gave one the idea decidedly of a man of great and ready ability.

March 4.—I went to church—to prayers at least, for I did not wait to hear the sermon. Sir David and I went to call on Madame Blaze de Bury, my Parisian friend, who is here at present. We found her somewhat invalided, in a charming dressing-gown (though not so engaging as yours). I had a somewhat excited

fight with her about the 'Essays and Reviews'—the authors of which she handled with all the freedom of the most perfect ignorance of the opinions they represent. What a row, to be sure, the volume is making here! It is somewhat melancholy and absurd. The bishops are blockheads for their pains in meddling with the volume, and consequences for the authors look very serious. I took a walk after in Hyde Park, and I could not help reflecting what I should have done had I been one of them, and so driven from my post. I daresay I could have got on somehow, only, considering the bairns, it would have been a serious business. I see the 'Puritans' advertised this week, but as yet no notices—for which there has not been time. After writing to you yesterday, I scribbled for the 'Scotsman' some notices of our interview with Lord Palmerston, which you will probably see on Monday or Tuesday. Write me a note to the Blackwoods'; I shall be glad when I see them, if I can hear something of the £100 for the 'Puritans,'—the "necessary," as poor Mrs Yelverton says in one of her letters. What a wonderful old fellow Sir David is! what an interest he takes in all the details of the Yelverton case. He is game, I believe, to court a *Sœur de Charité* himself.

It is needless to explain what this Yelverton case was. If the young reader has never heard of it, so much the better. It filled all the papers at the time, and the Principal had already commented on the vivacious interest of his fellow-Principal, Sir David Brewster, then a very old man. The Principal's opinion of the aspect and utterances of Parliament, not a very flattering one, may be given here, though probably the letter in which it is contained was of somewhat later date:—

To Dr Dickson.

I was in the House of Commons on Thursday and Friday nights last, and heard the great debate, only to my great regret I missed Gladstone's speech. One only requires to see the House of Commons to be even more of a democrat than I have hitherto been. *Bosh* I should say is the word for the greater part of the stuff talked; even the amount of twaddle in such a man as Disraeli is wonderful, and Palmerston and Lord John are ludicrously disappointing. What you instinctively say of Disraeli, after such a two hours' laceration as he inflicted on Lord John on Thursday night, is, "that he hath a devil"; but as for patriotism or statesmanship! Layard, with a somewhat awkward manner,

is a true fellow, and spoke with some real enthusiasm. There is no amount of hallooing will put such a man down. Lord Stanley, well as his speeches read, speaks as if he had a potato in his mouth, and even in the Speaker's Gallery (where I had the privilege of getting, as a Burnett prizeman) was quite inaudible. No amount of practice will ever make such a man anything but a poor and inapt speaker. Whiteside's speech in the early part of the evening, it is said, was great, but I missed it. Lowe's was also highly spoken of, but I only got in in the middle of poor Mr Cayley's sermonising, during which the House, with laughter and talk and expressions of weariness, while this old man, quite inaudible, or at least not worth being audible to his next neighbour, kept mouthing his well-prepared platitudes—presented an extraordinary sight to strangers. The scene after the division, when Sir James Graham got up and made an extraordinary statement, was very exciting. He and Gladstone and Sidney Herbert were seated beside Milner Gibson and Cobden, &c., and have undoubtedly joined them in an earnest and determined peace movement. The Usher of the Black Rod, interrupting Palmerston in the midst of his peroration, was an impressively ludicrous scene, and his miserable joke about the "rod" fell very flat thereafter. He altogether gives you the idea of a man used up. In short, the Treasury bench, with the blockhead-looking figure of Sir C. W. very conspicuous, presents on the whole rather a sad spectacle.

Other experiences in London, of a different kind, may be added. The Principal was naturally an object of great interest to the ministers of the Scotch Church adhering to the Established Church of Scotland in London, and on one occasion he dined with their Synod, in, I imagine, his representative character as an envoy from the mother Church. He tells his wife how much he had suffered from "the portentous heat" (a thing he never could bear with equanimity) and "a load of fulsome compliments:"—

> I had to propose Cumming's health, and as I really am not good at "butter," which is such a plentiful commodity at Synod dinners, I hope he believed that I had a sufficient appreciation of his distinguished qualities. He has entrapped me into preaching on Sunday.

On his way home, on this particular occasion, he travelled by Cambridge, where Mr Alexander Macmillan, then resident

there, and rising into the eminent rank among publishers at present occupied by his firm, had asked an interesting party to meet him. The story of this visit is associated with so many innocent pleasantries of the past, belonging to the familiar and warm family intercourse then just beginning between the Tullochs and myself, that the cheerful story here begins to become pathetic to me, as it will to a few others who remember the simple jests and easy laughter of a moment of the Principal's life upon which no clouds as yet had come. When at Cambridge, he went to Ely, and the impression made upon him by that beautiful cathedral is recorded at some length. He writes from the hotel there while waiting for dinner:—

To his Wife.

I have had some very pleasant days at Cambridge, and here. Cambridge with its grand old colleges, and Trinity the grandest of all, struck me almost more than Oxford. Really it makes one ashamed of little St Mary's and our peddling resources. Adams was sweetly radiant as of old. . . . There were a lot of pleasant men besides, and one very pleasant fellow showed me through many of the colleges. Really one comes not only to admire, but to regard with a somewhat overpowering esteem, the Church of England, seen in its full grandeur in Cambridge and here, and Oliver Cromwell (this is Oliver's country) sinks into insignificance, and even something of vulgarity. What a cathedral this is,—a dream of magnificence. I have spent two hours in and about it, and on the top of the tower, 270 feet high, three times the size of the square tower (St Rule's in St Andrews). It shows all the styles—Norman and the three stages of Gothic, Early English, decorated and then perpendicular. The choir, with its screen and its attendant chapels, is beautiful beyond description; you would be enchanted with it. . . . It is pleasant to be told everything, and yet it is pleasant as a change to find out things for yourself. You always really learn more in this latter case. Cromwell's grandfather was farmer of the cathedral lands here, as far as I remember: and it was in the cathedral here that he addressed an astonished crowd, "No more of your fooling; come down there." It was necessary, no doubt; and yet anything that would have permanently impaired the noble Cathedral Establishment of England would have been a misfor-

tune for the nation and the world. Many parts of the cathedral have been restored in late years; but there are still parts left, the Lady Chapel particularly, in great dilapidation.

The Principal arrived in Edinburgh in time for the meeting of Assembly in May 1862, which was specially interesting at the moment, as he was a candidate for the second clerkship, an office of some credit and a little emolument. He secured the appointment "triumphantly" he writes, the votes for him outbalancing those for all the other candidates put together. He adds characteristically:—

I am very glad and thankful, my only regret being that Dr Pirie, in proposing me, should have said something perhaps rather caustic of the other candidates. He is a first-rate good fellow, but apt to be a little slapdash with his tongue.

He had by this time been appointed editor of the 'Record,' an organ of the Church of Scotland specially concerned with missionary news and literature, which also made a little welcome addition to his income; and he was pleased with his post at the Assembly, though sometimes finding it hot and tiresome, "chained as I am to the table without the right of speaking in the meantime." Here one pretty little domestic incident comes in. Looking up from that table to which he was chained, he sees coming in to the gallery, from which spectators witness the proceedings of the Assembly, a little maiden shy and fair, who is his little daughter, and whose childish freshness so dazzles him in the pleasant surprise, that he concludes she is in "a new rig"; or perhaps it is only a new bonnet, he adds, not to show his ignorance, which throws a glory upon the whole costume. The Principal, however, is much taken aback to be appealed to next day by his Sara and the matronly friend with whom she was staying for this very "new rig," which it appeared desirable to provide for the child while she was in the way of the fashions in Edinburgh. "This certainly shows the value of my perception of novelties in the way of dress," he says,

without thinking of the pleasant glimpse it gives us of his pride and pleasure in his children, and the fatherly glamour in his eyes.

I may add here, as belonging to the same period, the first mention of a name always to his family associated with a painful portion of his life.

To his Wife.

After calling on Hannay of the 'Courant,' and talking with him about various matters—among others a request on the part of the managers or proprietors that I should occasionally write for it, which I am disposed to think of—and abusing the 'Athenæum' to him, I was astonished to find in Blackwood's a very hearty and favourable notice of 'Puritanism' in Saturday's 'Athenæum.' If you have not seen it David will get it for you. I feel as if I had been bearing false witness, and trust that the article is not, as in the former case, by Hannay himself. I do not fancy so: it is too hearty, and the tone is different.

The editor of the 'Edinburgh Courant,' here referred to, was one of the many men of considerable gifts who sink in the sea of journalism, and leave but small record of themselves—not much more than a little wreckage upon the pitiless shore. He was, I believe, a good scholar and keen critic. It is pleasant to note another humble name in the above extract, which the Principal's friends will recognise with more pleasant recollections—the good David, beloved of all the children, the janitor of St Mary's College, and honest retainer and champion of the family, with his Scotch independence, yet homely devotion, ready for every kindly service. When David died, old and bedridden, only a few years before the catastrophe which made St Mary's desolate, he left, being without relatives, a great part of his small savings to his beloved Principal, always so friendly and cordial to all his humble neighbours. David was the story-teller of the little ones, and his lodge one of their dearest refuges, and he himself, to everybody, a universal referee.

I find among the papers of this period an account of the Principal's first interview with the Queen at Balmoral, which is interesting from the little thrill of emotion which is visible in every line.

I had an interview with the Queen this afternoon (Sunday, August 10th, 1862), and write to note down its character before it escapes my memory. I arrived here from Braemar last night, and at ten o'clock went to Balmoral Castle to give divine service. I found servants waiting at the door under the tower, one of whom conducted me to a room, where I put on my gown and bands. After a little while I was ushered along the corridor through a group of waiting servants, into the dining-room, along each end of which were arranged seats—in the lower end for the servants, the upper for the Queen and Court. In the window there was a table covered, at which I took my place with a small Bible, and my sermon in my hand. I remained standing for about three minutes; the ladies and Sir George Grey, the Minister of State in attendance, then entered, and after a short time the Queen came in with two little boys and (I think) a little girl, all in deep mourning. She had a widow's cap with very long pendants broadly hemmed. (I have heard all this, although I never ventured to look at her except as she entered and took her seat).

I commenced the service with a prayer, then reading Scripture, thirty-ninth Psalm, and fourteenth chapter of St John's Gospel, then short prayer, concluding with "Our Father," then sermon from the text, Romans viii. 28, "And we know that all things work together for good," then another prayer to conclude with—about fifty minutes in all; and as I never sat down, and was under a good deal of suppressed excitement, although marvellously calm externally, I felt a little tired. Her Majesty left the room immediately, and I left for the manse, to prepare for service in the church. At two o'clock I went back to luncheon, sat beside Sir George Grey, and afterwards had a long talk with him. As I rose with the rest to come away, Sir George said to me, "The Queen desires to see you, and will send for you by-and-by." I did not feel very comfortable, you may imagine. As we went up the stair Sir George said to me, "No formal introduction is necessary; you just enter and make your bow." A servant received us at the door—very dark, quiet, and retired it seemed—tapped, to which a clear voice replied, "Come in." Sir George went first, made a step or two, and then a very low formal bow; I followed and did the same. The Queen received us almost at the door, and stood all the time. She said inquiringly first, that I had

been to Balmoral to preach before? She then asked if I had a church. She then asked about the number of students at St Andrews. I said about 150 or 170. There were many more in Edinburgh and Glasgow,—her Majesty said, talking to Sir George Grey. She then said something further that led me to say that St Andrews was the oldest university in Scotland, and that we were proud of it in consequence. Sir George Grey said I had been telling him that the Duke of Argyll was thinking of sending his sons to St Andrews. She said half to him and half to me that the Duke's sons were very promising. I replied that the eldest was thought very clever. She then spoke of Dr Macleod, and said he was a delightful and charming man. Had he not also a clever brother? I said he had. Sir George Grey said, "Your Majesty has just presented Dr Macleod's brother to a living." She replied, "I have not had the pleasure of hearing him, but I hope I may have that pleasure." She then spoke of Mr Stewart having preached last Sabbath, and said, "He was eloquent" in an inquiring sort of way. She then said with a very charming smile, "It was very kind of you to come to-day," and we left, bowing and backing out of the room as best we could. She detained Sir George Grey, who on rejoining me said the Queen desired a copy of my sermon and the concluding prayer. I said I could scarcely give the copy I had, but would have one made and sent.

"So there will be work for you to do to-morrow night," cries the Principal, coming back to his natural strain, with a burst of relief after the awe of this first interview well over, and no solecism committed. He had been half disposed to be a little impatient of the summons to Balmoral, but never, I think, after becoming acquainted with her Majesty, was so again.

A little later in the year he paid a flying visit with Mr Smith to Ireland, of which he has not very much to say. The poverty of the country made a painful impression, more than its beauty, and he says nothing of the humour and wit, upon which in those days every traveller remarked. The one observation of any importance which falls from him, is something like an echo of the sentiments called forth by the beauty and solemnity of the English cathedral. The sight of the poor women telling their beads in the church at Kil-

larney suddenly strikes a sympathetic chord in the bosom of this Scotch minister, who says his prayers devoutly beside them, and not only so, but moves the brotherly Smith to do so also in a true catholic spirit. The daily prayers in the churches make him "almost regret Catholicism." "Why," he cries, "should not we be free to think as we like about religion as about other things, and yet retain the grand, picturesque, blessed associations of an ancient national faith?"

On his return from this expedition he came to Rosneath to meet his wife, who had previously arranged to join him there: and here I may be allowed to say something about my own first acquaintance with the pair who henceforward were among the most intimate friends and associates of my life.

It was, I think, in 1861 that we first met. I had come to Scotland for the first time since my childhood, in the languor of great mental suffering and trouble, about a year before; and having been accidentally led to Rosneath in the course of collecting materials for the life of Edward Irving, with which I was beginning to occupy myself, had been struck by the wonderful beauty of the place—a combination of softness and mountain grandeur with which I was quite unacquainted—as well as by the kindness of friends: and after a winter in Edinburgh, took my little children there in the course of the summer. I was by that time in the state of mental and moral convalescence which, when one is still young enough to benefit by the beneficent operations of nature, succeeds great calamity as well as actual illness. And the beautiful air, the more beautiful mountains, the little loch between its soft banks, reflecting a sky not always bright indeed, but always full of dramatic surprises and sudden delightful effects, and sometimes heavenly with the unexpected glory of one of those days of perfect weather which are never more sweet than in the Highlands; added to the simple country life, the frequent cheerful meetings, the new neighbours all ready to

help a stranger back to the sunshine—gave a great impulse to all the powers of life. The manse was a cheerful centre of youth and bright intelligence and pleasant kindness, and there were many expeditions to be made by land and by water, which filled up the days. Trusting that the reader will pardon a recollection so personal, I am tempted to tell the little story of my first intimacy with Mrs Tulloch, the dear friend of all after-days. In some interval of the joint expeditions which included all the party, she and I alone made a little party of our own, with our children, to the head of the loch. There was only a year or two between us in point of age, and we were so far distinct from the younger members of the little gay and friendly community in our maturity of motherhood and experience, that the contrast drew us nearer to each other. Beyond the Gareloch-head there stretches a heathery upland, all wild and fresh, commanding on one side the lovely Gareloch itself, and on the other the noble line of Loch Long, with Loch Goil branching off among its separate hills; and the magnificent line of peaks proudly called the Duke's Bowling-Green, stretching along the sky from west to north behind. The glow of the heather, sharply broken by here and there a bit of emerald moss, or the gleam of a little pool, the wide vault of the sky and flying clouds that went like breath over the hills, leaving no effect the same for five seconds together, the dazzle of the great Clyde sweeping downwards towards Arran and the glowing west, the wonderful splendour and variety of mountains and loch, and river and sky,—made an enchantment round us. I know no more beautiful mount of vision. We sat on the rustling heather, with the children playing by us, and became friends. Perhaps she too, like myself, was pleased to find a calmer pleasure than suited the lively company which was younger in age and in development than she and I. We talked, very likely, of our nurseries and the children's little ailments. Why not?

These things were more to us than the movements of the spheres. We were two women together, with nobody to note whether we were silly or wise; and we communed in our fashion, with the best result of all communings, that we were friends from that day.

After this there were a great many pleasant rambles and one or two excursions among the hills, of the humours of which I made at the time a little passing record. The small incidents of these holiday wanderings, the simple jests, the endless talk, the absurdities, and the moments of gravity, live and are remembered when many things of more importance have fallen into oblivion. The first time that two of us, survivors of that party, met after the Principal's death, there rose before both simultaneously the most trifling incident, at which we had laughed many a time, and at which, with tears in our eyes, we could not but smile again even then,—so fully was his character and look, and all the special humour of the man associated with it. The days were bright, though dashed with perpetual rain, and life not yet deeply touched with gloom, though it had known some shadows. Up to this time, indeed, there had been little gloom in Tulloch's life. He had reached the full prime of manhood, a little more than Dante's half-way; he had been able as few men are to shape his life "upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;" his cares had not been few, but there had been nothing in them to make him 'bate either heart or hope. No man could have more unbroken happiness at home; few in his country or profession had such advancement at his age. His faculties were in their fullest exercise and power; he had entered in literature, into one of the noblest paths of historical study, with success; he had gained, though amid many storms and defiances, so much of the confidence of his Church, in spite of the murmurs of the narrow-minded, as to have attained several of her most important offices. He had been admitted to the beginning of that intercourse with his

Sovereign, which ended in a friendship of which the Queen has given affecting proof. All was well and prosperous in heart, and health, and life.

When such words are said of a man, the instinct of humanity foresees that the shadow is about to fall. And so it was. After that full and happy period, the gloom of a mysterious illness swept over this large and liberal life; and though there were long intervals of brightness still to come, and much progress both in the external and inner life, his after-years were divided into periods counting from one periodical attack to another—sad lines and limitations of an existence which at once in native vigour, and in the noble temperance of well-ordered days, seemed fortified against every danger.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FIRST ILLNESS.

It must have been in the end of 1862 that this first illness began. Faint indications in the shape of unusual irritability (and he was by nature hasty, and prone now and then to sudden startling ebullitions of impatience, deeply regretted, and constantly confessed in pathetic self-humiliation before his God) and fits of melancholy had begun to appear, but not in a way that caused any alarm. His melancholy especially, and transient fits of disgust with all around him, were so mingled, as we all thought, with comic circumstances, and so humorously relieved by the perfect health of his appearance, by his own perception of the ludicrous, and the rueful fun which mingled with that uncomprehended disturbance, that his friends were more ready to laugh and to tell each other anecdotes of those apparent whims and vapours, which the aspect of this robust and splendid valetudinarian so completely belied, than to be alarmed by them. And he had one source of real annoyance, which in the beginning of 1863 had come to affect him more than any such trifling malignancy ought to do, but yet was a sufficiently reasonable cause of some irritation and disturbance of mind.

The effect of adverse criticism is very different upon different natures. It used to be one of the traditions of the literary world that Keats had been killed by his critics;

and though this is now evidently proved to be false, there can be little doubt that the effect of such attacks, though quite innocent of personal malice, upon a young man struggling with fatal disease, could not but be prejudicial. Were the judges who sit upon our literary tribunals to be constantly on the watch against thus accelerating the progress of illness, or troubling the weakness of a physical sufferer, it would be a sad curb upon the liveliness of youthful genius in another way. It might indeed be as great a hardship to the writer of a slashing article to be debarred from exercising his gift, as it has been more popularly supposed to be to a poet to suffer from it. For slashing articles are the most easy of literary efforts, and very few are the writers who cannot in one way or other be made to afford amusement to the Philistines by this method. The 'Edinburgh Courant' was not an eminent organ of literary opinion like 'Blackwood's Magazine' or the 'Edinburgh Review,' but it was at this period under the editorship of an exceptionally clever man of letters, himself of the very essence of what has been called the Cockney school, and out of his element in the northern capital. I have always heard that he was a good scholar, with all the minutiæ of English classical training at his finger-ends. This was a point upon which Principal Tulloch at all times mourned and exaggerated his own deficiency. If the reader will refer to the beginning of this volume he will see with how little seriousness the classical training of St Andrews University was pursued, and I do not think that pure scholarship for itself is an art which has ever thriven in Scotland. By what means the editor of the 'Courant' had found out that this was a peculiarly sensitive side of the Principal's consciousness, or what had been his particular cause of hostility to the Principal, I have not been able to discover: it is said in respect to the latter that Tulloch had been especially kind, civil, and helpful to him, which in some minds might

be supposed to be cause enough. But I am reluctant to take such a cynical view of human nature, and am disposed to believe that in most cases it is from pure *gaiété du cœur* that such attacks are made, and that the ease and general success which attend them form motive enough without any darker reason, such as that of civilities to return or kindness to repay. To goad a man to the verge of madness is delightful sport, and the lookers-on, though they may disapprove, and even in the event of evil consequences indignantly disown any participation in the offence, nevertheless while it is proceeding like it too. The insignificance of the organ in the present instance may be thought to lessen the responsibility, but the organ was not insignificant to the Principal, in whose immediate circle it was in full circulation. Certain errors of the press, unimportant slips of the pen or failures of memory, a quotation inaccurately rendered, or other literary sin equally venial, were seized upon as the subjects of repeated articles, and Tulloch was thus held up to his world—nay to himself, which was worse—with just the kind of ridicule which was most adapted to make life intolerable to him. It would be vain to say that this was the cause of his illness—the real fact being that it was his illness which gave it so great a power to annoy; but it for the moment directed the course of the growing evil, and decided the peculiar instrument which incipient disease, whether mental or physical, seized for his torture and dismay.

I am far from pretending to throw any light upon what that illness was. Principal Tulloch has not been the only sufferer among his contemporaries, and it has been among the finest minds of our age that it has found its victims. By what subtle action of mind on body, or body on mind—those undefinable partners in the unity of human being—it comes about that this mysterious malady should have so much power in our day, is a question too profound to be discussed by the ignorant. For want of a better explanation,

it is generally attributed to overwork or overstrain of the intellectual faculties, nervous exhaustion—whatever words it may occur to the medical faculty to connect with processes which they are unable to fathom. Tulloch did not, I am sure, even when under the immediate influence of those who attribute to this cause everything they do not understand, believe that it was overwork. Perhaps further medical investigations may disclose by what miserable accidental jar the fine machinery of being can be put out of trim, and so much suffering be evolved without any apparent or sufficient cause. It rose upon him like a cloud out of a clear sky, no one knowing why or wherefore. He whose laugh had been in itself the cause of laughter, whose perception of the ludicrous had been so ready, whose swift wrath against all pretences had dropped so easily into a humorous sympathy even with the ridiculous, now turned to the world a saddened countenance, with that look of expostulation and remonstrance in his eyes, which was at all times one of their characteristic expressions, but which now acquired a pathos and air of trouble which went to the heart. By what would have been an extraordinary freak of fancy, but for the attacks above described, the malignant suggestions upon which his troubled imagination worked, he fixed upon a certain erroneous quotation which he had once made in a speech before, I think, the Presbytery, as the cause of his misery: surely the most innocent sin that ever troubled an invalid conscience. Whether he had put the sense wrong, or whether it was merely a false quantity, I do not recollect, nor what the phrase was. Most people will remember some slip of the kind which, when suddenly recalled to memory years after, will send the blush of shame coursing to their finger-ends. This effect, momentary in most cases, took entire possession of the Principal's fancy for a time; and with such profound feeling did he speak of it, that I well remember the struggle of sympathy for his evident suffer-

ing, contending with an almost comic sense of the triviality of the occasion, until at last the anxious listener, entirely carried away by the real trouble in those appealing eyes, broke forth into the advice, as fantastic as the cause of it, that he should call together again the same audience, and make his confession of error to them: the error of a false quantity! I quote this to show how real was the suffering, how profoundly genuine the impression it made, and how tragically absurd the apparent cause. Of course it was some trick of disordered nature that took advantage of this trivial incident, as the child in Wordsworth's poem took the weathercock which caught his eye suddenly at the moment of perplexity for the cause of a preference which he did not know how to account for. And yet there was so much reason in the delusive remorse, that these deficiencies had been held out to him for weeks as a matter important enough to occupy a critic's leisure and the public mind, with all the malicious skill at that critic's command. In describing as he did with the vivid minuteness of pain at a latter period the sensations which overwhelmed him, "self-consciousness" was the word that Tulloch invariably used. His mind turned inward to that often least comprehensible of all beings, the mysterious self of whom sometimes we seem but spectators, looking on at the accomplishment of things and thoughts against which we cry out, which we neither approve nor desire. Who can solve that riddle of double being? Yet everybody must have felt it, most of us happily in a small degree. Tulloch was like a man whose own shadow had suddenly come between him and the sun, with all its imperfections marked out against the blaze of the light.

In the beginning of 1863 he went to Edinburgh to deliver a lecture at the Philosophical Institution, and staying at a friend's house was sufficiently well to describe to his wife the radiant apparition of a young lady who belonged to the

cheerful society of St Andrews, Miss C. F., "looking extremely well and beautifully dressed," who came in on her way to a ball and carried off his host in her train. Afterwards, too, he gives her an account of a story of domestic misery narrated to him by certain ladies left behind, and "could not help reflecting internally while I listened upon the strangeness" of the contrast,—the "two old ladies, placid, passionless, gossiping, with no comprehension of the wild passions and tragedy beneath the story." He adds, "I am a little better, free from annoyance, and hope I may get more elasticity of spirit." His friends were "indignant about the 'Courant,' and had discontinued it. Various respectable people have been doing so, which is likely to make a change." It gave him a little consolation to be thus backed up by his friends, but the poisoned arrows had by this time struck home. On his return from Edinburgh the shadows kept growing darker and darker. All that local skill could do could not touch the illness, nor come to any conclusion what it was; and at last, as he grew more and more miserable and his work more and more a burden to him, it was thought necessary that he should give it up before the end of the session, leaving his concluding lectures to be read by a friend. Change of scene, variety, amusement if possible—anything that was new and unaccustomed, would, the doctors thought, or at least might, do him good; and he was sent to begin with to Malvern, to one of the water-cure establishments there—that which, I think, was under the charge of the afterwards unpleasantly celebrated Dr Gully. Mrs Tulloch accompanied him, very anxious, but not yet fully awakened to the seriousness of the complaint, and by times still capable of a smile at the fancies of the sick man and the contrast between his splendid *physique* and the strange weakness which made him like a child in his abandonment and self-pity. The only letter I have been able to find of this period is one addressed to his friend Mr Dickson, who had undertaken to

read his lectures and thus liberate him from the work which he was no longer able to carry on.

To the Rev. Dr Dickson.

Holyrood House, Malvern,
March 21, 1863.

I need not repeat, my dear Dickson, how much I am indebted to your kind services. How did the lectures last? As to myself I am better on the whole, although by no means free from my annoyance. I hope it may disappear as the nervous system gets stronger. I am somewhat at a loss what to do,—to remain here longer or to go elsewhere. Upon the whole, I fancy we will remain for another ten days, so as to complete the water treatment. In that time it will do all for me, I daresay, that it can.

It did, so far as the patient and his anxious wife could see, nothing at all, and in April they came to me at Ealing, where I was then living. It was not a genial spring; the skies were grey, and the sunshine, which seemed to me at first in the scepticism of nature to be the only thing wanting to clear these cobwebs away, would not come. We tried all we could with what society we could command to cheer him, and sometimes there would be a little lifting of the clouds. He could not sleep of nights, but he would doze feverishly in the evening after dinner, notwithstanding all his efforts to withstand that unrefreshing drowsiness. It was some time before the fantastic cause of all this misery, the false quantity, was confided to me as above recorded. This curious revelation and the scene of it comes back to me as I write almost with the freshness of present vision. We were walking up and down a little mall shadowed with overhanging elms, on which the buds were bursting and the thrushes singing, as in Mr Browning's poem. It was a morning in early May, cloudy yet sweet. The village green at one side, a high old-fashioned red-brick house behind its wall on the other, completed the simple landscape, which in its turn was filled by his large and imposing presence in all the power of manhood, but with every line of his countenance drawn, and the great eyes so full of trouble, appealing not

only to the disturbed and anxious women on either side of him, but to heaven and earth for aid.

The cloud hung over him for nearly a year, though even at the worst, in the midst of all the suffering, gleams of humour would come in, and many a little tragi-comic incident relieve the gloom, incidents at which even he would be tempted to laugh by times. In the summer he went to Orkney with two friends, one of them Dr Robertson, minister of Glasgow Cathedral, for whom he had the highest esteem, and who was also ill, though not in the same way. Every new attempt to exorcise the demon brought with it a little additional hope. On his way to the North he writes as usual every day, and always with a touching eagerness for his letters from home.

To his Wife.

What you said about missing me brought the foolish tears to my eyes, not more than a tribute of weakness, you will perhaps think, as things have been lately with me, yet something more. I hope, as you say, dearest, I will get home somewhat better. Upon the whole I keep pretty well, weak and easily tired and bothered, the old consciousness still shadowing all my existence and keeping me not merely humble but humiliated.

Awoke rather dull [he adds in another letter], the old consciousness being vivid all day. . . . I hope and expect to keep pretty well, and to drive, perhaps, the painful consciousness a little further into the background.

Presently he rouses a little in admiration of the scenery. "Really enjoying," he says, "the voyage from Thurso to Stromness."

The long roll of the Atlantic and the magnificent cliffs of Hoy 1000 feet in height, the nearest island to the coast, of nearly the whole of which Dr Heddle's brother is the proprietor,—you cannot conceive anything grander than these cliffs.

Do not make yourself unhappy about me. My peculiar unhealthiness or unhappiness obeys its own laws, now better now worse, as at home. Yesterday we had a very pleasant day, which I may say I really enjoyed.

In the course of this expedition, calling at one of the smaller islands, they came upon a handsome house, "a magnificent pile of buildings with scarcely a tree about," and met one of the chief landed proprietors, who unfolded to the travellers a new aspect of nationality.

He is an enthusiastic Orkney-man, and looks back with pride and regret apparently to the old Norse days when Orkney was a part of the Danish and Norwegian kingdom. The Scandinavian element remains very strong in some parts of the islands, and the Norse period is looked back to by many of the country people as a kind of golden age. Mr B. told me that there were two powerful bishops of the name of Tulloch in Kirkwall at the time of the transference of the islands from Norway to Scotland. Tulloch is a very common name here, and still more so I believe in Shetland. Very likely the fact of our crest being a mitre has something to do with these Orkney bishops.

He returned to St Andrews with his hands full of little presents from the islands—shawls and other cobwebs of the fine Shetland knitting; and the pleasure of returning made, as the excitement of departing had done, a little change and movement in the cloud that enveloped him. But the darkness soon settled down again, and ere long the doctors decided that any attempt to resume work at the beginning of another session would be dangerous for him, if not impossible, and advised entire rest for the winter, and, if possible, a warmer climate and a sea voyage. After many consultations and discussions, means were at last found to carry out this decision. The owners of one of the great lines of Mediterranean steamboats sailing from Liverpool offered the Principal a voyage in the "Marathon" to Greece, Constantinople, and the isles of the Ægean—a voyage full of associations and interest which roused him to some degree from the languor into which he had fallen. It was finally decided that his eldest son—now the Rev. W. W. Tulloch of Maxwell Church, Glasgow, a worthy inheritor of his father's name—should accompany him. At this point once more my own movements became so linked with those of his

family that they necessarily find a place in this record. I had made all my plans for returning to Rome with a dear friend, then resident there, Mrs Macpherson, who had spent the summer with me in England; and our united representations ended by persuading Mrs Tulloch of the possibility of accompanying us with her two eldest daughters, so as to meet the Principal at Rome, and be his companion in whatever other journeys might be thought necessary. There were many difficulties in the way, but by degrees they were all surmounted. The Principal found friends ready to undertake to read his lectures to his classes, and thus to enable him to leave home with a mind as much at rest as in his condition was possible. And the prospect of being met by his wife gave him strength for the separation and the long journey without her. He embarked accordingly on the "Marathon" in the end of October; and a month later, the rest of the party, a cheerful band of ladies and children, with every prospect of a pleasant journey, set out for Rome.

A little incident had happened before this departure which had brought both pleasure and pain to the Principal. The College Church in St Andrews had become vacant by the death of Dr Cook, and there had been an immediate movement in the town to attempt to induce him to accept, and the Crown to present him to, that vacant place. The College Church (so called) in St Andrews is, I believe, the thing most like an old college chapel of anything existing in Scotland (with the exception, I am told, of one in Aberdeen). Before it was half ruined in the eighteenth century, and wholly restored in our own day, it must have been an excellent specimen of fine, though late, architecture, worthy of the ancient establishment to which it belonged. It is doubtful whether the senseless alarms of ignorance lest the fine stone roof should fall upon the heads of the worshippers, which is said to have been the inspiration of the authorities, who with great difficulty and labour had it pulled down—or the love of

clean plaster and paint and neatness, which has smoothed and trimmed the ancient walls into the nearest semblance of a meeting-house which their construction will allow—has done most harm to this fine old chapel. Its rugged and grey exterior, its beautifully poised and characteristic Scotch tower, preserve all their natural significance; and though it had been withdrawn from its proper use as a University Church and combined with the cure of a small parish, it was still possible, some people thought, to regain that character for it virtually, if not nominally, if Principal Tulloch, the natural guide in spiritual matters of the students, could be brought there as incumbent. The idea pleased him, as affording him an opportunity of a more extended influence over the young men at the University, and closer approach to them; and he would have accepted it on this ground, though he refused to commit himself by expressing any wish for it. Professor Ferrier, who seems to have been the originator of the idea, along with several others of the lay professors, were warmly anxious to secure the appointment; but there were others who looked upon the suggestion with different eyes, bringing forward the old bugbear of pluralities, and in some instances imputing sordid motives on his own part as if he had himself originated the plan for his own aggrandisement. Such imputations would have stung him deeply at any time; and in his especially sensitive condition, they added greatly to the depression of mind with which he started on his journey.

I was fretted with weary work up to the last, and have letters lying to clear up stupid misunderstandings and jealousies that seemed to say to me, without frankly saying it, "You are a pretty fellow, to run away from your work, and at the same time to be holding out your hands for more work and pay!"

Such an accusation is precisely one of those which are most likely to sting the sensitive mind: and it added a pang of additional discomfort to the beginning of his voyage.

This voyage, however, I may perhaps say, fortunately soon furnished enough commotion of its own to occupy the sick thoughts of the invalid, and rouse them to the more wholesome excitement of natural risks and wonders. From its beginning the voyage was a stormy one. The "Marathon" left the shelter of the Mersey — where, indeed, she had been pitching about very uncomfortably for some hours—in the teeth of a gale, and it was not till three or four days after that the Principal, though a good sailor, was able to put pen to paper. "The instability of everything puts writing at defiance," he says. The following notes are from his diary of the voyage:—

Nov. 4, 1863.—Before night closed on Saturday (the day they sailed) the storm had set in in strength; but all Sunday—during which Willie and I and an invalid passenger, a Mr Mackenzie from Greenock, were the only passengers who made their appearance—it continued to gather. On Monday it reached its height. We rolled and shivered and shipped once or twice such enormous seas, that it seemed as if we must go to pieces. As I was standing at the saloon door looking out as I could on the fearful night, an enormous sea entered the saloon passage, sweeping me off my feet and dashing me violently against the opposite door, fortunately diverging to knock down a bookcase inside the saloon and make a general havoc. I was stunned and had my knees cut, and of course wet through; but stripped, got into my berth, and tried to feel snug over the 'Small House at Allington.' Till this morning (Wednesday) the storm has raged in full violence, and to escape danger we have gone far out to sea and lost two days at least; now (although still in the dreaded bay) it has somewhat abated.

Nov. 5th.—To-day bright, calm, and glorious sunshine overhead—a day to lie upon deck and dream, and dream, and do nothing, *dolce far niente*. It scarcely seems the same world as we lately were travelling and tossing in as if for very life. Did a little Italian: read my Greek Testament every day since coming on board. Greatly interested and amused also with Lord Dufferin's 'Letters from High Latitudes.' Felt quite grateful and happy; my long dull misery nearly banished. Thanked my God and Father for all His mercies most earnestly on deck this morning, and felt in faith and love raised near Him. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!

Nov. 6th. — Another day of bright and beautiful sunshine.

Greek Testament in the morning and a little Italian, and actually worked out nearly a lecture. Sighted Lisbon rock as we awoke, but nearly thirty miles off. We had gone far to sea in the storm, and are so far from the coast we shall see little till we are drawing near the Straits.

Nov. 7th.—Another beautiful day. Pleasingly excited as we approached Tarifa, a strong fortification as we entered the Straits of Gibraltar. Anchored off the latter about four in the afternoon. The panorama of cities (Gibraltar, Algeciras), sea, and rocks magnificent—their natural grandeur, their deep interest and attraction. Gibraltar itself rather puny-looking, notwithstanding the extent and prominence of the fortifications. A hasty dinner and a run on shore. Willie and I only got to the post-office and back again before gun-fire, after which we could not have got back. Particularly struck with the mixture of nationalities—Jews, Spaniards, Moors, English and Irish soldiers, sometimes with a villanously low, almost convict countenance. The captain said we should sail the same evening, but, as always turns out, did not sail till Sunday afternoon.

Sunday, 8th.—Got on shore early this morning with the captain, and had a walk through the market and to the Almeida or promenade. The market a lively scene of diverse garb and most vivacious jabber in many tongues. Moors grand-looking fellows some of them, and magnificently costumed. Off again early in the afternoon, and had service after steaming out of the bay. I preached a short sermon, and was sorry the sailors did not get to worship. Read the Psalms with a feeling of appropriateness and gratitude; felt happy that we had an opportunity of worshipping together, and thanking God for His mercy. Found two "couthie" old Scotsmen on board from Gibraltar, who had gone there by the previous steamer.

Nov. 12th.—The wind rising, to our disappointment, this morning, and soon a regular sea again. The ladies much dispirited and the saloon deserted. Passing in the morning Pantellaria, supposed to be Calypso's isle, lately one of Bomba's State prisons; desolate and bleak-looking, precipitous towards the sea. Ulysses could scarcely have been fascinated by the charms of the place, whatever may have been the charms of Calypso herself.

Nov. 13th.—Awoke early this morning after a better sleep than usual, and as I looked out land seemed in the strange dim yet distinct light, the sun not yet above the horizon; at one's side, what appeared to me a rural graveyard, with monuments grey and sad-looking. Dressed and got on deck, and found we were entering the magnificent harbour of Valetta. The sun was now up, and the morning warm and bright. The graveyard had resolved itself into

a cluster of strange-looking little square houses. The first sight of Valetta with its fortifications is very imposing. Verily, methought, we are a warlike race, we British—at least in the Mediterranean. I could not imagine any place more strongly fortified. Malta altogether very interesting, both the people and the place—especially so in reference to the successive layers of civilisation which have been deposited in the island from the Phœnicians down to the British. This diversity of national influence has left a curious impress upon the place which might well reward a great deal of study. The most obvious civilisation of the island is connected with the famous Knights of St John, who held it from 1530 to the end of the eighteenth century; the church of St John alone a splendid monument of their taste and magnificence. I have never seen any interior so richly and elaborately adorned. The combination of historical interest and natural wealth of flowers and fruit, and the natives themselves so distinct and characteristic, with a language deeply rooted and exercising a wonderful influence upon them, yet not reduced to writing (all the literature of the island—their code of laws, newspaper press, &c.—being either Italian or English), the glorious summer temperature in the middle of November, and the luxury and magnificence of Valetta, render the island one of the most attractive places I have ever seen.

Nov. 14*th.*—Got on shore again this morning and wandered about; entered a church and felt the influence of the quiet and the sight of numerous worshippers, many of them showing great devotion—very touching. One little fellow of about six or seven, so light and neat in his trousers and shirt and little bare feet, came in and knelt in front of me, and said his little prayers with a very picturesque and affecting artlessness. Protestantism has certainly lost something while it has gained much. Who can doubt that these open churches, and kneeling worshippers every morning, and the reverence for the Invisible that scarcely can be doubted under all the superstitious forms, are akin to the true spirit of Christianity? And the very superstitions which mar the worship, the adoration of the crucifix, the bead-counting, the prostrations and crossings, and touchings of the floor, and kissing the finger after doing so (the symbolism of which I do not understand), may it not be reasonably doubted whether the pious instincts of this ignorant, semi-oriental people could be otherwise excited? It seems somehow all natural enough for *them*—while seeing a little later a man of the higher class, engaged in St John's, counting his beads and repeating his prayers, struck me at once as incongruous.

Nov. 15*th.*—Sunday morning, and the sea divine; we had service at eleven o'clock, the sailors present. I preached a plain, practical sermon without my notes from Philippians iii. 14. The

sailors seemed attentive, and I hope some good seed may have been sown. Completed a lecture in the afternoon, and upon the whole felt quiet and happy throughout the day. May God bless and keep all dear to me, and the dear boy with me!

Nov. 16*th.*—In great excitement all forenoon on deck, as we sighted the shores of Greece, passed Cape Matapan, then Cape Malea with its strange hermitage and hermit church built into the face of the rock. Cape Matapan, the ancient Taenarum, verified Horace's expression, *invisi horrida Taenari sedes*, and recalled the story of Arion and the Dolphins. Facing the old sanctuary of Poseidon, to whom this part of the Grecian coast was consecrated, was the remarkable shrine of Venus, Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, where she rose from the sea in all her beauty. Greatly impressed in front of these sterile cliffs with the imaginative fervour of the old Hellenic mind which could clothe them with such a rich verdure of story. The interest abated after passing Cythera; went below and began a new lecture.

Nov. 17*th.*—Entered the harbour of Syra this morning, the bystanders all clustered about. Excited by the rush of associations through which one was moving. Landed at Syra . . . visited the schools, struck by the numbers and thorough organisation; never have seen anything more complete in its way. Strongly impressed by the capabilities of the people and the progress they are making; impressed also by the fact that the language is really the old language, however modified, and that the Greeks themselves must be the right and competent judges of its pronunciation. The idea that we should in our schools and colleges insist upon reading it differently struck me as eminently absurd, as I saw what was going on in these schools.

Nov. 19*th.*—Stamboul looming through the morning mists as we came on deck. Gradually the sun lit up the minarets of St Sophia, and we entered the Golden Horn. Spent a long day sight-seeing. Saw the Sultan as he went to the Mosque at twelve o'clock, a vigorous, sunburnt, sullen-looking man; the face of Fuad Pasha, vizier, fine and earnest. Some of the pashas with gloomy, sensual faces; the procession very well worth seeing. Then saw the whirling dervishes, a more solemn and impressive, less ludicrous sight than I had imagined. Many of the dervishes looked genuine ascetics, and the old man who presided, the very picture of sad, gentle benevolence. . . . I have just seen a very touching sight, touching in some respects from the very want of tenderness and beauty in it—a Greek funeral. When we were finishing dinner we heard the wild wail of the mourners as the procession passed, and rushed to the windows to see it. There were priests and then a mixed assembly, and the corpse in full dress, reposing

on a bier. The first sight of the uncovered dead face, that of an old man, was deeply moving. We went out and followed the procession to the church, found the service just commencing, and a crowd pouring in; took tapers in our hands like the others, and approached the bier, near which the priest stood chanting the service, an utterly unintelligible chant, only a word to be caught here and there, tones not at all solemn. A boy then read the Epistle at the foot of the bier, and a priest the Gospel, and the service concluded. Then followed the strangest and most affecting part. A picture of the Saviour was placed on the bosom of the dead man, the friends and then the assembled crowd approached, kissed the picture, then the forehead, and some also the hands; the old man's brother or father did so amidst a torrent of tears. Then the bier was hurriedly removed to the grave, the cloak of the dead man was removed, his cap taken off, a nightcap put on, and in a slight garment entirely without coffin he was placed in the grave. The sight was saddening. The body was covered by a linen cloth, a crown of wax affixed to the face, the priest poured a glass of wine over the covered face, lifted a spadeful of earth upon the body, and the grave was filled—a singular mixture of affecting symbolism and of almost revolting ceremony or superstition. An awful want of reverence characterised the whole, talking and laughing not uncommon among many.

Nov. 26*th.*—Went up the Bosphorus again to Bebek to see Mr Thomson and the two American missionaries, Dr Schauffler and Dr Hamlin. The former was busied in the translation of the Scriptures into Turkish, a new and more idiomatic version—the latter having opened a college at Bebek: intelligent men, strong northeners. Passed a pleasant afternoon in talk with them; struck by their comparatively unfavourable view of the Greek Church; unable to appreciate its ancient historic character; spoke of Stanley's 'Eastern Church' slightingly. The fair picture Stanley had drawn according to his wont, without adverting to the doctrinal errors of the Church, seemed greatly to offend the two evangelical Christians. Had read Stanley's account of Oriental Christianity and also his lectures on Mahommedanism, only one or two mornings previous, and struck by their superficiality; picturesque and happily grouped both lectures, but wanting in substantial information. Had also read considerable parts of Gibbon here and there, descriptions of the site of Constantinople, of its capture and the heroic defence of Constantine Paleologus, of the rise of the Turks or Ottomans; powerful and at times splendid rhetoric, but also plainly superficial—here and there gaps being filled up by ingenious and satirical declamation.

In the following pages of the diary a great deal is said of the Turkish Government and its plans and prospects, which by this time, of course, has fallen out of date. And then he pauses in his wanderings with tender thoughts of home, to realise the reassembling of the red-gowned students at St Andrews, and all the little commotion of the opening session. "To-day the College opens," he writes to Dr Mitchell, "and I have been thinking of the work, though I can take no share in it. May God bless it and all of you!"

From Constantinople the travellers went on to Smyrna, and made an expedition to Ephesus, into the antiquities and melancholy ruin of which the Principal entered with the greatest interest. At Smyrna he encountered an English resident official, and entered into a very hot controversy with him on the subject of the Greeks, of whom that gentleman entertained the lowest opinion, and whose cause Principal Tulloch upheld with an enthusiasm which it is curious to find so generally wanting among scholars. It would seem, indeed, that the more profoundly classical in its associations is the mind of a traveller in these regions, the more reluctant he is to confess that a living and lively race open to much criticism should be in any way representative of the demigods of ancient literature, of the warriors and sages of the distant past. Even their inheritance of the language, and specially their claim to be of any authority in respect to its pronunciation, is rejected with a burst of almost personal offence which has a comic element in it to the looker-on. The Principal was not of this opinion. He wanted perhaps something of the elaborate knowledge and passion for classical subjects which makes a bigoted scholar, and with a more romantic and natural instinct, loved to connect the present with the past. It would be unnecessary, however, to transfer this argument, or the close discussion of the ruins which he visited with so much interest, to these pages. The "pleased elation" with which

he found himself travelling through Asia Minor by railway, and all the sights and sounds about; the delightful grouping and vivid outlines of the hills; the "long strings of camels led by the inevitable donkey; the mixture of European railway characteristics with oriental costumes and *insouciance*"—all assisted to make "a novel and striking impression." But his mind was now turned "homewards," with an affecting transference of that word to the apartment in Rome where his wife was awaiting him; and it was with mingled regret and pleasure that he left the "Marathon" and joined another steamer bound for Malta, where he hoped to find passage direct to Italy. A slight delay in this last stage of his journey disturbed his equanimity more than any of the former storms and sufferings of his voyage.

Dec. 5th.—Sorry to find doubts expressed of reaching Malta till Sunday at noon, and even that prospect now (in the afternoon) doubtful from an unforeseen casualty. Came across a large steamer of Bibby's, having broken her screw; took her in tow after some delay and difficulty, and the result almost certain that we will be too late of reaching Malta to catch the French steamer for Italy. Terribly disappointed; extremely anxious at last about letters and to see the dear faces; had made so sure, dearest, of seeing you on Tuesday or Wednesday at latest, and now it will be Thursday before we reach Naples. I am in far from an amiable mood, schooling myself as I have been so long in patience and self-restraint. I pray heartily and humbly for more of both. May God grant me to submit to His will in all things. As I lay in bed last night unable to sleep, the demon of weary thoughts clutching at me, the thought came very strongly to me that pride and sensitive indulgence had been my besetting sins from my youth—inordinate love of distinction without the patience and thoroughness of work upon which intellectual distinction can alone be rightly based, and a certain passionate restlessness of temperament which has often carried me away and made me yield to what I have afterwards regretted. I have been humbled and chastened. May I learn the lesson. May I aim at thoroughness of knowledge in whatever concerns my present work. May I strain for the mastery, being temperate in all things. And may God help me.

On Sunday, however, after all, they did reach Malta, and

got finally to Rome on Wednesday the 9th of December, where the anxious traveller found his wife and daughter waiting for him at the station, and closes the record of his journey with "very happy." The country was all quite new to him, and the language strange, but the sight of "the dear faces" immediately converted it into home.

I remember very well his arrival, the joyful excitement, the multitude of things which, notwithstanding those constant letters, there still was to hear and tell. He had entirely regained his look of health and the cheerfulness of his natural aspect; he had grown a beard, which was a notable adjunct, adding something to his always fine appearance, and his hands were again full of little presents—kindly recollections from the Eastern bazaars;—the interchange of happy questions, two or three cheerful voices chiming together, and all the commotion of the arrival, culminates in my mind with one of the household jests which outlast the gravest recollections. He had a way on all occasions of turning to his wife for information and explanation upon any event which might have happened, with, when the event was unfortunate, a half reproachful expostulating air, as if she might have prevented it had she arranged differently, upon which I had often made merry. On the present occasion there was a death to tell him of,—the death of some one connected officially with his work, and whose removal necessitated certain alterations in his plans. It had happened not long before he joined us, and had to be told him—a very important item among the other news. I can see him now turning towards Mrs Tulloch that reproachful look, with puckers of trouble at the corners of his large serious eyes. "But, my dear!" he exclaimed with all the inflections of remonstrance, and a tone which said more clearly than any words,—Why did you let him die?

We lived in the street called Capo le Case, on the slope of the Pincian Hill, a large and at first very cheerful party. But with some of us this cheerfulness was not of long dura-

tion. Of this period, and of his life in Rome, I ought to be the most competent of witnesses, having for a time shared many of its occupations and pleasures; but it was suddenly broken to me by a terrible event in my own life—a great and crushing bereavement which effaced all that came after, and makes the recollections of the tranquil time before like a dim landscape blurred out with dismal showers. I can only say that Principal Tulloch received a great deal of attention and consideration in Rome among the English community, saw many interesting people, and took a warm and lively interest in all that was going on. During this time his mind was slowly but surely recovering its tone. The "very happy" of his arrival might not prove an assured and lasting reality, but he was able to take pleasure in society, and in the wonderful associations and historical scenes of the Eternal City. He went out a great deal, the season being a lively and pleasant one in the old way of Papal Rome, when great religious functions alternated with social enjoyments; and the receptions of the cardinals on one hand, and such great historical scenes as that of the Easter benediction *urbi et orbi* on the other, gave a character to the life which no other place in the world possessed. I think he found much enjoyment as well as something of the quickened opposition which Rome is apt to produce even in the minds of Roman Catholics of a thoughtful class in all these unique performances, both secular and ecclesiastical.

He was little satisfied with his own state, however, notwithstanding these alleviations, and describes himself as "better, yet in some respects very ill. The definite brain-trouble less persistent and painful, but my depression overmastering at times, and my sensitive irritation incessant." On the whole, however, I cannot but believe that, though almost reluctant and half afraid to acknowledge himself cured, his recovery was wholly completed during his residence in Rome. In addition to all other mental stimulants, he had

the excitement and satisfaction attendant upon a good piece of work worthily finished, which added such an interest and zest to life as only those compulsorily taken out of the midst of their labours and forced to inaction can understand. At this time Renan's 'Vie de Jésus' was the publication of the day. It had awakened a universal interest such as works of religious controversy rarely attain. Whether in love or in loathing, everybody read the book, and it was discussed in every company. It is scarcely necessary to say that this romance of scepticism roused in the manly mind of Tulloch an indignant repugnance, which opinions as little Christian, but expressed in a more serious way, would not have called forth. The Frenchman's sentimentalities and nauseous patronage of the Founder of Christianity were distasteful and indeed hateful to him, although he was naturally tolerant almost to excess of every independent belief or disbelief. During his wanderings this subject had very much occupied his mind, and the first impulse of returning strength was to begin a series of lectures to his students on the book which was then so largely read and talked of, and pronounced on every side to be as easy reading as any novel, and indeed not much unlike one. When the landscape grew hazy and the evening dark during his voyage, he retired, as has been seen, to his cabin, and applied himself to the discussion of Renan's statements and arguments; and his satisfaction in having begun or finished one of these lectures is expressed on several occasions in the diary already quoted. In Rome he completed the series, and they were read to a select little society of English visitors, chiefly clergymen—among whom, I think, was the late Dean Alford—with much appreciation. They were afterwards published by Messrs Macmillan under the title of 'The Christ of the Gospels.'

The Principal remained in Rome for about three months, and left Italy in the beginning of March on another visit to Greece, going to Athens, where he was for some weeks. Dur-

ing this second voyage he resumed his diary, a few extracts from which will give the best idea of his wanderings, as well as of the thoughts that accompanied them. He began his itinerary at Corfu, where there were renewed discussions about the modern Greek tongue, with a warm adoption on his part of native arguments in favour of it as essentially the same language with the classical, and in support of the final authority as to pronunciation, of the Greeks of to-day. "I wish," he says, "some of our Oxford men had been there to listen to the laughter with which they greeted our reading of the 'Iliad.' The question, I think, only admits of one solution. The language remains substantially the same, and the Greeks must be allowed to be the best authorities how to pronounce their own language." Corfu was then, however, still under English sway, and the interest grows as the steamer threads its way among the isles. It is unnecessary to follow the details of the journey and the descriptions of classical scenes, so well known and often described. I will accordingly restrict myself to more characteristic musings or records.

March 22*d.*—Left at six this evening to see Patras; interested particularly in St Andrew, our patron saint, whose bones were said to be carried from Patras to St Andrews by St Rule. They still lie here, however, the Greeks say. Visited the castle; a fine stronghold it must have been; afterwards the Church of St Andrew. The bones of the saint are said to lie in a very plain chest in a corner of the church, very different from the grand coffin in which the body of St Spiridion lies at Corfu. Poor St Andrew! What is the truth as to that melancholy cross of his? Did he have anything to do with Patras? All these legends grow in interest to me, while I yet feel more and more the necessity of analysing them cautiously, and distinguishing their spiritual beauty and traditional significance from their historical absurdities. My friend, the polemic Protestant Evangelical Committee man, thinks the whole rubbish. "If a' tales are true," he says with a supercilious guffaw, "that's nae lee." How wonderfully different people are in this world! I have allowed myself to be provoked by him absurdly; must avoid further controversy.

We anchored in a quiet bay, Parnassus rising to an imposing height in the distance, flecked with gleaming snow. Unable, unhappily, to visit Delphi, but landed and had a long walk till we came opposite the mountain gorge which connects it. How strange to find the central shrine of a great religious culture in such a spot, so barren and inaccessible! Altogether, the sight of Greece seems to give a strange reality to the scenes and events of Grecian history. All in our view is dwarfed, the country poor and monotonous, the towns small and must have been always so, many of them not worth fighting for, one might say; and yet is not the greatness of the people all the more apparent from this very fact? What an intellectual and spiritual power there must have been in such a people to cover the earth with their glory, and to make their wars the study of all cultivated nations!

March 23d.—The steamer having come to anchor in the bay of Corinth, . . . after various altercations with the stupid Greek steward, we got on shore, and set off in a rickety carriage to the ruins of Corinth, at the foot of the Acropolis. Some magnificent Doric pillars, a bath of Venus, and the remains of an amphitheatre at some distance from the others, comprise the ruins. The desolation is utter. All the more, perhaps, the mind is carried back to the old associations of the spot—the old splendour, luxury, grand and savage strength; and St Paul the tent-maker, working with Aquila, and preaching the Gospel in the house of Justus. The great apostle, how does his figure dominate over others and glorify the towns of Greece and Asia Minor amidst all other glories! The barrenness of the country struck us more than ever; poverty all around apparently extreme. More fertility, or at least luxuriance of wood, across the Isthmus; thyme abundant, and lovely pines. I wish I were as much of a botanist as to know the names of the plants.

The drive from the Piræus is in every respect disenchanting, especially with an unimaginative polemical Protestant by one's side. Yet even in the hazy afternoon the ancient glory can be traced shining through all the dust, business, and dirt of the modern approach to the modern city. We reached, along the most dusty road I ever travelled in my life, at five o'clock, the city of many dreams, the Acropolis, unmistakable at first sight with the undying glories of its architecture, rising upon the longing vision. The higher eminence of Lycabettus, however, forces attention and shares one's interest with the Acropolis. What is it? for of course no one is able at first sight to catch the topographical details. Is it the Areopagus? Of course not; but what it is nobody knows.

What a glory of decay! but exquisite beyond the most perfect imagination, so unlike, so inferior is almost all one sees in Rome; and yet such ruin, and here and there such mixture, Roman and even Venetian [1] work obtruding its miserable coarseness upon the exquisite forms of Grecian art.

April 6th.—Called on a Greek gentleman, married to a Scotch lady. Impressed in conversation with the impenetrable character of bigotry in every shape. Dr J. an illustration of the same kind. What a curious state of mind—I fancy it is comfortable—with unbroken, unbreakable trust in opinions which are nothing but conventions, which vanish at the touch of criticism! What sacred things are prejudices! How troublesome to have no such conventional background to rest upon,—to feel that all opinion is tentative, fleeting, vanishing,—that there is only one grand fact, if you could only get to it! In the evening dined at the Embassy; very pleasant, both Mr Scarlett and his daughter—the latter a charming girl, but neither Phil-Hellenes—too little so. A set of utterly frivolous *attachés*, to whom the old Hellenic heroes seemed to be good subjects of chaff.

April 8th.—Walked alone in the afternoon to Phalerum, and found the beach where Demosthenes paced with pebbles in his mouth in front of the stormy sea, practising himself to sway the fierce democracy of Athens. Did not put pebbles in my mouth nor declaim, but, all alone and dreary as the approach to the bay is at present, enjoyed in a solemn sort of way the walk. Struck by the resemblance of the beach itself to St Andrews East Sands.

April 11th.—A good night; and breakfasting in bed next morning, who should walk in but Macleod (Norman), as "large as life," and bluff and sunburnt from a tour in Syria. Got up and spent the day with him; forenoon rainy, but afternoon glorious. Dined with Macleod, his brother, and Strahan (publisher of 'Good Words'), and discussed theology and Church affairs till near midnight. Such discussions, however, I feel increasingly, do little good, even when there is perfect frankness of communication. One is tempted to say sometimes more, sometimes less, than one thinks and feels. I must learn, if possible (it will be a very hard lesson for me), silence. My work is plain enough, if God spares me, and I shall try and note it before closing this journal. It is *not* controversy; and from any revival of dogmatic controversy nothing but harm can come to the theo-

[1] The Principal was no authority on architecture, and I suspect speaks here with something of the contempt of ignorance, not knowing much about "Venetian work."

logical mind of Scotland, always on dogmatic edge at any rate. Criticism and teaching are what are needed—historical criticism of the great formative theological epochs especially, that the clergy, if possible, may learn how tentative, how temporary are all theological products, the result of the spiritual forces moving in their time, neither more nor less, coloured by the opinions and prejudices and half-thoughts of their time. Till this is understood—and it is not understood either in England or Scotland—there is no use in talking of further expansions or developments of theology. The clear understanding of the nature of theology will supersede dogmatic system—as authoritative—altogether, and leave the Church, if the Church can ever come to such an understanding, content with Scripture—with the Gospels, Epistles, Psalms, and to some extent the prophecies.

This sudden utterance, after the pleasant meeting in which, notwithstanding all novel and wonderful sensations and associations, the three Scots ministers had fallen by instinct into their natural talk, discussing the Presbyteries and Synods and all the currents of Scotch ecclesiastical opinion, under the shadow of the Acropolis, is so characteristic, that his friends will almost see the reddening brow and indignant vehemence with which Tulloch wrote as he would have spoken, the impatience of his natural disposition lending a picturesque force to his conviction. His determination to "learn silence," which he acknowledges would be "a very hard lesson," and his strong certainty of the hurtful influence of controversy, even when most impelled to it, reveal the man in his most inmost individual phase. He never did learn silence, happily for those to whom his conversation was always delightful, though there might now and then be moments in which it might have been well had he done so. For though he did not love controversy, the ancient Adam within him was a fighting man, and the contradiction of sinners always roused him, sometimes beyond prudential bounds.

The letter following gives a general view of the impression given to him of Greek political government.

To Dr Dickson. ATHENS, *April* 15, 1864.

I have more than once thought of writing to you, and I cannot leave Athens without sending you a few words, if nothing more. You will be glad to hear that my health is almost entirely restored. I have been better during the last three or four weeks than I have been for eighteen months. I have been busy amongst the glories of the Acropolis, and with excursions to Pentelicus, Eleusis, Marathon, in the last of which Macleod (who walked in upon me in the beginning of the week) joined me. I have seen a great deal of Mr Finlay and various *literati* and missionaries. Mr Finlay is a singularly well-informed and interesting man, but very severe and bitter in his comments on Greek patriotism and Greek officials. He thinks well of the Greek people generally, but has no terms too contemptuous for the official class, which unfortunately forms the great majority of the educated Greeks. The position of the new kingdom is, to say the least, very rickety. Statesmanship among the Greeks themselves is at a low ebb. The whole struggle is to get place or to keep place. The resources of the country remain undeveloped—roads unmade, fields uncultivated, in the very neighbourhood of Athens, notwithstanding all Finlay's economic preachings. The severity of his censures have alienated him from all parties, and made him somewhat of an object of alarm to them all. I have just returned to-night from a visit to one of their most distinguished professors of law, with whom I have had a good deal of political talk in connection with Finlay's views. I have seen a good deal also of Mr Scarlett, our minister, who has been very kind, and talked very freely about the condition of the country. He is not hopeful.

To Rev. R. H. Story.

I have had many discussions with all sorts of people about the prospects of the Greeks and the state of the Turkish empire. The most diverse opinions prevail; but from all I can see and know, I do not think there is any doubt that the Turks, in the course of another thirty years say, must go; the "sick man" must die outright, and the Greeks rise to their old empire on the Bosphorus. With them all is progress; education progressive in an unprecedented degree; and even the Church—stupid and uninstructed as many of the priests are—is stirring a little, and cannot help acquiring some new life from the mere friction of the national elements, if nothing else. The Church is certainly the weakness. Greek nationality is essentially bound up in it. It kept up the sentiment when it had died out elsewhere; it gave the watchword of the revolution. The old Archbishop of Patras, the venerated patriarch of Constantinople, was its most notable champion. But

the priests are still for the most part an ignorant, sensual-looking lot, and French manners and French modes of thought are spreading among the Greeks of Constantinople and Anatolia. It is only through a revival in the Church that these can be elevated, and let us hope it will come soon.

These two communications seem to embody rather different views, the one being that of the residents, who were, perhaps naturally, pessimistic, and the other the Principal's own generous and hopeful view, with an equally natural inclination towards the brighter side. In all his letters he speaks with great enthusiasm of the Greek educational system, of which he had formed the very highest opinion. But he had not the time nor perhaps the information necessary for a fully considered and competent judgment on the subject, and I give his impressions as he gave them to his friends, merely as the passing opinions of an interested traveller, what he heard and what he saw.

He returned to join us in Capri on the 19th of April. We had been there for some weeks, and had already gathered round us a little tribe of guides and attendants—nowhere so ready as in Italy to be turned into devoted friends and retainers by a little kindness—who followed our cavalcade in all our expeditions, watching the children with the most genial care. In twenty years (and more) the out-of-the-way corners of Italy have become familiar to the ever-increasing crowds of travellers, but at that time there were few visitors to Capri, and we had the island much to ourselves. We lived at the Hotel Qui-si-sana, then recently established by a Scotch doctor, Dr Clarke, one of several British travellers who had succumbed to the fascinations of Capri beauties. The spell of these modern sirens had been curiously effective at one particular moment, and other gentlemen of greater social importance had yielded to it. Our doctor indemnified himself as some of the others could not do for the sacrifice of a world well lost for love, by setting up his hotel; and

his wife retained the somewhat severe and Juno-like beauty for which he had abandoned all the chances of life, which could not be said for the other ladies. Our favourite guide was a very handsome fellow called Feliciello, whose appearance every day with his train of subdued and saddened ponies, trained to climb the stony stairs which do service for roads in Capri, was always pleasant to the youthful members of the party. His swarthy, handsome face, Greek in feature, which is the Capriote's boast, burnt brown by fiercest suns; his curly black locks, curling under the red Phrygian cap, which was his daily wear, his lithe and active person, made as picturesque a picture as possible at the head of the little troop. When the Principal first appeared among the party of ladies and children already familiar to him, Feliciello could not conceal his admiration of such a splendid specimen of humanity, and one so different from his own. The great height and stately bearing, the *barba-rossa* and fair Saxon colour which always impress a swarthy race, the easy largeness and magnificence of the man, took all speech from the admiring and surprised guide. After walking round him with murmurs of ecstasy, Feliciello, at last in despair of being able otherwise to give expression to his feelings, came forward in a sort of rapture and patted the Principal energetically on the shoulder, in sheer applause and delight.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of Capri in the softness of the spring—the green figs on the trees, the sweet lemons and oranges hanging golden among branches tipped with blossom—and the fresh fine air of the island-mountain standing up between the blue sky and the bluer sea. The stony paths all mounting and descending, not a yard of level road anywhere except that one brief promenade which led to the Punto, ran between fields rustling with corn or terraces elaborately cultivated, rising in tiers each no bigger than a table, with great green fresh vine-leaves bursting out of every patch

of soil. The gardens were all fenced in with fantastic hedges of prickly-pear; the little flat-roofed white houses among their vineyards bore the Eastern character of the race that inhabited them, and might have been Syrian cottages instead of Italian. And at every corner the little clanking cavalcade came out upon a mount of vision. Naples, white and splendid upon the lip of the bay; Vesuvius, rising to the sky, unusually tranquil that year, with nothing but the faintest wreath of smoke, like a white cloud, to betray his fiery heart; the sprinkled white specks of villages between his base and the angle of Castellamare, on the plain where Pompeii lies unseen; or from the Punto where we used to end our promenade, the great brown rocks of the Faraglioni rising out of the azure sea like towers—and beyond the promontory of Sorrento, and that enchanted coast which rounds towards Amalfi, one of the loveliest of earthly landscapes. The enchantment of those wonderful seas as blue as heaven, scarcely fretted by the great rocks, into all the crevices of which the little tideless waves played with a dazzling ripple, brought a certain calm even to the sick heart. Many years after, when the dear companion of these wanderings, the gentle "Padrona" of our Italian party, lay almost dying, in the dream of fainting faculties without suffering, she imagined herself to be floating within the shelter of the Faraglioni upon the soft undulations of that peaceful sea.

The Principal's record of the time is very brief—"quiet and idleness at Capri," he says. He made all our excursions over again—glad to find himself once more with his wife and his girls; amused by the people about; pleased to explore the heights of Anacapri, the summit of our little island-world, and to pause at all our favourite points of view; and to drop a stone from the Salto, whence, according to tradition, the victims of Tiberius were thrown down—while the children listened with breathless awe to note how long was the interval before it struck the echoing rocks below. In this quiet

retreat he completed the revision of his lectures on Renan, with which his mind had been much occupied during all his travels. It was at the conclusion of his stay in Capri that we made a little excursion to Pæstum, of which one or two amusing incidents still remain in my mind. We went to Amalfi by sea in one of the little Mediterranean boats with huge sails, which are so picturesque, but which look, and sometimes are, so dangerous on a squally sea. We were caught in what I suppose was not really a storm, but gale enough to make the tacking of the boat exceedingly uncomfortable. To myself, a very bad sailor, the voyage was one of unmitigated wretchedness. I was roused from my misery, however—being supposed to be the interpreter of the party—to bid the boatmen take in the sail and take to their oars instead. They answered me with gentle laughter at my supposed fears, and soothing assurances of our perfect safety, until the Principal grew impatient. He had no Italian, but another kind of eloquence which is superior to language. He clenched his large fist and held it up in Luigi's laughing face: "Take, down, that, sail," he said, in deliberate imperative English. No need for any interpretation—the canvas came down in a moment; there was no mistaking the meaning of that tone or of those eyes.

I need not attempt to describe the wonders of that lovely coast: the road from Amalfi to Salerno, which has remained in my recollection ever since as the most exquisite I have ever traversed; or the longer strange journey to Pæstum, across a wild and lonely country, where every peasant in the field carried a gun, and the brigands were known to be hovering always near. Our innocent party went without either escort or alarm, half amused at the thought of any danger, quite without any realisation of its possibility. It was exactly a year later that an English party, as much at their ease as ourselves, were taken by the brigands on the same road—one of them being carried off to a fastness in the hills,

and suffering many privations and miseries before he was rescued. Fortunately our journey was accomplished without any risk. I remember only the dreary solitude of most of the country through which we passed; the wild look of desolation around those great strange temples in the wilderness, so vast and silent, their red columns outlined against the blaze of the sky—"fanes of fruitless prayer," standing in weird perfection and decay, a proud pathetic monument of a religion gone by. The strangeness of the scene altogether lingers in recollection—the gigantic ruins standing all alone, with nothing to soften the extraordinary breach of all human continuity between their roofless and naked splendour and the poverty and misery of the living day; the rough and wretched house, which was the only habitation near; its master, half peasant, half innkeeper, not courteous like most Italians, but rough and arrogant in his monopoly of bread and wine, the only refreshment and service attainable; some little naked children, the only European creatures absolutely without clothing I have ever seen; and a pack of hungry, horrible dogs, with divided noses—animals from which even a dog-lover recoiled, until the pathetic hunger and humility in their eyes broke the spell.

The Principal's notes of this journey are very brief. "Beautiful, picturesque bit of road from Amalfi to Salerno," he says; "to Pæstum, long fatiguing drive, but rewarded by the grand Temple of Neptune: neither of the others very imposing." We came back by La Cava, where he visited the Benedictine Monastery among its beautiful woods, and afterwards returned to Rome, taking Pompeii—"interesting beyond all things I have seen"—and Naples on the way. Rome was finally left by the whole party on the 29th May, in the old easy manner of Italian travel, in a big roomy *vettura*, large enough to contain us all. There was no railway at that time to Rome, except from Civita Vecchia. We took our way by Viterbo and Orvieto to the point where the rail-

way, then in process of making, was completed, by which the Principal continued his journey to Florence; and thence, by the Eastern Riviera to Genoa, Milan, and the lakes. He afterwards went on across the Splügen to Germany, accompanied by Mrs Tulloch and his eldest son, and stayed for some time at Tübingen, returning with great zest to his favourite study of German literature and theology, and making some pleasant friends among the professors of the university there. The following letter conveys some of his first impressions, and shows, I think, the warm home-like feeling which moved him towards the German race and land. Italy was beautiful, and full of associations, but never so dear.

To Rev. R. H. Story. TÜBINGEN, *June* 19, 1864.

I have not time to tell you of all the glory of the Splügen and the Via Mala, which we saw in great perfection, the morning mist breaking upon it like a great curtain suddenly removed; and then the charming, bright, deep-verdured picturesqueness of the drive from Fleuris to Coire, most refreshing to us, and grateful even after the grandest Italian scenery, with its artificial terrace-work—never so entirely natural as Swiss scenery. Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, where we remained a night, is a charming place, and tempted us very much to stay a while, but I was anxious to be here for some weeks, and so we came on. The weather here, unfortunately, has been very wet, and Willie has had a bad asthmatic attack, entirely confining him to the hotel. Meantime I am busy with ample means of study at the University Library and in making visits to the several theological classes in the University. Dr Beck is now the great Protestant authority here, and Hefele (whose edition of the 'Apostolic Fathers' I have read so often) the chief Catholic name. The present tide of theological speculation is decidedly evangelical, and the old Tübingen school of which one hears so much in England is no more. Baur's name, however, is held in great respect. Personally he seems to have been a very worthy fellow, and he and Beck lived on terms of cordiality, utterly differing as they did. There are more than half-a-dozen Scotch and Irish students, among them a son of Lord Curriehill.[1] And we all live in a very humble but hearty way in the Traube Post here, the chief hotel of the place, breakfasting at

[1] The Rev. Theodore Marshall, minister of Caputh.

any unwontedly early hour you like, and *dining*—think of that!—at half-past twelve, *table d'hôte*. They are a strange and simple people, and fill me with many thoughts as to their power of theological speculation, and of eating at half-past twelve. The liberality with which Beck and Hefele (the latter really a gentlemanly-looking man, even in our sense of the words, with bright humorous eyes) expectorate during the delivery of their lectures would make you open your eyes. The class-rooms of both are filled to the door, upwards of a hundred students respectively taking notes with the most reverent carefulness—Catholic students from all parts of the world, and many Swiss, Scotch, and Irish, as well as German Protestants.

I have, of course, heard the sad news from St Andrews. What sadness it has been to me I cannot tell you. St Andrews can never be the same place without Ferrier. God knows what is to become of the University with all those breaks upon its old society; and where can we supply such a place as Ferrier's?

I have heard nothing as yet of the publication of my volume on Renan. Macmillan, I fear, must be a slow coach, but now that it is off my hands it does not trouble me much.

To Dr Dickson. TÜBINGEN, *July* 4, 1864.

I have been here now for about a month, and have enjoyed the place pretty well. I have attended a great many of the lectures, and begin to understand them very well, especially Dr Hefele, Church Historian, and Dr Kuhn, Dogmatic Professor of the Catholic Faculty, both of whom speak very plainly and slowly. Dr Kuhn, of whom I never heard before, nor you either probably, is an extremely able man, belonging to the same liberal school in Catholic theology as Dollinger, &c., in Munich. He has been attacked, like Dollinger, by the pure Traditionalist school, as a Rationalist, of course, but he maintains his own position with great vigour. His 'Dogmatik,' of which two volumes are published, strikes me as being as good as anything of the sort I have ever met with. Hefele is a little, bright, old, gentlemanly-looking man—gentlemanly-looking, I mean, for a German professor, for they are rather a clownish lot as a whole. I attend regularly his course on Patrology, which is very good and very simple, and, as we would say, elementary. The great man in the Protestant faculty is Dr Beck, a name also probably unknown to you, but of great note here among the Protestant students. He is an earnest, able man, with a tendency to mysticism and millenarianism in reaction from Baur, whose colleague he was. I go to hear him expound the Epistle to the Ephesians, and have occasionally also heard him on Christian ethics. I found him, however, much more difficult to follow than

the others I have mentioned. He is a genuine *Schwabe* in speech as in other things. With all his excellences as a man and a teacher, I do not think there is much good in his tendency. Baur, having made *history* of the whole Christian system, evaporated the Creed in a historical development. Beck plainly underrates the historical element in theological system, and tries to go back in a Methodistic arbitrary way to the Biblical text. And so the theological ball goes from extreme to extreme in this blessed land of free-thinking and intellectual conceit, which, I am forced to confess, appears to me to explain a great deal of their systematising both in philosophy and theology. I have also heard, but only once, Dr Oehler, the great Hebraist, and who also lectures on Symbolik. I have been doing something to Hebrew with other things, and mean to have more of him by-and-by. He is lecturing on Job. I have made a very pleasant acquaintance, Dr Pauli, whose name you will know in connection with early English history. Our historic sympathies are a bond of connection, and I have had some very pleasant talks with him, and hope to have many more. I shall probably stay here till about the end of the *semestre*, or middle of August, and then go on to Switzerland for a run, and then, if God spares me, will home.

I mean to fill out and recast my whole system of dogmatic, and hope, during the next six weeks here, to make as much preparation as may greatly relieve me during the session. There are a good many Scotch students here. I need not say what a blow both to my wife and myself Ferrier's death has been. *Quando ullum*, &c. How we are to supply his place in the University, God knows. I have not heard of a candidate of the slightest philosophical reputation.

Dr Pauli is a great friend of Mommsen, and gave me a very piquant account of him.

It will be seen from the above letters that the much-lamented death of Professor Ferrier, the Principal's closest and most admired and respected friend in St Andrews, had occurred during this long absence. The removal of that delicate and clear spirit from a little society in which his position was so important, and his innate refinement of mind so powerful and beneficial an influence, was a loss almost indescribable, not only to the friends who loved him, but to the university. His great reputation was an honour and credit to the place, combining as it did so many associations

of the brilliant past with those due to the finest intellectual perceptions and the most engaging and attractive character. Even his little whimsicalities and strain of quaint humour gave a charm the more; and the closing of the cheerful house, the centre of wit and brightness to the academical community, was a loss which St Andrews never failed to feel, nor the survivors to lament. The immediate question of a successor to this beloved and revered friend produced in the Principal's mind an almost indignant determination to resist any appointment to the vacant place which should not provide a fitting and worthy occupant for Ferrier's chair. "No mean man, if I can help it," he vows with very comprehensible warmth, "shall step into his place. But to supply *his* place will be impossible.

> 'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus,
> Tam cari capitis.'

I cannot think of him, and of all he was to me, without a very full feeling about my heart." His pleasure in finding a candidate who satisfied even that jealous impulse of affection, is expressed in the following letter, still from Tübingen:—

To Rev. R. H. Story.

I have heard only a few days ago (July 28) of Baynes being a candidate, in a note from Skelton. I need not say I am very happy at the thought. Notwithstanding Mr Green, a famous Balliol man, of course, about whom Dean Stanley writes to me, Baynes is, of all men I know, the man competent for the chair, and from the many high qualities which I have always heard attributed to him by his friends, the man for St Andrews. His metaphysical abilities are beyond question. He is certainly, as Mr Scott says, the greatest pupil of Sir W. Hamilton, before either Veitch or Fraser, I should say, and he has had the great advantage of a regular literary training. There is something in him besides mere Hamiltonianism, I should further think: so that, so far as I can see, he is the man. I write, of course, to you in confidence. Do not say anything of my opinion to any one, because we have always agreed as a court to say as little as possible beforehand about candidates.

As to my book, I have had one or two not very important, but very favourable reviews of it. I do not expect, however, that it will be much noticed. The occasion to some extent was past, and newspapers do not very well know how to handle such a subject. It has served my purpose, and I am very glad it is published. I am, upon the whole, not at all ashamed of it, as I am apt to be of my work after it is done; and I hope it may be the beginning of the more thorough, and to some extent more professional, work to which I mean to devote myself. Stanley in his letter mentions that although he had not as yet himself read it, he had heard the Argylls speak "very highly" of it—an intimation not very important, but so far gratifying.

In another letter of a following date, the qualifications of another candidate for the Philosophy Chair are discussed. Dr Flint, now so well known, was then, at the beginning of his career, the parish minister of Kilconquhar, where he had already given demonstration of his gifts.

To Rev. Dr Mitchell. TÜBINGEN, *Aug.* 4, 1864.

As to Mr Flint becoming a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy, I should be very glad indeed if he came forward, and with the opinion I have of his philosophical powers I should give his claims the most favourable consideration; but with such a candidate as Spencer Baynes in the field, who has shown himself to be a man of great philosophical capacity, and whose literary merits are also conspicuous, I question whether any influence should be used with Mr Flint to urge him to come forward. Such powers as his are sure of a professional field somewhere; and it is open to question whether theology in some of its departments is not, rather than philosophy, his appropriate field. The matter, however, is one for himself to determine.

In such a department as philosophy there is a great difference between promise and presumed capacity (in the estimation of friends), and the proved mastery of thought which can hold its own in a time like ours. Cunningham's claims, I do not think, can be entertained, although he has undoubtedly a lively interest in metaphysical questions, and was a distinguished student of Sir William Hamilton's. I have received strong testimonies in Mr Green's favour from Dean Stanley and others, but we may have enough of even such good things as "Balliol men."

This question was solved in a highly satisfactory way by the settlement of both of the favoured candidates at St

Andrews—Mr Baynes being appointed to the Chair of Logic, which fell vacant during these discussions by the translation of Professor Veitch to a similar post in Glasgow, and Mr Flint succeeding Professor Ferrier. Both appointments were thoroughly successful. Professor Baynes spent all the rest of his life in the University, in which his gentle presence was an always appreciated advantage, and became one of Tulloch's dearest and most trusted friends. He followed the companion of so many busy and cheerful days to the grave within six months: thus adding another desolation and an additional change to the University, which within a very short time lost so many of its heads and chiefs. Dr Flint, after a brilliant career at St Andrews, was transferred to Edinburgh, where he is now at the head of the theological faculty. In both cases Principal Tulloch's favourable judgment was verified in the highest degree.

The letters in which these matters are discussed are full of thanks and acknowledgments for the brotherly-kindness with which the various friends addressed had given their services in many ways. During his long absence Tulloch had indeed been very fortunate, help having come to him from all quarters to make so long an interval of rest possible. His lectures were read to his students by Mr Dickson; the duties of the clerkship in the General Assembly were discharged by Mr Story, who also undertook the business involved in the administration of the Royal Bounty. These were all labours of love, rewarded only by the gratification of Dr Tulloch's friends in seeing him return home full of new vigour and strength.

I will quote only one more letter before the conclusion of this wander-year. The central point of his illness, if I may use this expression—the fantastic selection by his imagination of an altogether trivial if not quite imaginary error, as the instrument of torture—had by this time entirely passed away, but it had left behind it a very strong, almost exaggerated

sense of the importance of self-defence against such dangers to come, in which there still lurked something of the old morbid self-consciousness. To perfect himself in all the niceties of scholarship, to acquire all the modern languages, to see and study everything which could by any possibility bear upon his work or increase his personal culture, was the immense task which he now set himself, returning again and again to his plans for carrying out this prodigious scheme of self-perfection with much of the delusive confidence of youth, and with all the warmth of that happy convalescence which had given him back to life. Mrs Tulloch and his son left him at Tübingen some weeks before he was himself ready to leave, and his letters to his wife in this lonely interval are full of those fervent resolutions and plans. His intention was to spend the long summer vacations abroad for a number of years with all his children, surrounding himself with the comforts and solaces of home, along with the means of study which he found more practicable in such a simple life as that of the Swabian University; and for the moment the claims of ever-increasing public business, and all the complications of life, seemed capable of yielding to this utopian project, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, had to be relinquished as soon as he found himself back again amid all the demands and occupations of his natural sphere.

To his Wife. TÜBINGEN, *August* 8, 1864.

More and more I feel the need of adhering to my plan of five years' close study. I feel this must be the condition of my own real usefulness in my professional work, which must be the chief object as well as the highest duty of my life, and which I feel upon the whole could never be acquired in adequate measure at any future period. This work, indeed, ought to have been the peculiar aim of the first five years of my appointment; but many things prevented me from entering upon it with the thoroughness which is alone of any use. I feel it, therefore, the more necessary not to allow further years to slip away. During this time it would be well if I could abstain from authorship altogether, as it

is impossible to combine the two sorts of work. I must try as far as I can to do so, although I should like to be making always some progress in preparation for the 'Religious History,' or 'History of Religious Opinions in the Eighteenth Century,' which, if I am spared to carry it out, I hope may prove worthy of my position. My real feelings about my work and duty have been so aroused by recent experiences that I do not estimate these external matters as I used to do. And it would be well indeed for my peace of mind—I do not see any other real source of peace—if I could rise above them altogether, and do all I do simply from a sense of duty, from thoughtful and quiet religious impulses, making my work as thorough and as good as I can, and leaving all the rest to God. *That is the only rest*, if one could only attain to it; but with an excitable sensitive nature like mine, so alive to the outside world, and with such an excessive craving for sympathy, it is very difficult to do this. If I could only learn quietness and patience, and not self-trust, which is simply self-delusion; but I trust in God. If God will, I will learn this.

Do not think because I write in this strain I am at all ill in my old sense; I am upon the whole very well; but a man has time to reflect as he sits here in this lonely room, and such thoughts have in fact come to be habitual with me. I should like if you could enter into them with a true feeling—not because they are mine merely, but because they are right. In sending such a strange illness, and still more in sparing me through it, God has no doubt been dealing with me for some great practical purpose if my life is to be continued; and this has no doubt to do with the discharge of my duties in St Andrews, and, so far as I can interpret it, takes the character I have indicated. The more soberly, therefore, I reflect upon the matter, the more I feel that everything in my life, even so far as our family is concerned, should yield to the desire that has been created in me of more thoroughly mastering all the materials of my professional work and duty, and fitting myself more fully for the discharge of both. I do not doubt, with continued health and God's blessing, to accomplish all or nearly all that I can desire, but only through steadfast perseverance in my aim, and freedom from the social and business distractions that especially a summer residence in St Andrews brings with it. And although this course may not be without some disadvantages to the children, it should also have for them special advantages; and my own increased feelings of responsibility may have the effect, also by God's blessing, of inspiring the elder ones with something of the same thoughtfulness, without any, or with as little as possible, of the painful experiences with which it has been associated in my case.

But this is a long grave story; only when such thoughts are constantly familiar to me, I feel it right that you should know them, and if possible share them.

This plan of abstract life, entirely dominated by duty, and independent of all the daily bonds and hindrances of humanity, is what few men can carry out. The Principal was not more independent of such hindrances than other men; but to form such plans and breathe such prayers is much, and nothing could be more entirely sincere, as is evident in every line, than this self-denying purpose and hope.

He published in 'Macmillan's Magazine' an account of Tübingen, and the life of the university there, but did little else in the way of literature, save the work already frequently referred to, 'The Christ of the Gospels,' which was a commentary upon, and confutation of, Renan's 'Vie de Jésus,' primarily for the use of his students at St Mary's. This book, as has been already said, roused an unusual force of hostility and dislike in the mind of the manly thinker, whose sympathy with all freedom of thought, and tolerance of all honest opinion, never weakened his devout and earnest sense that in the character and life of our Lord lies all Christianity; but the Principal was much too anxious that his students, the future clergy of his Church, should be fitted at all points, and ready to take the fictitious glitter out of a popular romance as well as the fallacy out of a piece of reasoning, to neglect a work which had occupied so much of the attention of the public, and which was read in many circles which had neither time nor patience for graver books.

These lectures were entirely written during his holiday, begun on shipboard, and finished on the slopes of the Pincian, as he came back slowly to perfect health. "I felt," he says in his preface, "with returning strength reluctant to be idle in my professional capacity, even amidst the engrossing

glories of Rome." And he adds with a touching personal reference: "To myself these lectures have something of a mournful interest, associated as they have been with a time of painful trial and suffering. At such a time one learns to look within to see on what one's life is resting. Christianity is nothing to me or any man if it is not a source of living strength, 'the light of life.' This, I trust, I have found it to be in a time of need. And out of the fulness of my feeling I have spoken." It was well that the Frenchman, offering to the world a sort of romance of spiritual enthusiasm—the story of a beautiful Galilean youth, instead of that of the Man of Sorrows—should have been met by one who was himself of the sect of the romantic, and as apt to perceive the picturesque interest and lovely human incidents of that divine life as any one could be, but to see them with that sublime accompaniment which alone makes them harmonious, and which the narrator on the other side has to supply the place of by suggestions of guile and imposture which are antagonistic to his own ideal, as well as the loftier ideal of the Christian. I have always thought that the little book in which these lectures were finally given to the public, contains some of the finest passages Tulloch ever wrote: especially that in which with fine originality he points out the difference between the death of our Lord and that of all the martyrs and saints, the wonderful mystery of suffering and awe which surrounds the accomplishment of the great sacrifice, in comparison with those joyful encounters of torture and pain which His servants made in His name. The passage is one which did not, so far as I recollect, call forth very much comment. It occurs almost at the end of the book; but I have never seen the thought put forward anywhere else, nor the same comparison made; and there are few more beautiful descriptions of the central fact in the Christian faith.

On his return to Scotland in the autumn of 1864, the

Principal was naturally and very speedily drawn into the ordinary routine of his university and public life, and resumed his interrupted duties with renewed zest, leaving in abeyance for the moment those heroic schemes of study which were little compatible with the all-enveloping coil of everyday affairs which winds itself around a man in office when he returns after a long interval to daily work and the necessities of common life.

By this time, however, it becomes necessary to leave the easier strain of his private and professional affairs—which, I am obliged to confess, is more within my own range and sympathies than the other—and to indicate something of the course of events in Scotland, and especially in the Church of Scotland, which soon claimed his warmest attention, and led him more and more into the excitements and commotions of public life.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

THE Church of Scotland, in which Principal Tulloch was ordained at a moment of much depression and confusion—the Disruption having just carried away a large body of her ablest ministers, and many of those whose names had been representative of her highest life—had undergone a very great and momentous change during the twenty years which had elapsed since that extraordinary event. No Church has ever sustained a greater blow; and there was some justification for the hope entertained by those who abandoned her communion, that she would fail utterly in this tremendous emergency, and that their own claims to be the real Church in Scotland would then be fully vindicated, as well as the gibe and nickname of "Residuary" flung at the old organisation by the new.

But such anticipations are never infallible, and a very short time sufficed to show that the Free Church was not destined to take the place of the Mother, but, on the contrary, that the new departure had only added a powerful new party to the ranks of Dissent, and acted as an equally powerful stimulant on a new generation full of genius, courage, and high spirit within the Established Church. In such a case success is in reality the only test. Had the Free Church crushed the "Residuary," her action would have been

justified; as she did not, there remains upon her head the painful responsibility of having filled the country with a universal opposition, putting up rival organisations in every parish, and tearing asunder a once almost unanimous nation. As things turned out, from the rent that was thus made and from the severe blow that for a moment almost paralysed the National Church, she arose in the remarkable and unexpected way, by which the Christian Church in all its developments has over and over again vindicated itself in the face of enemies and misfortunes. It would perhaps be over bold to say in respect to the Church of Scotland what has been said with great effect of the Church of Rome, that the "gates of hell have not prevailed against her." It has not been the gates of hell: such instrumentality is more easy to meet and more hopeful to conquer. The division which makes an army of good men and true Christians, to whom it would be a failure of charity to impute evil motives, yet who devoutly believe it their mission to annihilate her — the Church's enemies—is more painful and miserable than any assault of malignant principalities and powers. But every Church of Christ seems somehow to inherit a share of this promise. Her intimate foes, who were her own children, did not in this case prevail. What seemed the deathblow of the Church of Scotland became her new birth; and in twenty years it is not too much to say, that her national importance had become again, notwithstanding the presence of the Free Church by her side, as marked and great as in her best times.

This rending asunder of the Church had, however, produced a very remarkable effect unprecedented in Scotland. Since the Reformation, with the exception of an individual here and there, the inspiration of Scotch Churchmen had been invariably found in those fathers and symbols of the faith which have flourished since the sixteenth century. Before Knox, no one—a blank of Popery and superstition—has been what the most liberal minds have seen in looking back; nor

have there been any authorities, especially in Church matters, referred to or conceived of before the days of the First Covenant. One might almost think from many utterances, even of the most pious and enlightened minds, that to mark their divergence from the devotees of apostolical succession, the Presbyters of Scotland had cut themselves off from all parentage, and disowned all laws of lineage and succession before a certain date. In this faith the Free Church went her way, reckoning no other progenitors, and thinking of no other channel of thought or feeling than that formed for her by the convictions of the Reformation age.

But strangely enough, and I have not knowledge sufficient to determine how, the new troops that gradually poured into the abandoned *cadres* of the deserted camp, took an altogether new departure. For the first time a longing for freer air and an expanded atmosphere came with the quick growth of the renewed existence. It awoke in the open, liberal, and dispassionate mind of Principal Tulloch, in one department of thought and life; in the large, fervent, sympathetic nature of Norman Macleod in another; and in the precise and keen intellect of Robert Lee in a third. All of them were roused by one impulse—seized by a longing after a communion more extended than that which was confined within the limits of a scientific system of doctrine and a certain number of centuries. They bethought themselves simultaneously that the Apostles' Creed was older and wider and simpler than the Westminster Confession; that the laws of God had been revealed before ever the Reformers were thought of, and that prayer and praise had not been invented in the sixteenth century. These men were not without prejudice. They were all ready enough to vituperate Popish superstition, and call heaven and earth to witness how dark and benighted were other lands, and how inferior to their own; they had their own kind of bigotry, like most men. They were even somewhat illiberal in respect, for instance, to

Episcopalians in Scotland, whose assumptions of superior authority exercised, and not unnaturally, an irritating influence upon them. But with all this their minds had taken a new turn, unprecedented in Scottish ways. A longing for something "more Catholic, more magnanimous," as Irving had said in a previous generation, came upon them. They remembered that, in their acknowledged descent from the original fathers of the faith, no leap had been made, no such wonderful bound as from St Paul to John Knox, which had been somehow the idea encouraged in Scotland; but that all the old saints, both great and small, were in their spiritual genealogy too, and that all the old ways of the Christian world, tender traditions of everything that was lovely and of good report belonged to them also—the hymn of Ambrose as well as the "The Lord's my shepherd." This, there is no doubt, was very new in the Scotch Church. The dogmatists of the "Free" were more faithful in their rigid traditionalism to that handful of great men to whom they limited their progeniture. It had never been known in Scotland, except perhaps in such a benignant individuality as that of Archbishop Leighton, that the Church should serve herself heir to all Christianity, and recognise a pedigree reaching further back than Geneva. And yet there could be no doubt that every Christian practice and custom as well as instinct and hope were hers, as they were the inheritance of all Christians.

When leaders are named, a certain strength of followers is always understood. Young Scotch ministers who had travelled, who had seen other countries at their devotions, and had learned to be ashamed of the hasty conclusion that they themselves were the holy seed, and that all the world lay in wickedness, had come throughout the country in many quiet corners to the same conclusion. The reader has already seen how to Tulloch in his wanderings the still sanctity of the open cathedral, the subdued atmosphere of

prayer, were, of all things he encountered, the most interesting. It is very difficult for members of another communion to understand how this should be, while still the sympathetic spectator holds as firmly as ever by the special features of his own development of Christianity, and is as little inclined as ever to adopt any other form. I have, in my own experience, exasperated many friendly and anxious Roman Catholics with an admiration and sympathy which made it no more possible for me than for the most bigoted opponent to accept their system. The admiration of the Scotch clergy for common prayer and ancient liturgical services has been even a harder problem for their Episcopalian neighbours.

It happened at the period to which we have now reached that in all three of the lines above referred to an epoch had been attained. Dr Robert Lee of Greyfriars, in Edinburgh, had been working for a long time in that which specially occupied him, the improvement and perfection of the system of public worship in his own particular church. No controversy between two systems has ever been carried on without a certain amount of injustice, and there is no doubt that the sharp criticism to which the old austere worship of Scotland was now subjected, was sometimes harsh and excessive. "Irreverent discords of atrocious noises, considered singing from the heart," "prayer, partly extempore addresses to the Deity, telling Him what He is and what we expect Him to do for us, partly sermons to the audience," and many other reproaches of a similar kind, contained no doubt a certain amount of truth, but also a natural dilution of much that was false and uncharitable. I remember a very homely service in a Highland parish, to which I once conducted an English visitor, and where every fault of the Scotch form of worship was in full exhibition; but the singing of the untutored voices, rough as they were and tuneless, in many cases open enough to ridicule, affected this spectator almost to tears, as no well-ordered choir ever could do. These effects

are not to be generalised, and sometimes the rude and simple rite retains a wonderful power of touching the heart, while the "improved service" only suggests a mutilation of more ornate worship. However, I am not called upon to record my opinion—not to say that the opinion of one only occasionally present at these homely offices is not worth recording at all. Dr Lee led the devotions of his church into the best adaptation he could devise and select from universal precedent. Though he did not altogether follow the ritual of the English Church, yet that was his chief inspiration. He composed his prayers with much care and devotional feeling, using, if not always the same, yet a limited number, for selection or in succession, thus combining the safety of a liturgy with the freedom of individual usage. The art of writing prayers is not one that belongs to this age, and the minister of Greyfriars was not much more or less successful in it than the Archbishop of Canterbury. But he at all events succeeded in regulating his own services so as to give something of a careful ritual along with the expositions and discourses dear to Scottish taste. These proceedings were not accomplished without much comment and criticism, accompanied in some regions by a great horror of the "innovations,"—in all by much curiosity and excitement about the new system which promised, if generally carried out, to revolutionise the Church of Scotland. The question had been already brought before the General Assembly, and its progress checked for a time. But ecclesiastical prohibitions are generally made only to be disobeyed, and Dr Lee returned to his work as soon as the excitement of the first attack upon it was over. In 1864 his service at Greyfriars having been fully established, and acting as an example to many other congregations, the subject of "Innovations in Worship" was again brought before the notice of the Assembly, with much fervour on the part of his opponents, and a powerful defensive plea on his own side. But public opinion had so far progressed by this time, that

the question of innovation was dismissed, and Dr Lee was permitted to continue upon his way.

This debate and question, and still more the action of Dr Lee in introducing so many new elements into the services of the Church—a much greater use of music, an organ, and the system of read prayers—called forth one of the many attempts made by the more liberal portion of the Episcopalian Church in Scotland, to bring about a union between that rising yet numerically small body and the National Church. Such overtures are called forth periodically by the energetic animadversions of Scotch ministers upon the faults and deficiences of their own organisation, but have generally consisted in an offer less disinterested than courageous—of absorption into the smaller communion, and of the repose to be found in her venerable but limited bosom. In the present case, however, the proposal was more sensible and understanding. It was brought forward by an Episcopalian clergyman in the north, Dr Rorison, who—instead of calling upon the representatives of the Scotch Establishment to come humbly to the arms of his Church stretched out to receive them, with dust on their heads and sackcloth on their shoulders, as Bishop Wordsworth and others, less wise than zealous, had often done—proposed a conference to decide upon some basis of meeting, on the ground that "absolute uniformity of congregational worship" was not essential, and that "Presbytery was not naturally destructive of Episcopacy." I think it very unlikely that Dr Rorison was a man of great influence in his own communion, or that he would have secured the consent of the leaders of his Church to such a foundation of negotiations; but neither was there any possibility of securing the attention of the other side. Dr Lee, indeed, in the first instance, seemed willing to adopt the suggestion, but it met with no favour in the Church generally, which wanted no fundamental change, nor was at all dissatisfied with its own framework and resources, but merely desired a certain

degree of freedom within its own borders—freedom which did not interfere with constitutional loyalty, and preference of its own way. Among other important personages in the Church, the proposal was submitted to Principal Tulloch, and his reply was given in the following letter. He had followed with sympathy Dr Lee's devotional developments, but had taken no further part in the movement; and owing to his absence from Scotland during the Assembly of 1864, had not appeared in the public discussions of the question. But nothing could be more decided than his conviction that the struggle into which he was himself entering, for freedom of thought, as well as the struggle in which his friend was engaged, for freedom of worship, were associated with no necessity for further disruption or absorption of any kind.

St Mary's College, *Dec.* 1864.

My dear Sir,—I had sat down before to reply to your letter, but the subject presents itself in so many points of view that it is difficult to say exactly all that one feels about it. I think it better in the meantime to confine myself to the practical point of the conference or conversation to which you refer, and about which you ask my opinion.

I agree with you that such a conversation should be limited, in the first instance, to a mere exchange of ideas as to "the present state of religion in Scotland." Anything further would, I am sure, be quite premature and lead to no good. A conversation of a general character could not well do harm, and might lead to a good understanding between the two Churches on some main points. I candidly confess that the difficulties appear to me serious, if not insuperable, in the way of any project of union. I have much sympathy with the faith of Bishop Wordsworth, and rejoice in his incessant proclamations of a side of truth wellnigh forgotten in Scotland—the obligation of unity and the weakness of causeless schism. But he is greatly mistaken in supposing there is any tendency to accept his arguments about Episcopacy among any class of the clergy or members of the National Church—even among those most inclined to Episcopacy on other grounds. He would bring us back to a higher dogmatic ground on the subject of Church government; but any movement in the National Church towards a more catholic form of Church government and worship, be assured, has sprung out of general instincts of culture and feel-

ings of moderation that have no connection with any faith in the "three orders" as a dogma. The historical traditions of Episcopacy—the decency and beauty of its worship, dissatisfaction with the existing state of worship among ourselves—all have had their influence. But the deepest influence of all has been the decay of faith in any divine form of Church government at all, in the old dogmatic sense. This is the real root of the present movement in our Church; for men who have ceased to believe in their own or any form of Church government, as divinely prescribed, have naturally asked, "Why should we not draw nearer to the prevailing type of Catholic worship?" very much as Leighton felt and asked in his day. Episcopacy is certainly ancient: its existence may be traced to the verge of the apostolic life, if not within it. It presents in its usages, and especially in its form of worship as exhibited in the Anglican Church, many advantages. On such practical grounds many agree in our Church; but as soon as you approach them with the idea of Episcopacy as of divine prescription, as a dogma claiming their acceptance, they are up in arms. They are far beyond the state of mind—unhappily or not—to which arguments of the latter sort address themselves. Dr Wordsworth does not seem to see this, or, if he does, he thinks it only a temporary phase of opinion in which, I believe, he is perfectly mistaken; and all his useful, and in many respects admirable charges, are in consequence charges in the air.

My own conviction is that, as a Church, we will draw nearer to Episcopacy unless some crisis overtakes us; but it will be entirely on practical grounds and to secure practical objects—more reality of ecclesiastical superintendence, more propriety and order in worship. The acknowledgment of Bishops as a divine power above Presbyters is, so far as I can see, a notion that has utterly died out of the Scottish mind, save in so much as sections of it here and there have been influenced by the teachings of your Church.

If the teaching of your Church and its cherished traditions permitted your abandoning the dogmatic ground and coming forth to meet us on such principles as Leighton proposed, I should not think the idea of a reunion utterly impracticable. But you will excuse me for saying that I have not seen any such tendency in your Church. The tendency, I fear, during the last twenty years, has been in the opposite direction, which I have deeply regretted.

I have been led, after all, to express my sentiments pretty fully on the subject of your letter, and perhaps it is better that I should have done so. Of course I reply under the same seal of confidence as you have addressed me.

The proposed conference, I believe, never took place. It would not, in all probability, have been received with more acceptance by the Episcopalian than by the Presbyterian authorities. Tulloch's letter is a very clear statement of the position in which the Scotch Church stood, attracted, indeed, on some sides by the superior beauty of forms of worship too hastily rejected—and yet never so rigidly rejected by her early organisers as to prevent the possibility of their readoption — while still entirely unconvinced of any necessity for a transference of allegiance. His declaration is very calm but very decisive. It was not often, however, that such overtures were either made or responded to with equal dignity and calm. Another section of the Episcopalian Church in Scotland seems never to have been able to divest itself of the idea that the clergy of the National Church, in labouring to improve and expand their own laws and customs, were in reality yearning for admission within the other and much narrower gates of a communion which neither recognises their orders nor understands their position; and there are few things which have so irritated and alienated Scotch sympathy as the claims put forth in this respect, and the condescending invitations given. I find in a letter to Mr Story other references to this subject, which had evidently reappeared as it does at intervals, chiefly by the zeal of Dr Wordsworth, for whom, though he was occasionally exasperated by that excellent bishop's persistency and mistaken conception of Scotch feeling, the Principal had always the highest esteem and respect. The reference to another dignitary of very different views may amuse the reader.

To Rev. R. H. Story. 17*th Sept.* 1865.

I suppose you have read Bishop Wordsworth's tirade. I have been greatly tempted to write something in reply under my own name, but I scarcely think, upon reflection, it is worth while. Jowett is at St Andrews, and I have had a long walk with him.

He is very earnest about *going forward*, and maintaining strongly what one feels to be the truth; but it is not very easy to make out what he would be at. One thing is plain, that he has no sympathy with any approximation on our part to Episcopacy. He professed an interest in Robert Lee's movements, but thought he fiddled too much about small things.

The same subject, with the views equally characteristic of other authorities, follows in a subsequent letter dated from Linlathen, the house of Mr Erskine.

To Rev. R. H. Story. *Nov.* 1.

Dean Stanley was with us for about ten days, residing chiefly with Shairp. He was full of very lively, pleasant, and instructive talk, as usual,—very secure (I think) of the triumph of Broad Church principles, and the possibility of their combination with apostolic (evangelical) fervency. I had a long talk with him about my favourite Latitudinarians of the seventeenth century, and found him well up in the external surroundings of their history. I put the case of possible union with Episcopacy on the part of the National Church of Scotland, showing that this was excluded by the High Church presumptions urged by Wordsworth. He saw the matter fully, and with great frankness put the alternative, "Supposing I were to become a Scotch bishop?" Shairp seemed to see nothing but ridicule in any project of union, and thought Wordsworth great game.

Our old friend here is full of spiritual wisdom as ever. The long pauses amidst the damp autumn leaves yesterday afternoon, as he expounded and re-expounded his favourite idea of the spiritual education under which every man and the whole race of men are, and of God as a *teaching* Father, were very picturesque, but not very comfortable. One of his most ingenious new readings of Scripture is John iii. 8, "The wind bloweth where it listeth." The real reference is to the process of divine training under which all men are. Some, like Nicodemus, only "hear the voice, the sound"; their hearts own a law in divine order, but they do not yet recognise it as the voice of a divine Father. *They cannot tell whence it cometh*, nor do they recognise its end, to make them like to this Father—perfect, as He is perfect. They cannot tell whither it goeth. All men are undergoing this education; but some—the most—are doing so unconsciously, feebly, scarcely at all. But all are yet destined to the full realisation of their spiritual state and dignity. The idea that punishment can be anything but a temporary phase of the divine dealing with men, for their good in the end, to mark His very love to them, in their

deliverance from sin, seems to him now, from recent discussions, to be quite in the ascendant in the theological mind. What a cheerful, hopeful, yet pathetic confidence he has! You should not be angry with a man, he says, because he has a rude, passionate, revengeful, or impure nature. *God has given him his nature.* He is only to blame because he has not kept the lower nature in check by the higher nature that God has also given him. He is so very appreciative, and yet so quietly critical in his gentle way. You know how much he loves and admires Maurice, yet he quietly said last night, talking of the Athanasian Creed, "I think Mr Maurice could find a good reason for anything."

This very characteristic description of the old Forfarshire apostle, with his wonderful, never-ending expositions of a faith which he made every listener feel to be new, yet which one could not distinguish afterwards to be much different, except in vivid force and realisation, from ordinary Christian belief, will be welcome to many. Mr Erskine of Linlathen, though so very well known to all religious thinkers, was not perhaps a sufficiently salient figure, to have outlived oblivion with the general. But his gentle faith, tempered, as the Principal remarks, by exceedingly keen perceptions, and a sudden gleam now and then which revealed the insight in him, his veiled eyes and benign but dreamy countenance, as he discoursed upon that beautiful belief, will still linger in older memories, and furnish one of the most delightful pictures of the period to which he belonged—a period of which Irving was the meteor, and John Campbell of Row the steady yet sometimes cloudy fixed star. This summary of his discoursings in the wintry afternoon, with long pauses among the damp autumn leaves, has drawn me away from the effort to set forth as best I can, with information somewhat imperfect, the gathering forces of the later period which had succeeded Erskine's, and in which other influences, all converging, were forming a new crisis unawares.

For it was in the same year (1865) that another curious incident in the current history of the Church of Scotland—a sort of explosion of another of those new fires which had been

working within her bosom—took place. The question of "Sabbath Observance," so called, has long been specially identified with Scotch habits and ways of thinking. It has been the cause of endless ridiculous vituperation and caricature, and indeed half a century ago it swayed at least the habits of the country in a way which it is scarcely possible to imagine now. But the period in which it was an offence to play a musical instrument, or sing even a sacred song in a private house in Edinburgh or Glasgow, existed no longer; a Sunday walk was no longer a forbidden pleasure, and the prejudices even of the most rigid had considerably softened before the time when Dr Norman Macleod lighted up a flame which blazed over all Scotland, stirring old traditions and opinions into sudden, and, in a great degree, fictitious life. The circumstances of this outburst were as follows: The feeling against railway travelling on Sunday had always been very strong. On the other side of the Tweed, people had contented themselves with making the arrangement of Sunday trains as inconvenient as possible, thus securing, or endeavouring to secure, that nobody should travel for pleasure; but in Scotland the strongest efforts had been made to make any travelling at all impossible. "May the running of such cease for ever," was the pious adjuration with which a report about Sunday trains before one of the Church courts concluded. The Presbytery of Glasgow was perhaps brought more immediately into conflict with the Railway Companies on this question than any other local division of the Church, and they took very strong measures accordingly, sending out a pastoral letter to be read in all the churches, in which the stringent and formal keeping of the Sabbath was enjoined upon all, upon the letter of the fourth commandment and after the fashion of the Jewish law. To Dr Norman Macleod this address seemed uncalled for; he took a different view of the obligations and the character of the Lord's Day. And in a great speech made before the Presbytery, he set forth very

strongly the changed character of the great festival, asserting (or something like it), in the bold *élan* of his characteristic eloquence, that the Decalogue had been abrogated by the Gospels, and that we had now a higher rule and surer guidance than the formal letter of that law which forbade to our Lord the exercise of His beneficent power on the Sabbath-day. Although he did not fail to set forth on the other side the higher obligations and more spiritual character of the great Christian festival, the horror of his hearers scarcely permitted them to listen to another word, and such a burst of religious fury poured forth upon his head as scarcely anything has produced in our generation. Indifferent to his true meaning, and to all the guarantees of his high character and well-known gifts, this wild wind of popular and ecclesiastical misunderstanding rushed across the face of the country, and the astonished speaker found himself the object of a violent and unexpected assault from all quarters. It can scarcely be doubted, in such a sudden outburst, that many of those who lead and encourage the uproar are in their hearts perfectly aware of the insane injustice which they are helping to do; and the time was not long before the cyclone was over, and the storm of dust and wind subsiding, left the object of all this wrath uninjured and undaunted in the certainty of his own honesty and truth. But in the meantime he had suffered greatly, feeling the withdrawal of general sympathy and kindness in the keenest way, as a man so sympathetic and full of brotherly feeling was sure to do. "If he had renounced Christianity itself," says his biographer, "he could scarcely have produced a greater sensation. He became not only an object of suspicion and dislike to the unthinking and fanatical, but he was named even by many good men as one who had become an enemy to the truth. His table was loaded with letters remonstrating with him, abusing him, denouncing him, cursing him. Ministers of the Gospel passed him without recognition; one of them, more zealous than the

rest, hissed him in the street." "I felt at first so cut off from my Christian brothers," the sufferer himself adds, "that had a chimney-sweep given me his sooty hand, and smiled upon me with his black face, I would have welcomed his salute and blessed him."

While this storm was still raging, Principal Tulloch—representing in his high position as one of the heads of theological science in Scotland, the same philosophical and theoretical tendency which Dr Lee in his ritualistic, and Dr Macleod in his practical protest against the rigidity of ecclesiastical bonds, maintained—gave forth an address upon the "Study of the Confession of Faith," which was like the unfurling of the standard to the party of progress. This address was published along with a discourse upon the "Freedom of Debate," originally addressed to the "Theological Society in the University of Edinburgh," and on its publication was inscribed to them, and to "my own students in St Mary's College," in the following words:—

Since this address was delivered, the chief lesson which it inculcates has received a singular illustration in the remarkable and (to my mind) noble speech of my friend Dr Macleod in the Presbytery of Glasgow. With the general drift of that speech I entirely sympathise. The views which it expresses are views which have always been held in the Christian Church; they are the views both of Luther and of Calvin. At the same time, it cannot be doubted that they have not hitherto been the views of the Church of Scotland, and their expression necessarily touches the existing relations of the Church to certain Puritan dogmas which are rapidly perishing in the minds of all thoughtful men. What many will think and say of Dr Macleod's speech, and of my sympathy with it, is well known. Anything more than they have already said, it is impossible they can say; but I trust there are hundreds and thousands who will make their voices heard on the side of moderation and of Christian enlightenment in the controversies upon which we have entered, and who are prepared to act upon the principles so well expressed in an address which has been widely approved in England, that "we have all as deep an interest in the full and free examination of theological dogmas, and the exposure of theological errors, as we have in the

discussion of dogmas and the exposure of errors in political science."

The address in question begins with a very serious statement as to the authority and permanency of "formulas of faith." "Lately, and indeed for many years," the Principal tells his students, "my mind has been much occupied with this subject. I have long seen that the day is approaching when the claims of all creeds and confessions to hold the place they have generally done in the estimation of the Church will be keenly canvassed. What may be the issue of this question I do not pretend to predict. But that it will ere long sift, not only our Church but all Churches, and strain the intelligence of this country as no other question has done, I entertain no doubt." He proceeds to say that the worst preparation for confronting any great conflict that may be awaiting the Church is ignorance or indifference, "or I may say, that blind traditionalism which sometimes makes both."

The consciousness of this has led me for some time to draw the attention of my senior students very earnestly to the importance of studying the Confession of Faith. I have prescribed the subject for their private reading and reflection, and sought to test their intelligence of it, their comprehension of its fundamental principles, their acquaintance with its numerous details of doctrine, by periodical examinations; and if I had felt any doubt as to the necessity of this study, such a doubt would have been entirely removed by the experience I have already had. I have found that even intelligent students have great difficulty in understanding the true nature and import of the Confession of Faith,—in realising its historical position and colouring, and in comprehending the spirit of its religious philosophy, and the true bearing and relation to one another of the peculiarities of its dogmatic structure. A certain kind of knowledge of it, indeed, is easily acquired, such a knowledge as may be often seen exhibited in our schools of the propositions of the Shorter Catechism. The most solemn dogmas before which the heart would fain be silent, may be readily conned and glibly repeated: the same propositions as they lie in their massive proportions side by side, may be committed undigested to memory and given forth again in the same crude state: but I

must be pardoned for thinking such knowledge not only worthless in itself, but really injurious to the spiritual intelligence.

The Confession of Faith, in order to be understood and estimated at its real value, must be studied both historically and philosophically. And I do not hesitate to say, that it can only be understood aright by those who know something of the spirit and genius of the great Puritan conflict out of which it sprang, of the religious writings of the men who were concerned in its production, and the destructive principles, both theological and ecclesiastical, which these writings were warmly intended to defend. The Confession of Faith, in its origin and in its principles, was the manifesto of a great religious party, which, after a fierce struggle, gained a temporary ascendancy both in England and Scotland. This party had gathered to itself during its long struggle many peculiarities of faith, policy, and manners—peculiarities which distinguished it from other religious parties, other developments of religious thought and life. The Westminster Confessions of Faith and relative documents—that is to say, the Larger and Shorter Catechisms and the Directory for Public Worship—are the expression of these peculiarities,—so much so, that a historical student who might by some accident never have seen these documents, but who had yet studied the course of Puritanism in its dogmatic and ecclesiastical phases, would have no difficulty in at once telling what they were, and, probably, even in fixing without hesitation the decade in the seventeenth century in which they were produced, the men who were chiefly concerned in producing them, and the mode in which they went to work in doing so. More or less, indeed, the same thing could be said of every Protestant Confession of Faith, and even of the briefer symbols of the earlier Catholic Church which has been incorporated into her Creed by the Church of England. They are one and all historical monuments, marking the tide of religious thought as they have swelled with greater fulness in the course of the Christian centuries; and none of this can be understood aright simply by themselves, or as isolated dogmatic utterances, but only in connection with their time and the genius of the men who framed them. The popular ecclesiastical notion of creeds and confessions, as in some sort absolute expressions of Christian truth, *credenda*, to be accepted very much as we accept the statements of Scripture itself, is a notion in the face of all theological science which every theological student deserving the name has long since abandoned. Those creeds and confessions are neither more nor less than the intellectual ideas of great and good men, assembled, for the most part, in synods and councils, all of which, as our Confession itself declares, "may err, and many have erred." They

are stamped with the infirmities no less than with the nobleness of the men who made them. They are their best thoughts about Christian truth, as they saw it in their time: intrinsically they are nothing more: and any claim of infallibility for them is the worst of all kinds of Popery, that Popery which degrades the Christian reason, while it fails to nourish the Christian imagination. And so it is that the student of the history of doctrine who has entered into the meaning of the successive developments of the Church's thought and life, can *locate*, as it were, these various creeds; through them can read the theological spirit of the age to which they belong, and again understand them through the study of the men and the times which originated them, and whose controversies and modes of thought made them what they are. Thus he can tell us that what is called the Athanasian Creed has really no connection with Athanasius, and is not even of Greek origin, but belongs to a later and more corrupt age of the Church, and to the Latin section of it, whose tone of thought and whose language were unfitted to deal with the great mystery which it professes to describe, and which have consequently bequeathed to our times one of the most unhappy dogmatic bonds that was ever laid upon a Christian conscience. While there may be some things in our own Church, the inheritance of a past age of hard conflict, which one may regret and wish to see amended, it has yet been to me, ever since I have had any living comprehension of divine truth, a matter of profound thankfulness that we are at least free from the bondage of a symbol which I never have heard without emotions of positive spiritual pain.

It was thus that the theologian, placed out of the way of the practical effort for new expansions of worship and reasonable service, stood behind the active workers and promulgated an innovation more profound than either, the principle of freedom which they sought to establish in practice. The laws of the Church had been broken before in many ways. A certain dull unwritten liturgy of use and wont had settled down as a custom all over Scotland, at which men chafed or jeered, but of which it was impossible to formulate any distinct complaint, although it was a rude breach of the prescription of extempore prayer, as much as Dr Lee's prayer-book was a cultured and elaborate one. And people in Scotland had for many years broken the intolerable Jewish bonds

of the Sabbath, and had driven to Church and elsewhere, and employed their servants and their horses for generations before Dr Macleod protested against the Sabbath of the Jews as a rule for Christianity. But nobody had ventured to stand up in the face of the Church and country and say that her Confession and Standards were fallible and not divine. In this way the new departure of the Scotch Church was fully established and declared. No longer a blind acquiescence in formulas which each man neglected or broke in his own little way, but which all professed to consider next to divine, but a manful and rational acceptance of the historical symbol for what it was, in the light of a more highly developed reason and a less disturbed society. Dr Macleod's protest, which was really in favour of the Christian observance of the Lord's Day against the negative institution of the Old Testament, and Dr Lee's practical attempt to bring new meaning into an old broken and altered service, were of very secondary importance in the presence of Dr Tulloch's claim. They were but the manifestation, his was the fundamental principle. The reader has already seen in his Inaugural Lecture how strongly Tulloch's clear and impartial mind stood against the deification of authority, especially that, less dignified than the oldest and greatest tradition of Christendom, which found its Pope in a formula. To those who fully understood that first statement of his views, there could be nothing new or unforeseen in the utterance which now shook all Scotland, so far as the national interest in such subjects extended. The effect, indeed, was not like the momentary tempest produced by Dr Macleod's encounter with suddenly startled prejudice; but it was more permanent and more important, the inauguration of a new principle such as no one before had ventured to put into words.

It is in reference to this address, and with a full perception of the nature of the crisis produced by so many different

movements acting in the same sense, that he writes as follows in the end of 1865, immediately after the publication, in the form of a pamphlet, of the address to the Edinburgh Students' Society, to which was added the "Study of the Confession of Faith":—

To Rev. R. H. Story. *14th Dec.*

I have had an extraordinary number of letters about my address, from Stanley, Froude, &c., and a very remarkable one on the subject addressed to a friend, and sent to me from Lord B——; also a brief note asking for a copy from the Duke, your neighbour. What *he* thinks I don't know. Stanley is very eager, and offers every assistance in the way of criticism, &c. Some good people are alarmed at what seems the merely destructive tendency of things, and it has occurred to me whether a kind of society for the reformation of the Church of Scotland could not be formed, announcing its definite aims, which could be stated, I think, so as to appear very moderate and reasonable. In writing to Dr Lee about something else, I hinted this, but I have not heard anything in reply, and I am not quite clear about the matter myself. Only I think the idea of united action will have to be faced in some way or another.

Mr Erskine of Linlathen addressed the following letter to him on the same occasion:—

One feels that such an address could not have been delivered by the Principal of a Scotch University even fifty years ago, and looks forward with a curiosity, not entirely free from anxiety, to what the next fifty years may bring. Yet *magna est veritas et prævalebit*,—the discussion of truth cannot injure it, and there can be no other belief of it but the perception of its truthfulness. The use of authority is to help us in attaining this perception, not to stand in its place. The danger lies in want of reverence, or the not distinguishing intellectual truth from spiritual, or in forgetting that the use of intellectual truth in religion is to aid us in our endeavours to attain the spiritual truth. What you say of original mental construction is most important. A man is born a Whig or a Tory, and it is unreasonable to forget it.

It is remarkable that in neither of the very marked instances cited above, in which the usual teaching of the Church was set aside, did any pains or penalties follow. Principal Tulloch writes from the Assembly of 1865 of the

great excitement and popular eagerness to hear the debate upon Innovations—"hundreds of people being shut out." "You will see," he says to his wife, "that I had a brush with a fierce fanatic of the name of Macrae yesterday." Another day he tells her of his speech on the question, which he fears "reads very poorly," though it seemed in the delivery effective—"and upon the whole I was not displeased, although as usual I missed out a great many of the best things I meant to say."

To his Wife. *May* 24, 1865.

The debate goes on to-day, and Lee will no doubt make a great speech. I hope we may have a majority, otherwise the results will be serious. I shall be glad when it is over, although I must still take some part for a day or two. But I am too easily excited still: perhaps I always was, and it is not, I daresay, very good for me.

Next day.

You will see that we lost our motion; but although it is in some points of view a great pity, it is of little consequence for the ultimate result.

That is to say, the Innovations were mildly condemned by a resolution, but no further steps were taken, and all went on as before.

In the following year, 1866, a similar experience was reported. I give extracts from a few of the letters of the period, to show not only how matters went with the culprits, of whom Tulloch himself was now one, but what was the aspect of the Scotch ecclesiastical parliament, always an interesting and indeed unique spectacle. Most of the following letters are written from the very heart of the Assembly itself, from the clerk's table.

To his Wife. *Saturday, May* 26.

There is a pause in the press of business just now, and I write a single word. I am getting on very well, although at times one is obliged to bark at fellows who come up and torment one with all manner of irrelevant applications, asking about this and that of which I know nothing. The aspect of things in the Assembly

is rather gloomy, I believe, and the extreme party are prepared to go all lengths; but we shall see in a day or two what they propose to do. They have appointed Wednesday for the Confession of Faith, and there will be a great deal of tall talk. If Willie cared greatly he might come over, but I think he is far better at his work. It won't be pleasant, and I shall probably not attend myself much. During speeches the clerks are idle comparatively.

Monday.

I am doing nothing just now, there being a long case—the Forfar case—going on at the bar, a writer from Forfar making a flaming speech. To-morrow the exciting business begins. Dr Lee's case comes on, and then we will have some idea of the temper of the Assembly. On Wednesday the Confession of Faith matter comes on, and I fancy I shall then get my "kail through the reek," as Pirie asked me to-day if I should like to be heard. I assumed a great air of innocence, and replied, "I heard? Why should I wish to be heard? I am not at the bar of the Assembly." Of course I shall not say anything, unless it is absolutely necessary. And should I be driven to do so, I should only say a few words.

Wednesday morning.

I write a single word to say that we were defeated last night, or rather this morning. The Assembly is very reactionary, as anticipated, and there will be much fresh speaking. All the speaking yesterday was on Dr Lee's side, but it was no matter with a set of Highland nowte who had made up their minds.

Wednesday.

My darling, the debate on the Confession of Faith has just finished, and upon the whole it has been of a very innocent character. The only person who introduced my name and made a little excitement was Dr Pirie, not ill-naturedly, however. He was found out of order, and gave way at once. Dr Lee made a good speech. Dr Muir raised his protest. Thomson of Forgan screamed, on the right side, however, and at length Phin's motion, which merely instructed Presbyteries to look after adherence to the Confession, was passed without a vote. I got the clergyman who proposed that the subject should be discussed, altogether to withdraw his motion. I sat and wrote my minutes very carefully during all the discussion, and said nothing, only suggesting that Dr Pirie was out of order. There is a feeling that no harm has been done by the motion of last night, and that Dr Lee will be able to come to terms with the Presbytery, so that I hope we may see an end of turmoil for a while.

The third of these revolutionaries emerged still more easily. Dr Macleod, his imagination demoralised by the shock of the vituperation which for a moment had risen round him, had dreamed deposition, excommunication, every dreadful thing, from the action of the Assembly. "I think the Assembly won't depose," he says with a faint rising confidence while these debates were going on. But in June he writes: "The Assembly is over, and not one personal allusion was made regarding me, far less an unkind word. Most wonderful, most unaccountable!" One might almost imagine that the sufferer was half annoyed to be thus balked of persecution. Nothing, however, could show more clearly how the Church was leavened with the new temper and sentiments, than the harmless manner in which intended attacks came to nothing. The Assembly had been very uncompromising in former days; censures and depositions were weapons which it did not hesitate to use,—but now all was changed. The storm raged without, and there were champions within who tried hard to raise the old war-cries, but the occasion and the time were over, and that spell was no longer one to conjure withal.

Although, however, the Principal was one of Dr Lee's defenders, as he would have been the defender of any man in his position claiming a legitimate liberty, I do not think that he entered with any enthusiasm into the liturgy of Greyfriars. During the course of the Assembly of 1866 he preached in that church, and described his impressions as follows:—

> I read Dr Lee's customary prayer after the sermon, and found the reading a great relief after preaching. The music is extremely good, yet the service seems lacking in some qualities of devotional dignity; but strangeness, in part, might account for this.

Of Tulloch's own ideas on the subject, we have an interesting account in a letter concerning a Church Service Society, instituted during the agitations of this period for the purpose

of drawing up a sort of guide to public devotion, which, without being in any sense of the word a liturgy, or enforced by any authority, should yet represent a reverent and seemly ritual to such clergymen of the Church of Scotland as felt the need.

To the Rev. R. H. Story.

My idea about prayers has always been that they should be historical and representative as far as possible, the prayers of the faithful both in the Eastern and Western divisions of the Church, so far as they can be disencumbered of their superstitious accretions. I do not believe either in Dr Lee's plan of culling *de novo* prayers from the Bible, the Psalms especially, or in Dr Crawford's plan of selecting merely or mainly from Presbyterian or Reformed liturgies, as we get in the adaptation of the English Service Book. The first plan, as I tried to convince Lee—but he quite mistook my meaning—appears to me inapplicable to the extent that Lee applies it, to the Christian Church as a living organic body, all along its history, and constantly, therefore, developing its own appropriate phases of thought and feeling. Much as I love and admire the Psalter, I cannot very well understand, from my point of view, any one holding it to be an adequate expression of Christian devotion. Then as to the Reformed liturgies, they are very good, have their own real worth but are mostly cast in a narrowness of dogmatic mould which somehow reminds one of the Reformation rather than of the Advent. Mere adaptations of the Prayer-book is a confession on our part of the weakness of our catholic position, natural, perhaps, but disagreeable to contemplate.

I have always thought, therefore, that the real service to be done to our Church in present circumstances, would be for some one to collect and arrange the most devout prayers, so to speak, from the old liturgies, the Greek Church Service (of which I have a copy), the prayers of Augustine, Anselm, &c., and even the Roman Missal, the prayers to be used by individual ministers as they see fit. Prayers specially composed, first Sabbath, second Sabbath, and so on—for Communion, for Baptism, &c.—appear to me always to have an air of undue manufacture, difficult, perhaps impossible, to get rid of.

It will be seen by this that the Principal's fine perception gave him an uneasy sense of unreality in the new compilations, which many people must have shared. I do not think he was ever warmly interested in these innovations,

though his strong desire for freedom in the Church led him to give the backing of his support to their originators. He preferred the change of posture in public worship—the general abandonment of the practice of standing at prayers—a preference which I cannot share; for standing is at least a reverent and respectful attitude, and has the sanction of the oldest of all religious authorities, whereas the attitude of sitting even with bowed head, which is the only approach to kneeling permitted by the present construction of pews in Scotch churches, is neither devotional nor respectful.

An expression of the feeling of a mind so strongly set upon legitimate and rational freedom against polemics and religious anarchy may well find a place here in the midst of a record of struggles from which he did not shrink when necessary, and in which indeed a natural impatience of temper made him often a very free fighter, but which both taste and feeling in him turned from with absolute disgust. He has been expressing his willingness to join a Church Society, which, he says, "if it does not assume an aggressive character, should do good."

To Rev. R. H. Story.

I have no faith in aggressions of any kind, or, in other words, in rapid or violent changes. Aggression seems to me to have been the aim of Scottish religion since the Reformation—Presbytery *versus* Episcopacy, and Episcopacy *versus* Presbytery; Evangelicalism *versus* Moderatism, and so on. My only faith in all the stir that is now going on, doctrinal and liturgical, is that there is a high conciliatory spirit at work—a spirit of eclecticism, in short, although I know the word is in bad odour with some. One extreme is just as bad as another extreme to me, and every year I think I am getting more and more Moderate and content to *let things alone*, if only highflyers of all kinds would give thought freedom—allow spiritual thought and life to grow. On that account I object to the restlessness of Dr Lee's movements, although the breaking down of the old forms is no doubt his mission; and in many respects it will be found, I have no doubt, that he is doing a good work.

This may perhaps, however, be an appropriate moment to

say that in respect to ecclesiastical conflicts and debates, as intimated above, the Principal was not always so gentle as his principles, but displayed something of that paradox which gives interest and complication to almost all characters that call for human study. His intellect was most tolerant, his judgment strongly, almost violently—if we may be permitted words so paradoxical—against any kind of violence. When he says, speaking of Renan, that whatever the faults of that writer, he had not "felt himself called upon to indulge in any denunciation," he was expressing most truthfully his own natural disposition. "To all personal criticism in such discussions I have a strong aversion," he says. "It never does any good, and it is in itself a mean and contemptible weapon." Such was the accurate description of his sober thought and feeling. But personal controversy has an excitement in it which carries away many shields and defences; and he who was in his library, with his pen in his hand, the soul of healthful moderation, dispassionate and tolerant, had not always the same command of himself in the hotter and narrower field of debate. At times he spoke too strongly, with hot impulses of feeling, with those sudden uncontrollable gusts of impatience which come without premeditation, and are generally repented of as quickly as conceived. This fault of temper became naturally more evident when his health was at all impaired, and it made him subject to many frets and worries which a calmer disposition would have escaped, but which he felt to the very centre of his being. His extreme sensitiveness and susceptibility to impression was the quality of which, according to the wise French form, this was the defect. He could not have felt everything so keenly without laying himself open to the risk of feeling some things too much; and his irritability and tendency to impatience made many things a burden to him which perhaps need not have been so. They made the meetings of the Assembly, in which he

always took an important part, extremely trying, causing more wear and tear in a fortnight than a more impervious nature might have encountered in years. Sometimes he would be tempted to a flash of impatience which vexed his spirit after it was over, and looked much more important than it was in the retrospection; and the strain of self-control to avoid such lapses was great, and told upon his strength. The stolidity of the commonplace mind, and its inability to understand, were often intolerable to him; and the extreme sincerity of his nature made it more difficult to him than to most men to disguise his feelings. He was easily bored, and was apt to resent it, with a humorous perception, however, of the absurdity of the dulness that enraged him, and of himself in being enraged by it, which by a happy touch might at any time be turned into laughter. It is impossible to deny that these tendencies did much to overcloud his life. They were his only moral difficulties, so far as ever appeared. They acted upon his nervous system, and did much to produce the repeated attacks of illness which reduced his strength. The happy obtuseness, which is to many of us a sort of natural coat-armour against all the pricks of human intercourse, was not his. He had no defence at all against these worries. And it is one of the most curious paradoxes of nature how a man so tolerant of intellect, so ready to put himself mentally in the place of another, to make allowance for a different point of view in his greatest opponent, and to perceive real agreement through every cloud of apparent dissimilarity, should have been in absolute personal encounter so over-sensitive, so impatient of stupidity and opposition. But so it was. It could scarcely be called a blot in him, so woven in was it with his most attractive characteristics—with the sensitiveness, the *naïveté*, the straightforwardness of his nature; but it was the crevice in his armour, the weak point through which all dangers made themselves felt. The following letter

addressed to Dr Milligan, whose lectures, recently published, had gone over similar ground with a different aim from that with which the Principal had identified himself, will show how he conducted his warfare in the calm of private correspondence:—

To Rev. Dr Milligan. *May* 17, 1866.

While claiming to yourself considerable latitude towards the Confessions of Faith, you seem to be afraid of the latitude desired by others. Various points are accepted by you as minor matters, and no longer necessary elements of belief, but not one of those matters was of minor importance to the men who made the Confessions; and one of them—the power of intolerance vested in the civil magistrates—was of first-rate importance. The recognition of any rational principle of liberty in regard to such points would no less cover any others, which have really quite as little to do with the "sum and substance" of Christian truth—such as the doctrine of reprobation, the damnation of the heathen, and the Federalistic heresies which were so peculiarly the product of the seventeenth century. I believe myself that such a principle can be laid down, in the light of which it would be possible to be just at once to the past and present—to conserve all the true Christian principles realised in the past, and the free development of theological science according to modern critical and historical methods. My deep regret about your lecture is, that it does not seem to me to contribute to the elucidation of such a principle. As to any personal feelings of dissatisfaction arising out of what you say, be assured I have none. I do not agree with either you or Mitchell; but as I claim liberty of speech, I freely grant it to others. I should have no fear of good coming out of the present movement if men would only write like Mitchell and you. What I fear is the insensate panic that seems to be such an unhappy characteristic of all ecclesiastical or theological movements in Scotland, and which may put down freedom of thought till all power of thought has left the Church. I hope you are to be at the Assembly, and will help to keep the heats of debate within bounds.

I may add here, by way of relief to so many ecclesiastical questions, a letter containing an account of a visit to Balmoral, one of the yearly incidents which began to furnish a little pleasant excitement in his life.

I begin with my arrival here. I reached Balmoral on Saturday

afternoon about four o'clock. On reaching the Castle, the guests' entrance—the Queen has her own main entrance—I could find nobody, and strangely there is no bell; the afternoon, I suppose, is the servants' own hour. The driver, however, very soon got some one for me, and I was shown to my room—a nice little room in the tower above the entrance. There was a wood fire, which was very welcome, for the wind was very cold. I got myself comfortably settled, and began to rewrite my sermon, "There shall be no night." I had taken a fancy to finish it, and I was sure I could make it much better by condensing here and there. So I bravely began, and was getting on very well, when General Seymour came to let me know that dinner would be at eight o'clock. He is a very pleasant man, and knows General Moncrieff well. I got on with my writing, dressed, and reached the billiard-room, which serves as the drawing-room for the Court. One by one the ladies and gentlemen came in. Lady Ely, who claimed to know me, and who is very delightful; Mrs Grey, Miss Grey, General Grey, a Baroness Schenk, the German tutor, and another German. This was about all the party, I think, and we had a very pleasant dinner, plenty of talk and fun, particularly between General Grey and Sir George Grey and Baroness Schenk, who, with her broken but very fluent English, seemed a recognised source of amusement. Sir George Grey talked of the chair of English Literature in Edinburgh, but did not mention S——, although he mentioned others, and the difficulties he had; so I fear S——'s chance had not been so good as was thought. Then returning to the billiard-room, we had a very merry game at bowls on the billiard-table. We lost—ten to six—to the great triumph of the Baroness, who really proved a very skilful player. Miss Grey also played very well. She is very pretty, apparently about twenty. You would admire her very much, I am sure. She is so simple and sweet-looking. Then we had some hot drink, brought in made, in tumblers, and we retired. I continued my sermon, and nearly finished it. Slept pretty well, but woke early, and finished my sermon before breakfast. The morning was very cold. The Queen, they say, never feels cold; does not like her ladies to go near the fire, never does so herself, and takes her tea in the afternoon, quite happy among the snow!

There were few strangers in the church, but the Court was well represented. I preached pretty comfortably, but not without the disagreeable feeling of restraint I always have on such occasions. After service I lunched at the manse, went to the top of the hill behind the church, and had a most beautiful view. Although still cold, there was plenty of sunlight, and the hills sprinkled with snow, and the colouring of the birch, ash, and fir-wood was

exquisite. On returning to the Castle, and sitting down at my fireside to read, a servant in a red livery came to announce to me that the Queen invited me to dinner. I made some inquiries as to how I was to proceed, and found myself duly in the library dining-room at half-past eight to await the Queen's arrival. I found there alone, when I entered, Lady Augusta Stanley, who gave me a very kind greeting. Very soon Lady Ely and Sir George Grey came in, the latter in Court dress, with a large red order. We waited perhaps for ten minutes, Sir George playfully putting a log of wood on the fire, and then making off to the other end of the room in case the Queen should think it was he who did it.

Then the Queen came in with the Princesses Helena and Louise, Prince Louis of Hesse and Prince Arthur. Prince Leopold was confined to his room with a bad knee, I believe. He seems to be a great invalid, and very much liked. We all did reverence, the ladies curtseying and the gentlemen bowing profoundly. We then got seated at table, a round table: I sat about opposite to the Queen; the Princes and Princesses were on each side of her. I said grace, and we had dinner much as on the day before; only we had—what do you think?—haggis! to the Queen's great delight apparently, as she kept bantering Princess Helena because she didn't wish to have any. Everybody talked quite freely. As I sat between Lady Augusta Stanley and Lady Ely, I had plenty of conversation. The Queen spoke occasionally in German to Prince Louis of Hesse. By-and-by, as dinner was finishing, she addressed me across the table, and spoke a great deal about the Church and the Free Church, and the Moderator, whose ponderous preaching and person she quizzed a little. She spoke of the illiberality of the Free Church, and about Dr Hanna and Dr Chalmers, laughing and talking with great energy. We sat a very short time after dinner, and when her Majesty rose, we all rose of course, and stood about the room while she talked a good while with Sir George Grey. She then came and talked again a little with me, and was graciously pleased to hope that my health was quite restored. She talked about the Duke of Argyll's success in the General Assembly, and the parish ministers in reference to poor Mr Anderson. I said, of course, what seemed to me proper, and only once at most got out with "Please your Majesty," which was scarcely ever heard. The ladies seemed chiefly to address the Queen as *Mum*, like Dr Park to Mrs Ferrier and yourself. So that you see you mustn't despise that mode of address any more.

Then the Queen left with the Princesses and Princes, Prince Louis very gracefully taking good-night of her, bowing upon her hand and kissing it. Of course you will be eager to know how

her Majesty and the Princesses were dressed, and of course I cannot tell but very generally. Her Majesty seemed dressed very elaborately, with much gauze covering her bosom and arms, which, as they come out from among the rich folds of white and black, looked very round and plump. She wore her cap forward on her forehead. The Princesses were in white, low dresses, with warm white woollen, apparently Shetland, shawls.

This glimpse into the quiet Highland Court will, no doubt, with its simple details, gratify many curious readers, as it did her for whose pleasure Principal Tulloch reported everything in the course of all his travels.

The following indignant tirade, written from London at a date preceding the previous letter, and denouncing the overfinery of some "smart" people during the season, is also amusing. He has been describing a dinner-party where the "dinner was most elaborate, much more than the Queen's at Windsor, and the staircase seemed littered with footmen."

To his Wife.

The whole life of these social swells here seems a very singular one, involving as much discomfort (as it appears to me) as it is possible to crowd into this short space. One feels sometimes how much happier it would be to sit in one's dressing-gown and take a quiet cigar with a friend. The imposing air and buckram of "John Thomas" is aggravating beyond measure. I should like to throttle some of them on the stairs, or kick their well-developed persons out of doors. How rational people can keep such a lot of sleek high-fed flunkies about them passes all my comprehension. It is a strange world, and men are strange beings. I have seen the Bayneses again and Pigott; the latter is really delightful, full of such quiet humour, and fully sympathises with my feeling about London life and flunkies. Sometimes you see an old miserable woman, who ought to be put on a wheelbarrow as her most appropriate vehicle, drive past in a gorgeous carriage, yellow and gold, with I don't know how many plushed and powdered wretches in attendance upon her. How much worse than any oriental luxury, with less excuse for it!

It may probably be thought a little hard upon the "miserable old woman" in the gilded chariot to be thus vituperated; but I have already remarked that the Principal could not

forgive a woman for the extreme dereliction of duty involved in being ugly, and this tirade was purely abstract, and affected nobody he knew. When the influence of personal friendship came in, he forgave his female acquaintances more or less for being plain. As a pendant to these remarks upon society and its *impedimenta*, I may add an account of an evening at the House of Commons in May 1868. He was in London, on this occasion, as on most others, upon public business, and obliged to spend much of his time in attendance on, or discussion with, political personages of different ranks.

To his Wife.

After tea I thought I would wander down to the House and see if I could do anything about the Scotch Reform Bill and our University representation, as to which I saw Lyon Playfair on my way up. The result proved very fortunate for ascertaining what is really to be done. I was standing in the lobby talking to Principal Barclay and Professor Ramsay of Glasgow, when an old friend of mine, Mr Robertson, the Tory member for Hastings, came out (his father was a professor in St Mary's College, and his brother used to come to St Andrews to golf in the autumn), and I immediately made up to him. He is an awful[1] Tory, but, like so many regular Tories, an awfully good fellow. He took me to the kitchens (as they call it) for dinner, and treated me sumptuously, where I saw various people, the Lord Advocate among others. Robertson wanted to hail him, but I did not care about it. Then we went down to the smoking-room, and there were Baxter of Dundee and Bright in colloquy. I joined them, Robertson leaving us, and had a talk with Mr Bright on the subject of our University representation. If he had his way he would not give us any members at all, and would take away the members from Oxford, Cambridge, &c. However, seeing that they have members, and the London University only got a member last year, he thinks we may get *one*. "But we wanted two," I said. "Ah, you are never satisfied," he said in a very brusque manner.

In short, it appears to me perfectly clear that the Scotch universities will only get one member. Baxter's motion on the Scotch Bill will be carried according to his and Mr Bright's view. All

[1] Lest the Principal should be accused of slang, I may say that the adjective is strictly Scotch, and had been employed for generations by a people fond of strong speaking before it crossed the Border, and gave to the youth of England a freshly energetic if inelegant word.

the Liberals will vote for it. Ten rotten boroughs in England will be abolished; Scotland will get the ten members, and the universities one of them. I don't mind much; the interests of the universities will be as safe with one as two members. But it would only have been fair, I think, to give us two. Bright himself is not a particularly taking man in manner, but giving a very strong impression of strength and honesty."

The Principal's fears in this respect were unfounded, the second member being granted to the Scotch universities, as everybody knows.

His centre of life while in London was now the Athenæum, to which he had been elected a year or two before, as one of the members added for distinction, and without ballot, to that august corporation. The Principal was exceedingly pleased by his election, and found great enjoyment in the dignified quiet, and in the fine company he met there; yet when it happened to him to attend a general meeting of the club on one of his visits, he made the discovery that these distinguished persons were not so superior as he at first thought to ordinary mortals. "There was a good deal of bad speaking," he writes to a brother professor, "not unlike what takes place at the Senatus. The whole affair was not unlike a Senatus—a great ado about nothing."

He does not seem, during these quiet years, to have occupied himself much with literature. His illness in 1864 had probably alarmed him for the consequences of overwork, and his hands were very full of public matters, and the commotion and agitation about innovations and other questions. He was interested in the foundation of the 'Contemporary Review,' having had much connection with and considerable interest in the original publisher, Mr Strahan, with whom I think he sympathised to some degree in the divisions, now happily forgotten, which accompanied the establishment of that new periodical. He was the author of an exhaustive and able review of Mr Lecky's book on Rationalism, in its fourth number. This, however, and an article in 'Black-

wood's Magazine' upon Dr Macleod's Indian mission, and one on Archbishop Sharp in the 'North British Review,' are all that I find noted. As early as 1865 he had written to Dr Dickson that "during the early summer I worked a little at the 'History of Religious Opinion in the Eighteenth Century,'" no doubt the beginning of the book afterwards published under the title of 'Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy': but this is the only mention of any literary undertaking. "I have got a good deal of material together, but as yet in a very crude state; I am not, however, working nearly as hard as I am to do," he adds. To another correspondent, writing from the banks of the Gareloch, a spot he always loved, he says: "During the last two or three years I have seemed to enjoy idleness as I never used to do—it seems to give health; and I daresay one's work is better in such a case when one does set about it." There were several suggestions too, during this period, of other appointments, I presume in consequence of the always very inadequate income of the Principal of St Mary's. Vacant chairs both in Glasgow and Edinburgh were suggested to him from time to time, in which the emoluments would have been greater, and the position, if not so important, at least more in the eye of the world. In all of those proposals Tulloch saw advantages, but he never would permit himself to be brought forward as a candidate, nor, I believe, had he at any time a wish to change, though prudence might suggest the expediency of securing a better income,—a thing which no one can doubt the advantage of. In respect to the suggested Chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, he writes:—

To Dr Dickson.

There are many considerations against my coming forward: my wife does not like the idea; it might be interpreted as an act of cowardice beating a retreat here. I have a real affection for this place, and again a very active, and, upon the whole, happy interest in my work. I am well enough off now, and really do not care for more increase of income for my own sake. The one main

consideration in favour of the change is, I confess, freedom from ecclesiastical bonds, which I am feeling rather more than less every year.

A few days after, however, his opinion was modified even in respect to that latter particular, and he definitely gave up all idea of change, feeling that "to break the theological line of my studies" would be incompatible with their general unity —"although ethics is a great subject," he adds. In short, his position at St Andrews was exactly fitted for him; and something in the freedom of the place—the, as yet, small admixture of the conventional, the vigour and simplicity of the life, the keen breezes and the sharp sea air, even the easy margin of natural amusement and healthy exercise, the golfing on the links, the fishers at the port—gave to his large nature a wholesome rounding of open air and natural influences. No place could have been more entirely suited to its occupant.

In the General Assembly of 1868, being one of which the Principal was a member (not merely present in his official capacity as clerk), he took part in several discussions of importance. The subject of the first speech I quote was one on which he felt the same difficulty which moved most thoughtful minds at that period—*i.e.*, a sympathy with the theoretical justice of the proposed step, modified by alarm at its possible consequences. He records a shadow of what he supposed to be the same feeling in the looks of the Queen, whom he visited during the same year at Windsor. "Her Majesty was very gracious but very quiet," he says—"quieter than I think I ever saw her at Balmoral, taken up about the Irish Church, and other things." His own view on this great new step, he expressed before the Assembly, as will be seen, with great force, and a liberality of opinion wonderful in a Scotch Protestant, ending in a recommendation and augury in which most reasonable people now agree. I quote from the report of the speech in the 'Scotsman':—

May 27, 1868.—I cannot see, on the whole, that Mr Glad-

stone's is a policy of pacification. The evils and miseries of Ireland, however originally connected with the Irish Church, have undoubtedly long since extended beyond it. They are no longer specially connected with it. The disestablishment of the Irish Church will not very directly touch the present evils and miseries of Ireland, while its immediate effects may be in some respects very disastrous. The Irish Church has, after all, been a civilising agency in various ways, and it is impossible to doubt that you cannot withdraw this agency in a sudden manner without certain social evils resulting. Religious parties will indeed be placed on an equality, and, as I think, a great historical wrong will be expiated, because the Irish Church has ever been a historical wrong. Any man who goes into its history will be more and more convinced of this. But still the evil passions fostered by religious inequality will remain; and I fear the results of these passions will be more disastrous when once the controlling force of law is withdrawn.

Secondly, Mr Gladstone's policy appears to me not so much in itself, as in reference to many who are supporting it, to be an anti-Establishment policy, and the probable result of it will extend much beyond what he anticipates. It is all very well to say that there is no logical connection between the Church of Scotland or the Church of England and that of Ireland. There is no logical connection; but political movements do not move by logic. Unquestionably when you think of the principles that are moving many parties who strongly support Mr Gladstone, you cannot but apprehend grave results from them. As there are dogmatic State Churchmen, so there are dogmatic anti-State Churchmen. There are men who look upon the State Church principle as an irreligious principle, a principle for the destruction of which they are bound to contend. I think these men are profoundly mistaken. I look upon the connection between Church and State, rightly regarded, as a great blessing. . . . It is not my business to indicate here what I would have considered a wiser policy. But I may say frankly that my own view would have been to continue in a greatly modified and reduced form the Established Church of Ireland, and apply its superfluous revenues to the general religious uses of the Irish people. I know it is in vain to speak of that in this Assembly; I know that the very name of Popery excites such a feeling that it is in vain to speak of supporting it in any shape. But nevertheless, this has been the policy of all our great statesmen, the traditional policy of the great political minds of our country since the time of Pitt; and I believe that if the feelings of the country had permitted it to have been carried out, Ireland would have been this day in a state for which every one would have reason to rejoice.

Another speech upon the subject of Patronage, which was received by the assembled "Fathers and Brethren" with much enthusiasm, and carried the motion in support of which it was delivered — one of conciliation and compromise—in an Assembly where the parties were almost equal, has not perhaps the same claim upon the attention, as it refers to a state of affairs which has now altogether passed away. But I may give here one or two passages which have more than a passing interest, as showing the strong historical feeling which ran through all Tulloch's thoughts in respect to the Church, and made him, notwithstanding his inherent liberalism and desire for freedom, reluctant to part with any established portion of the ecclesiastical economy of the country.

The issue which has been placed before the Assembly is the old broad view of popular election and patronage; and on this subject, as on many others in these times, I have the misfortune not to belong to either of these extremes. I have always been a Liberal; but I have always been, and still remain, a Liberal of the old school. I am not in favour of the abolition of patronage; but I have always been in favour, and on many previous occasions I have had the opportunity of showing this feeling, of popular interests and the recognition of popular or congregational rights. . . . It appears to me, sir, that this is a question for compromise—a question to be approached in a conciliatory spirit on both sides. I cannot think there are any here who would maintain that there is any divine right of popular election; nor can I think that there are any here who would maintain that there is any divine right in lay patronage. . . . I confess I should be sorry to see patronage abolished,—I should be sorry, at least, to allow the old connection between the territorial interests of the country and the nominations of the parochial clergy to be destroyed. It is not perhaps—I shall take the liberty of saying it in spite of contempt, but really expressing what I feel—it is not much because I value those territorial interests in themselves. That a man may possess land does not make that man estimable in my opinion. Nor do I think, with all deference, that many who represent the territorial interests of our country have been consulting their own interests of late in work they have been doing with reference to the Church of Scotland. I could say much upon this subject, but I forbear. I think they

will perhaps find some day that it is to their own peril and hurt that they have entered on the course of alienating themselves from the religious feelings of the great commonalty of the country. But I prize the territorial interests for two reasons. I prize them, first of all, because it appears to me that after all that has taken place, they are still identified upon the whole with the higher interests of culture: I would be sorry if the Church were to be alienated from these higher interests. Secondly, it appears to me that a Church professing to be national cannot subsist without some connection with the territorial interests of the country. It seems to me all but impossible to make out a National Church from which a great proportion of the country is alienated. . . . I know it is the desire and expectation of not a few, that if the question of patronage in our Church were only settled according to their views, that many who have left the Church, and for long most bitterly reviled it, may return. Such a return I should say, looking at it by itself, would be a consummation I should hail with pleasure. Union is a blessed thing. God knows how good it is for "brethren to dwell together in unity." But union will prove no blessing which merely comes from an ungenerous feeling, from baffled ambitions, and from political sources.

Movements for union which are at the same time movements for separation, are hazardous experiments; movements for union which, while they look with one eye, an eye of friendship, towards those whom they wish to embrace, look with another and evil eye towards those whom they wish to crush. No blessing will come from such movements, but the curse and wrath of the Lord upon all evil. Christian union which is worth the name must be the union of Christian enlightenment, Christian honour, and Christian character, and not a mere accidental coincidence of selfish party interests.

It may be well to add that this concluding outburst, which was received with enthusiastic applause, referred to a well-grounded fear that, were the Free Church, which, during the past twenty years, had naturally veered further and further away into the atmosphere of Dissent as opposite to that of catholic feeling — to seek readmission into the Church of Scotland, however desirable in some respects that re-union might be, it would be the signal for such an onslaught upon all the growing forces of liberal thought and reasonable freedom, as would drive all progress from

the bosom of the Church, and bring in a reign of narrow vehemence and rigid doctrinalism, such as had been the bane of the Church of Scotland. Patronage has been abolished since; but no reunion has followed, nor has it been desired apparently on either side.

In 1869 Principal Tulloch had another attack of illness, not so bad as the previous one, but of the same character, and of course bringing with it the dreadful certainty that the first had not been an accidental occurrence in his life like a fever, but might be subject to periodical recurrences —a prospect very appalling both to himself and his family. In the long and touching account which he wrote of his state at a later period, and which I shall give in its place, there are some general statements on the subject which I may quote here. He describes his illness as "very painful, consisting chiefly of indescribable depression and self-consciousness, in which existence becomes a burden."

The misery of the state is not easy to describe—although always on recovery from it one of my main wishes has been to write about it, and if possible analyse its strange fluctuations, the ups and downs, and the only remedies from which I have got any good. According to the doctors, it is all the result of overwork acting on a sensitive temperament. This is partly the cause, no doubt; but there is also some purely physical element or tendency of constitution in it, like a species of blood-poisoning. My last attacks especially have been so sudden. From being apparently in good health and working order, I became in a day or two haunted with a constant self-consciousness, seizing upon some fraction of wrong in my life, or more frequently still, mistake in my work, and gradually deepening till at times it becomes so intolerable as to make me weep like a child. Altogether, I seem to myself to sink into a state of darkness and imbecility in which there is no light and no strength. My self-depreciation becomes intense, my cynicism at other times concentrated and painful, not without dashes of bitter humorousness.

Dr (now Sir James) Simpson prescribed for me in May 1863, after I had been nearly five weeks ill, strong doses of opium, and I always attributed my convalescence to this treatment. But I should say it was fully a year on this occasion—from January

1863 to the spring of 1864—till I recovered a state of healthy consciousness, although I had begun writing again before this.

My second attack was in the end of January 1869, six years afterwards. However, during the intervening six years I had occasional fits of the old discomfort. In 1869 I struggled on with my college work till the end of the session—that is, till March—in a very painful state. After this I went first to Edinburgh to consult Simpson again, then to the Highlands, but without any relief. Then home for some time, and again from home to Rosneath, to my dear friend Story and other kind friends in that neighbourhood. Gradually I rallied, or began to rally, about July, then went on a yachting trip with Mr D. Richardson. We went to Ryde in the end of July, then to London; returned with the yacht in August, and came home wonderfully well, although still subject to fits of irritation.

The year, accordingly, is chiefly taken up with the fluctuations of this mysterious complaint. After the college work, which he "struggled on with" to the end of the session, the story is one of successive wanderings in search of health. Mrs Tulloch was not able to be with him through all these rambles. He describes to her a little Highland trip in July which followed upon some visits they had paid together, by which the reader will see that whatever the illness was, it had very few components of "imbecility," as he says, in it. He went on after leaving her "not very bright, suffused with tears now and then, as I recalled our six weeks together, especially the quiet ten days at Polkemmet, and the kindness of our good friends there," until some one he met on his journey recommended him a remedy for "sore eyes," giving a commonplace explanation of the suspicious redness of the large pathetic eyes with which, while under these attacks, the Principal seemed to appeal to earth and heaven. He went on by the Iona from Glasgow in very wet weather, and drove from Ardrishaig to Oban in pouring rain (not perhaps a very rare experience). "However," he says, "I kept very well and felt thankful, all other discomfort being to me honestly of no account in comparison with the peculiar discomfort with which I have been fighting so long." At Oban he

remained for a short time in the manse, which was temporarily occupied by Professor Edward Caird, in the society of Dr Caird, Mr Story, and some other friends. One of those gentlemen, Dr Gairdner, was writing a review of Mill's 'Subjection of Women.' "If they would only let women alone! I fancy I hear you say. But the very root of this, as well as of many other bothers, is that men will not let women alone, and women won't keep aloof from men." "I must say honestly," he confesses a few days later, "that I did not remember yesterday was our marriage-day: many thanks to you for reminding me of it so sweetly; but that I thought of you, as always, you may be sure." The following is a piece of admirable description. The little clerical party, after various delays on account of the weather, got at last to Skye.

We have had another long day (but I have kept up very well), desiring to see the second grand sight in Skye, after Loch Coruisk—a most wonderful combination of rock-scenery called the Quiraing. You can imagine nothing more wonderful. The morning looked stormy, and we had a grand mist descending in pelting rain as we left the carriage and walked to the scene. It may be said, without exaggeration, to have been truly awful. A series of rocks, some of them rising, pointed like needles, to enormous heights, the highest being about 1700 feet from the sea, stand round a great flat, or comparatively flat, mass of rock known as the "table." We ascended so as to have a complete view of the whole. The great folds of the mist rolled past us, now obscuring and now revealing the forms of the rocks. Uncomfortable as the rain was, I have no doubt the scene was all the more magnificent in consequence. If you had seen me heading the party, the idea of my being an invalid would not have occurred even to you. But still I felt, as I feel continually, that I am not the man I should be—not myself; the dismal self-consciousness of invalidism, and of possible failure in my work, haunting me. You remember how I went to Orkney and Shetland last time with Dr Robertson and Birrell? I have been bothering myself with thinking (after my manner) whether I was not as well then as now, and that there may still be a similar long tedious process before me. I wonder what *sort of letters I wrote from the Orkneys?*

It is curious that so far back as this visit to Oban in 1869, the Principal records a conversation he had with a doctor invalided, and talking with him as a friend, not professionally, who would seem to have foreseen or divined the incipient malady which developed beyond question in the end of his life, and is now supposed to have had something to do with the secret of these other inscrutable illnesses which so broke up his life. This gentleman, whose very name is not mentioned, advised him to adopt a milk diet, at which simple regimen the robust patient could not but smile.

A little later he joined Mr Richardson's yacht, and after a few days' stormy sailing reached Ryde, whence he soon departed for London and his beloved Athenæum. And I must here pause to introduce the great question which filled his mind for some time, at once with deep interest in the success of a measure of national importance, and with personal anxiety on his own account.

Everybody has heard something of the system of parish schools, which, it is not too much to say, has had a great deal to do both with the character and prosperity of the Scotch nation from the time of John Knox, their enlightened founder. At their original institution there was perhaps no educational system in the world so wisely adapted to produce—not, indeed, a limited number of fine scholars—but the general education of a people. They were in more primitive times as catholic as the Church, schools for all, embracing the son of the laird as well as of the shoemaker, —farmers and ploughmen, village potentates and the poorest cottagers, sending their sons and daughters together to learn everything the "dominie" could teach them. The dominie himself was in very many cases a man of as good university education as was to be had in Scotland—often "a stickit minister" like Dominie Sampson, and something like him, a mine of learning—so that, in a homely way, it was the best that could be got which the little rustics had,—a training

which sent them out into the world not ill provided to make their mark in many ways. But the increase of the country, the great pouring in and increase of population, had been too great a strain for the parish schools, and it was necessary, if education in Scotland was not to break down altogether, to devise something in their place. The year 1869 is the first in which this great public matter appears in Tulloch's life. Whether the bill had been framed or discussed in any previous year I am not informed, though, no doubt, there had been many discussions about its form and scope: the need being very evident, as the parish schools were breaking down everywhere under a pressure for which they were not prepared. I quote from the Annual Register a summary of the speech in which the Lord Advocate (Moncreiff) introduced the measure. After mentioning "the religious difficulty" which had hindered its construction, and deprecating "a revival of acrimonious debates which would further delay legislation," he proceeded to state its form and characteristics. "The bill proposed to establish a school board in every parish and every burgh, to be elected by all who would have to pay the rates. The education rate would be increased, all the owners and occupiers of real property being required to contribute on the true value of their property. The existing public schools would be placed under their management at once, and they would be required to provide whatever additional means of education were needed; but there was to be no difference in the character of the new and the existing schools. The school boards would have all the necessary powers for managing the schools, consequently there would be no central Board of Education in Edinburgh; but the improved education grant would be administered by a special Scotch committee of the Privy Council. The religious difficulty the Lord Advocate proposed to deal with by saying nothing about it. The people would settle it for themselves, as they had always

done; for to prohibit religious teaching would be to do violence to the feelings of the country. Finally, he stated that on a point much agitated in Scotland, it was not attempted to fix any minimum for the schoolmaster's salary: it would be left to the employers and employed to arrange the remuneration between themselves, and there would be compulsory provisions as stringent as public opinion would admit."

The need of some such bill had long been apparent; and I find certain stray leaves from a little periodical which I have failed to identify, in which Tulloch himself discusses the question with much enlightened and impartial feeling —stating, indeed, in his own language, the general scope of the bill, and giving distinct approval to the unusual expedient of "settling the religious difficulty by saying nothing about it," which he felt to be the most satisfactory and safest way in Scotland, where education without religion was not a thing likely to commend itself to any section of the people. The bill was introduced so late in the session that its prospects of getting through the House, not then so patient of lengthened sittings as now, were from the first considered small. But the Principal's interest in it was so great, both on public and private grounds, that he could not be so near the metropolis without hurrying thither to watch what progress it was likely to make.

Whether the bill had already been so far modified as to embrace a temporary board in Edinburgh, or how that enlargement of the scheme came about, I am unable to tell. But it was already understood that this would be necessary, as the working of the new system would at first require a great deal of arrangement and regulation. Among the small number of notable persons in Scotland who were obviously pointed out for a seat on that board, Tulloch was one of the most important. It would have been almost impossible to pass over a man whose position, and the interest he had

always taken in education, marked him out so distinctly for such a post. And his perception of this, and the extreme desirableness of an appointment which would add a considerable sum to his income without really affecting his special work, had roused him to unusual exertions. During his stay at Oban, and even amid the commotions of the stormy voyage to Ryde, he had occupied himself in writing to all the influential people with whom he was acquainted, stating his modest claim—a claim universally acknowledged in words, if not leading to any immediate assurance of success. It was supposed at first that the chairmanship of the board, with a very considerable salary, might be secured for him; and his friends in Scotland exerted themselves in many ways, even those whom he had no particular reason to consider his friends joining in the effort, to procure this appointment for him. Afterwards, when it became apparent that the fact of his being a clergyman made success in this direction unlikely, the same efforts were directed to obtaining a seat for him upon the board as one of the commissioners. It was at first somewhat bitter for Tulloch to consent to the idea that his churchmanship made him ineligible for the position of chairman. "I have never been clergyman enough to get the support of the order," he says, "but too much clergyman to succeed with politicians." This, however, was only a passing expression of feeling, while his earnestness and interest in the measure, and all its consequences, were always warm and strong. It might be supposed that such an exciting question would have further irritated and weakened a constitution already tried with nervous illness; but, as a matter of fact, the excitement and uncertainty, substituting a real subject for thought and urgent occupation for his imagination, did good instead of harm to the troubled spirit, which was refreshed by any tangible struggle, and only incompetent to battle with itself. While he waited, and discussed, and calculated all the

chances, going down night after night to the House, and listening eagerly to all prognostications,—finding Mr Ellice always a powerful support, but irritated often by Dr Lyon Playfair, who would give, it would appear, no decided opinion; and in the long afternoons writing sheet after sheet, in which his successive hopes and fears are clearly depicted, to his wife,—I find a few occasional notes upon other subjects, all threaded through with the prevailing tissue of his own mood. On the Sunday he went to hear Mr Stopford Brooke, "who has been the fashion this year in London."

A strong, vigorous, somewhat conceited man; his style of preaching incisive, interesting, and powerful, but rather cold and hard—telling people to be strong and depend upon themselves, and not yield to nerves, &c. It is easy enough for fellows with abundance of self-conceit and no nerves themselves to talk in this way; but as strength, according to all my experience, is very much a matter of health, it seems to me rather poor preaching to cry it up. He said many striking things, however, in a hard metallic way, and in a very ugly church. In the afternoon I went to All Saints', Margaret Street. A beautiful church, elaborate service, chanting delightful; reading of the chapters and even prayers execrable; happily no sermon. Had I my will I should go in for a *grand service* (how grand the Psalms are when rightly chanted !) and Broad-Church preaching. Ritualism is all good, save the detestable sacerdotalism at the base of most of it in England.

But after the pause of the Sunday, the long letter from the Athenæum carried melancholy news to St Mary's. The bill, after having all its details settled, and passing triumphantly through the House of Commons, was thrown out by the Lords, and this conclusion, though it had been anticipated in cooler moments, now fell upon the Principal's highly raised hopes with a crushing force. "I had pictured to myself what I would do for you and the rest, with £750 in addition for five years," he says; and he apostrophises with indignant force and excusable vehemence "the old idiots—the Peers, I mean"—to whom he owes this disappointment.

Fifty-five old gentlemen upsetting the work, in the easiest manner, which Moncreiff has been dragging laboriously along for months and years! Moncreiff is perhaps more to be pitied than anybody. He was visibly affected by the business, which he has contrived to mismanage throughout. There is great discontent with him altogether, not unlikely to end in Baxter being made Secretary of State for Scotland [1] next year.

I felt lonely coming away here by myself, with all my bright dreams darkened, but I boldly ordered as good a dinner and bottle of wine as the *carte* provided, and have done the best I could to both. As I entered the dining-room, I found Merivale the historian and Roundell Palmer sitting together. I announced to the former the result. "Ah," the latter said, "then there must have been a large House." They show no emotion, these beggars, at anything. And no doubt their mode of life enables them to take things coolly. Roundell Palmer, for instance, gave up the great position of Lord Chancellor because he could not go the whole length about the Irish Church. Such a fellow is entitled to be *nonchalant*. The Athenæum is, no doubt, a *sustaining* place; there is so much life, and so many intellectual swells about it. Still I feel comparatively *unsustained* to-night. If there was, as there perhaps is, a prospect of my being ultimately put upon the Education Board, perhaps I am well quit of the work for next winter. However, we must have patience. I need patience, I so often think, more than anything—patience, quietness, and strength. It is easy speaking or writing; but temperament is half the bargain, which is as entirely beyond one's control as the colour of one's hair.

The *naïve* yet so natural irritation at "the beggars" of great people who showed no emotion at anything, and probably cared nothing about the Scotch Education Bill which was so all-important to the Scotch Principal, hungering for a little sympathy, brings a gleam of the comic into this climax of disappointment and downfall and spent excitement. But presently he found the consolation of which he stood in need. A second letter of the same date carries a milder and more composed report of feeling to his ever-anxious confidant. He had intended to leave London at once.

[1] It would seem from this suggestion that the idea of a Secretary for Scotland is not so novel as was generally supposed.

I am still here, dearest, as you will see. Pigott called just as I had finished my letters, and I have agreed to stop and dine with him, and have a chat. Dean Stanley has just come in, and he too wanted me to dine, which I couldn't do. He expresses a real regret about the Education business. I have seldom seen him so moved about anything. He is a good, kind soul. Pigott is strong that the bill and board will pass next session, and we must hope the best. Don't bother, dearest, about anything I said in my letter this forenoon, but take it all easily and good-naturedly, as a natural thing for me to say in the circumstances. Pigott is such a kind, sympathising fellow. How strange, after being here alone for so many days, that he and Stanley should turn up together!

I hope the survivor of these friends will find a pleasure in the thought of how much his sympathy and good auguries cheered the pangs of disappointment and trouble.

The Education Bill did pass in the course of a few years, and Principal Tulloch was appointed one of the Commissioners, but with much lessened advantage in a pecuniary point of view. The result, however, of his wanderings and open-air life, perhaps aided in some degree by this sharp stroke of the actual which rallied all his forces, was his restoration to health — a greater boon than any external advantage, as he was always most ready to acknowledge.

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS IN LIFE—EDUCATION APPOINTMENT—VISIT TO AMERICA.

After the illness and disappointment of the year 1869, the ensuing decade began in quiet and renewed work and comfort, not unenlivened by the hope of what another Education Bill, more successful than the first, might bring. There could be no doubt that the educational needs of Scotland must sooner or later be attended to, nor that the Principal must have some part in the carrying out of the scheme, whatever it might be. An expectation of this kind, whatever may be the anxiety it involves, is perhaps in most cases rather an exciting and sustaining element, giving a certain relief of expectation in the monotony of life, than a depressing or painful prospect. The Principal's family affairs were also furnishing not unagreeable points of interest. His eldest daughter Sara was married in September 1870 to Mr Frank Tarver, an assistant-master at Eton, and the preliminaries of this first marriage in the family brought the usual amusing and enlivening commotion; while the bride's prospects of happiness were so well assured, and the separation so small—it having already become a habit in the family to visit Windsor from time to time—that no cloud of serious parting shadowed a happy event. Mr William Tulloch, the Principal's eldest son—the companion of many of his wanderings, and in all

respects for many following years the confidential friend, adviser, and aid both of father and mother, as it is the privilege and honour of an elder son to be—was also about setting out upon his individual career; and the children who had brought so much both of happiness and anxiety, began to rise about their parents young men and women, with fair unfolding prospects and every pleasant augury. It is curious, amid this flutter of youthful life, to read the following half-serious, half-playful suggestion of the final retirement from work and care which the Principal felt would be most congenial when the time for leisure came. Mrs Tulloch was at Windsor in April 1870, and he writes in the familiarity of acquaintance with all the habits of life in that locality, ending with this aspiration:—

To his Wife.

Had I been with you I should have gone to my favourite Clewer—not for the sermon, but for the church and the service. It is one of the few places where I can feel that I am worshipping. I think sometimes after I have done my work here I will retire to some such place; and if they had the sense (but few Churchmen have sense) they would accept me as incumbent, and we might close our days amidst the peaceful sanctities of a country parish, if indeed peaceful sanctities are to be found there more than elsewhere.

Those who know the little church of Clewer on the riverside, among its peaceful graves, overflowing with flowers on every festival, half-buried in roses in the summer, basking lowly yet fair in the genial sun, will understand the feeling with which the Principal regarded it. He had a great admiration, also, for the venerable Canon Carter, then the rector. Two men more entirely unlike could not be; but something more catholic than Catholicism, the instinct of the pious heart, produced an understanding between one of the gentlest and most saintly of Anglicans, and the younger, stronger, perhaps more broad and many-sided man, whose Scotch training was so different, less delicate, more instinct

with modern influences and open air. Tulloch appreciated with a sort of enthusiasm the refinement and suavity, the gentle temperance and reasonableness, of a man who has been placed in the front rank of a band of Churchmen often highly militant, and with many of whom the Principal had little sympathy. The exquisite softness yet strength of the accomplished old priest, so often to be met with in the Roman Church, occasionally in the English, sometimes in a homelier form even in his own communion, was like a poem to him. But apart from this admiration, I doubt whether our sometimes hot-headed Principal, with a strong fund of constitutional impatience under the impartiality of his mind, could ever have found himself at home amid the network of ecclesiastical organisations and interests which surround Clewer, more intricate than either Presbytery or Senatus, and probably quite as unlike the "peaceful sanctities" for which he sighed.

Amid all the domestic incidents above referred to, he had found time for many studies and sketches in preparation for the work which proved his most important literary production. These were, however, sadly disturbed in the end of 1871 by the sudden and dangerous illness of his wife, which plunged all who loved her into the deepest anxiety. "Mrs Tulloch took alarmingly ill on Friday morning," he wrote to Professor Baynes. "Bell had happily apprehended what was coming, and was sleeping here. It seemed, about four in the morning, as if God was about to take her to His rest, and she spoke so touchingly of us all, not forgetting Mrs Baynes, in what seemed her last moments. But God has been merciful, and after a day's dreadful anxiety, watching her every moment, and fanning her to keep off the dead faints into which she was constantly falling, she rallied about four in the afternoon." It was on this occasion, while lying between life and death, that she afterwards told me she imagined herself floating on that summer sea which we had so often watched together at Capri, under the great rocks of

the Faraglioni, softly lulled on the gentle undulations of the little waves as blue as the sky. It has always seemed to me one of the most beautiful of the confused sensations of utter weakness, and most consolatory in its impression of gentle, painless, almost pleasurable sinking away.

From this illness Mrs Tulloch never altogether recovered. It left her with her elastic constitution, able hitherto for all the many burdens of her life, so shattered that the asthma to which she had been always subject in occasional attacks, became a permanent misery, wearing her to a shadow. She had occasional betternesses, followed by perpetual relapses; but the time of pleasant visits, pleasant rambles, the gentle freedom of the past, was now over. She lived—as long as the companion of her life needed her. I cannot but think that in such cases love has independent forces and rights of its own, which God Himself acknowledges, and before which all the powers of nature bow. I have known other cases in which women have lived, as it seemed, by supreme force of sacred will, which was not self-will, but the high determination of love. She lived through a score of deaths on this argument, to the best of my belief; but when her duty was done and her charge over, yielded to the next assault, having no more motive nor necessity of resistance. But this was not for a long time. She was the most patient, the most cheerful of invalids, never making anything of her sufferings, except a little fun now and then of her emaciation; never ceasing to be the careful housekeeper, the vigilant guardian of all the family interests, the constant aid and moral support of her husband. These matters do not come before the public eye. Her children may think that even so much as I cannot refrain from saying, interferes with the sacred privacy to which their mother's life belongs; but it is quite impossible to record the public side of the one life lived by this ever united pair, without touching upon the other most beautiful and touching aspect of its unity.

It may not be amiss to say that the "Bell" who had happily foreseen an approaching crisis, and to whose ceaseless care Mrs Tulloch owed her life, was the accomplished and beloved Oswald Bell, Professor in the University of St Andrews, and the chief physician in the place, whose own premature death soon after was lamented by the entire community with a touching manifestation of unusual feeling.

As a relief from these grave records, I may quote the Principal's letter on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Louise, to which he was invited by the Queen. He had been extremely amused by the preparations necessary, and described his "shopping" when he got to London, and all the articles of finery with which he had to provide himself, with many comic comments.

To his Wife. *March* 1871.

I had a misgiving last night as if I should be too much got up —knee-breeches, buckles, cassock, and cocked-hat; but the fact is, on such an occasion you cannot be too much got up. Every one looked more splendid than the other, and the discomfort would have been not to be like other people. Story was very impressive also. He went in for knee-breeches at my suggestion, and we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves in the proper style in all respects. We came down with a special train, and got to our places in the chapel half an hour beforehand. Macleod was to have been beside me, but he is very far from well, I hear, and was unable to come. Theodore Martin was a good substitute, and he told me about the people.

In the castle we waited a good while for luncheon; the Queen and the Princess and Lord Lorne came in and went round greeting everybody. The Queen was good enough to speak both to me and Story; and the Princess shook hands with me, saying that "she was very glad I had been able to come." We had a capital luncheon and champagne, and everybody got very talkative and familiar. I had a long talk with Stansfeld, and gave him a bit of my mind about the Education Bill; also, but very shortly, with Mr Forster and the Bishop of Winchester.

We had an interview with Mr Bruce, the Home Secretary,

yesterday, about the Education Bill, and he spoke very sensibly about it. We had also a meeting with the Lord Advocate and the Scotch members, and there was a great deal of talk about a Scotch Board.

Many other scraps of conversation on this interesting subject are recorded along with the lighter interlude of the royal marriage. The Lord Advocate thought "nobody's claims were better than mine, so we must hope the best;" but on the whole, the diplomatic reserves of official persons were very trying to the Principal's temper and patience. This visit to London, made at a much earlier period in the year than was his habit, was also occupied with many inquiries and negotiations in respect to his son John, who had chosen the sea as his profession, and whom he was anxious to settle permanently in one of the great lines of mercantile ships. The following aphorism, not at all like his natural utterance, was struck out by his interviews in the city with various merchants and shipowners, not perhaps the most courteous of men. "All experience teaches me to care little for people's manners, offensive as they may seem, but politely to hold your own, and take what you can get." I commend it to the consideration of other people who may have such enterprises in hand, but I doubt how far it was carried out practically by the original speaker.

One of his many occupations during the year 1871 was an inquiry into certain endowed schools or hospitals, of which there are so many in Scotland, on the model of George Heriot's in Edinburgh, of which he gives the following account in a pamphlet upon Educational Progress, published in 1882:—

I may be pardoned for cherishing a special interest in the prospective labours of the Endowed Schools Commission, from the fact that, along with the late Sheriff Blackburn, I acted as a Special Commissioner under the original Endowed Institutions (Scotland) Act, so long ago as 1871. In that capacity we made

an elaborate report to the Home Secretary of the day in reference to the large endowments at Stirling, partly charitable and partly educational, amounting to upwards of £3200 a-year; and I sketched in detail a system of secondary and higher instruction, of which Stirling should be the centre, and for which there might be available more than £2000 a-year, after deducting all the fair charitable claims upon the funds. This system embraced not only the adequate endowment and equipment of the High School of Stirling, but the foundation of a chain of bursaries and exhibitions, from the common schools upwards to the universities. Nothing, of course, has as yet come of the scheme, because, while we have had successive commissions of inquiry and of revision since, we have not had till now any executive power to enforce the proposed reforms of trusts and endowments. With such cautious steps does educational reform proceed with us, even when very urgent necessities have been disclosed. What can be done at an important national centre like Stirling in the form sketched, or in some modified form, may certainly be done with more or less effect in other centres. Funds are available, if only they can be legally utilised and distributed; and ere long we may now look for the establishment of a fairly complete system of secondary instruction throughout the country.

Dr Dickson of Glasgow adds in a comment upon this, that "it was one of the reports that led to the passing of the Endowed Schools Act."

It is curious to note how many commissions working unseen, how many years of inquiry and suggestion, seem necessary before any new legislation touching matters so important to the welfare of the country can be brought into being.

"The country is glorious," he tells his wife while absent on this mission; "the hills round Stirling make your heart leap with a feeling of delightful grandeur and freedom." The beautiful Ochils, and the glens which lie among their fastnesses, were always objects of his special admiration. But he went nowhere without a thought of the landscape round him, and rarely wrote one of his constant journal letters without a sketch, however slight, of that ever-interesting background. Two or three words are enough to present the scene,—the evening or the morning, the sounds and

sights amid which he wrote. The following is from Balmoral, in the autumn of the same year:—

> The night is so lovely, I have taken a turn out before dressing for dinner. The Duke of Edinburgh has just been talking under my window to some of the ladies, showing them a fish he had caught, of which he seemed to be proud. He certainly is a handsome fellow in the Highland dress, and browned with his sailor life. The silence of the hills as I look out from the open window is grand, only broken by the sweet notes of a blackbird.

"The Queen was very kind and gracious as usual," he adds, "but spoke little comparatively. The dreadful news from Paris seems to sadden everybody."

There is little need to explain what the dreadful news from Paris was. The temporary reign of the Commune was filling that much-agitated town with tumult and trouble, and the hearts of all spectators with fear. I have already remarked how little the great historical events occurring round us affect the lives of private persons, or their thoughts, save for the momentary exchanges of conversation of which no record remains. It is only when the sphere of statesmen and royal personages is touched that these matters of historical moment come into sight as actually affecting the springs of everyday life. The Principal's sympathies were with the Germans in the great struggle then ending—for the reason, very natural and very general among individuals unconcerned with affairs of state, that he knew something of the German nation and people, and very little of the French, whom he was thus free to regard with prejudice and disapproval, as so many do. But he entered little into foreign questions, his mind indeed being fully occupied nearer home. At this time, as has been already said, there were many domestic matters to interest him, and one above all interesting to a father—the settlement of his eldest son at Greenock, the first independent step in the young man's career. Many readers will follow with interest his counsels to the young minister at this important moment:—

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch.

You will find preaching twice a-day very hard, and you should take care not to attempt too much, and to have a good holiday in the autumn, so as to set you up for your winter's work. It would be a great matter for you from the beginning to lecture or expound in the morning, half extempore, writing at first the substance of the lecture carefully, which you could do on Sunday morning, after having been engaged during the week in reading and study—such as the Epistle to the Galatians, for example, with Lightfoot's Commentary—a study which would both keep up your Greek Testament and bring you nearer to the mind of the Pauline epistles than almost any other book; or Stanley and Frederick Robertson on Corinthians, the latter perhaps more generally interesting than Galatians. In any case you must not attempt to preach two sermons. One sermon a-week is ample. The subject will occur to you more naturally in connection with the continuous study of your Greek Testament, and lecturing on some special portion of it, than in any other way.

You should aim at a continuous and increasing mastery of Biblical ideas, the whole plan and mode of thought unfolded in Scripture. These are the great objects of preaching—all other subjects come incidentally; and nothing can more show the disadvantages of failing to ground one's preaching on a broad interpretation of Biblical thought than the iterations and frivolities into which even a clever preacher so often falls. It is all well enough cudgelling one's brains for subjects for a while, but the best brains are soon emptied when not constantly filled by the study of ideas; and Scripture must always be to the preacher the main source of spiritual ideas, although all philosophical study, especially the history of philosophy, is also very helpful. If only you take care to set a high ideal before you and not run into any fashion, especially the bad fashion of preaching themes, and enlarging rhetorically on general subjects.

While giving this wise advice, the Principal also insisted upon the necessity of open air and exercise, bidding his son, who was at this period of his life not at all robust, to "take care not to overdo it in any way. If you could spare an hour for golf," he says, "going four or five holes every evening, it would do you a world of good." The "local colour" of this advice might be confusing to the uninstructed; but the noble game of golf has spread so widely during the last fifteen years, that even out of St Andrews, or indeed of Scotland,

there will be many who will understand it fully. "Four or five holes" on the fresh and wind-swept links meant a walk, I suppose, of two or three miles in the sea air, and amid all the delightful influences of a stainless atmosphere and broad vault of sky. He was himself always fond of these outdoor influences. The following little sketch of a scene, very different from the St Andrews Links, occurs at the end of the same letter:—

> Tarver and I went to Ascot on the Cup day, walking back a good six miles through Windsor Park. It was a very amusing, but also a rather sad scene. The mixture of finery and grandeur —from the Prince and Princess of Wales downward—with rascaldom in its lowest types, lower than almost anything ever seen in Scotland, very marvellous. We saw the great race upon the whole very well, and among other people old Whyte-Melville, intent upon the performance of a fire-eater, with a most amusing expression of interest in his face.
>
> The Education Bill, I fancy, is at an end for this session again; and Mr Gladstone's statement about it, I confess, appears to me very unlike that of a statesman. He seems to think it not so much his business to guide the country as to be led by it. Things, politically speaking, seem far from satisfactory.
>
> Browning has just come to the table beside me (Athenæum). He is a strong, handsome-looking fellow.

He was always pleased to add a note like the last, knowing the interest in the unseen demigods of the great world which was felt by his home correspondents, great and small.

In the beginning of the year 1872 the Principal was again in London, in order to be present at the thanksgiving service for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The streets of London, always so interesting, filled him on this occasion with emotion and amazement. It was impossible to move anywhere, he tells his wife, the streets were so blocked with crowds. "London is in an indescribable state of excitement. Grant and I pushed our way the length of Temple Bar, and the streets were almost impassable with foot-passengers and carriages. I never saw anything like it—a Roman *festa* is

nothing to it." And here is an amusing anecdote of the same visit, against himself:—

> I have a funny and yet an annoying story to tell you about my falling asleep here (Athenæum) last night, and I fear *snoring* dreadfully, to the discomposure of some elderly gentlemen, probably peers or bishops. I felt very much annoyed, but I could not for the life of me wake up, I was so tired, I suppose, with the journey. I must be on the watch, however, against so terrible a habit. My snore, I suppose, is no joke!

It was, however, a continual joke among his intimates, to whom that large sound was not unfamiliar; nor his aspect as he started, awakened by it, lifting large eyes with the usual appeal, half comic, half remonstrative, "My dear!" as if it had been his wife and not he who was the guilty person.

The General Assembly of 1872 was one in which the Principal, who was that year a member of the court, took a considerable part. I may explain again that he was always present in his official capacity as one of the clerks, but could only speak and vote when appointed as one of the delegates elected to represent his Presbytery or University. Several questions in which he took special interest were under discussion. One of these was the Education Bill, which had been occupying so much of his thoughts. Hitherto we have seen him only as he watched the progress through the House of Commons, with mingled impatience and anxiety, of successive unsuccessful measures in successive years. On the present occasion it was the intrinsic character of the bill, especially in regard to the question of religious instruction, which was the natural subject of debate. Principal Tulloch's position in respect to this question was a peculiar one, but it was one which was held in harmony with many of his compeers in Scotland. The old Scotch system of religious instruction, founded on the Shorter Catechism, and embracing an elaborate system of doctrine, did not appear to him a necessary thing to be enforced upon the national schools of the country. Dr Lee, on examination before the Parlia-

mentary Committee, had boldly declared that he did not consider religious instruction (in this sense) to be an advantage or indeed desirable. That clergymen should maintain the inexpediency of enforcing religious instruction may seem strange to many, and the explanation that it was this system of elaborate doctrine and scientific theology which they deprecated is perhaps necessary. The motion upon which the question was debated in the General Assembly was made by Dr Cook "in favour of the legislative enactment of religious instruction in schools according to the use and wont of the Church of Scotland." Principal Tulloch proposed on the other side a motion "approving of the Lord Advocate's bill, in so far as it makes provision for extending the means of education, and expressing a conviction that no measure will be satisfactory which does not embrace the reading of the Holy Scriptures." Tulloch's argument was as follows: He began by telling the Assembly that they had objected to every bill during the last twenty-five years, and that their object now was to impede legislation, a statement which was met by vehement denials. The principle of the present bill, he went on to say, was that the question of religious teaching was to be decided individually in each place by the local boards—a principle which in itself he had no liking for: but he was willing to accept it in order that something practical might be done at last, and his sense of justice was wounded by the unreasonable objections to it.

It appears to me that there never was an objection more completely misapplied, than the objection to the bill that it is an irreligious bill. For where, after all, can we have security for religion, save in the religious minds and feelings of the people? Supposing there are statutes in our past legislation, where do these statutes come from, I should like to know? From the religious conscience of the country. And if we leave the religious conscience of the country to deal with the question of religion under the bill, how can we be said to be opposing religion? So far as the mere fact of religious teaching is concerned, I have the most perfect confidence in the local boards; and I only wish I

had the same confidence in all respects as I have in them insisting on the teaching of religion in the schools. Therefore I think it quite unnecessary for me to enter into the controversy which has been raised among my legal friends. It would be presumptuous of me to interfere when legal doctors disagree. It appears to me undoubted that whether or not we had statutes enacting religious teaching in our past legislation, we certainly had statutes recognising it; and we had these statutes simply because the people of Scotland had always been a religious people. They are a religious people now, and how can the legislation of the country help reflecting the religious feeling and conscience of the country? I have the most perfect confidence that religion will be taught under the new system; and it is the worst thing that could be said against the Churches that there should be doubt lest the parents of Scotland, who are the members of our Churches, would hesitate as to the religious teaching of their children. Therefore I am prepared to accept the present bill on this point. I should have liked if the religious difficulty could have been settled once for all, and settled on the basis of reading and teaching the Holy Scriptures, as my motion proposed. I trust that under the conditions of the bill this will yet be the practical settlement in many cases; and I believe it will be more frequently so than some people imagine. With all my heart I believe that the best basis for education, with which no other documents, catechetical or otherwise, can be compared, is the Holy Scriptures. I should deplore, with more sorrow than I can express here, if the time should ever come when these sacred Scriptures—the most simple, as they are the highest literature in the world, the most fitted to instil goodness into the mind of the child, as they are the most fitted to inspire all nobleness and piety and charity in the heart of man, —I should deplore if the time ever came when the reading and teaching of these Scriptures should form no longer a part of our common educational system. I believe absolutely in the power of the teacher to read and explain the Holy Scriptures without any sectarian admixture. I believe that all that has been said on this point is simply theory, and that practically there is no difficulty. Sectarianism! why, the whole spirit of the Bible is opposed to sectarianism. Its living study, its simple reading, are the best correction of sectarianism; and our Churches, one and all, are only sectarian in so far as they have departed from the Bible and thrown it aside. I should have been glad had the Education Bill been settled on this basis. For myself I could not accept a narrower basis, and I have no wish for a broader one. The State, I hold, is not entitled to say to the Churches, "We shall give no religious training; take these children, they are yours, train them

in your respective religions." But the State was entitled to say to the Churches, "If you do not think religious teaching on the basis of the Holy Scriptures enough, if you think your own dogmas absolutely necessary, then teach them yourselves."

The conclusion of the Principal's speech was an appeal to the Assembly to withdraw obstruction, and to concentrate all the weight of its influence upon the final passing of the best bill they could get. He reminded his hearers that each bill which had been rejected, partly at least through their resistance, had been a little less favourable than the one preceding it, and pressed upon them the inexpediency of continuing a struggle so little advantageous. "Let the Church only come to the front and say manfully and honestly 'We wish this great question to be settled,' and I believe it will be settled," were his concluding words. They were received, according to the newspaper report, with "prolonged applause"; but nevertheless he lost his motion by a very large majority. He gives his usual account of the proceedings, scribbling rapidly from among his minutes on the table of the House:—

To his Wife.

I made a long speech to-day and spoke not ill, according to my own judgment, but the House was unresponsive in reference to a great deal that I said. However, I am glad at least to have my breath out; other things the Assembly took in very good part, and, upon the whole, I am fairly well pleased. It shakes me dreadfully beforehand; however, when I get begun, I am as cool as ever. It will do good out of doors, and one must be content with that.

A day or two later the Principal made another remarkable speech on the subject of "Union," in which, though his motion was one of "willingness to use all means in Christian association with other Churches to promote the religious welfare of the nation, together with peace and harmony," his speech was one of indignant protest against the empty suggestions and overtures for union, which was not desired by

either party, and which there was no reasonable hope of seeing carried out. The Free Church had not unnaturally become very much alienated from the Establishment, as everybody knew. Indeed the very existence and progress of the Established Church was a perpetual proof that the Free Church had been in the wrong, and an unusual amount of Christian feeling is necessary to make this consciousness endurable—an amount at once of reasonableness and the purest genial charity not to be expected from any body of men, though here and there some individual bosom might be generous and candid enough to be capable of it. "It would be the most blessed day for Scotland," said the Principal, "if the Churches would give each other the hand of Christian fellowship, and heartily unite to make aggression upon those masses of spiritual destitution that abound in our large towns. But then, I ask, what hinders them from doing so?"

There is no obstacle in Scotland to Christian union but the absence of practical Christian feeling, and therefore I think that to bring up overtures here to teach men this general duty, is just as absurd as it would be to bring up overtures to teach any other common duty. It is the duty of every Christian Church to cultivate union, and nothing hinders the concord and the co-operation of our Churches but that spirit of irreligious—I shall not call it religious, though it goes under the name of religion—bitterness that animates so many of their numbers. Why, at this moment, what are the two larger ecclesiastical bodies in Scotland doing—those very men with whom you propose to unite? They are combining with a view to memorialise the Legislature that your constitution, which is identified with all the glory of the country, shall be repealed, and they tell you that the union they alone contemplate is a union which should be based on your overthrow. Now, is it desirable to ignore such obvious facts as these, and to come forward with long speeches and hollow sentences about Christian union? What I dissent from is that it is constantly assumed in these debates that there is something like a basis of union agreed upon. No man desires union more heartily than I do, but I say no one is entitled to assume in this house that there has been any agreement anywhere in any constituted court on the subject of the basis of union. It is assumed that there is unity in

worship, doctrine, and discipline. And why is there no unity of spirit? Just because there is not. What hinders the Churches, I ask again, from doing all you ask them to do, but the very absence of that spirit of unity which you wish to promote? If you appointed a day for combined prayer for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon your Churches, that the spirit of love to God and love to men might be kindled in all hearts, you would do more to promote a real union than all your overtures can do. Sir, we have heard of union from those gentlemen from America, and I listened with delight to their speeches. But how did that union in America come about between the old- and the new-school Presbyterians? Not by overtures and speeches. It came about because there grew up, in the course of the years of severance between these bodies, a practical feeling that severance was un-Christian. And let me say that that feeling was not predominant among the ministers. It was predominant among the laymen first of all, and the presence of the laymen in their kirk-sessions, and of the people in the congregations, forced the clergy of these two schools into union. Wait, I say, until you have this practical impulse here. Wait till the spirit of wrath and clamour and evil-speaking shall have passed away, and then your Churches will come together. You will need no overtures or speeches to promote union. The union will be irresistible. I would implore those Christian men who are heartily interested in the subject that they would feel the reality of what I say, and that they would leave this question alone in its generalities. Let us use every means for the promotion of a Christian spirit, and then we shall have Christian union, but not before.

In this case, Principal Tulloch's motion was carried unanimously. This was not, however, his general position in the Church, where he was now greatly esteemed, admired, listened to with growing attention in all cases, but still hotly opposed in many, and generally found on the then unpopular side. The freedom of his utterances in respect to the bonds of doctrine which had long been the object of an almost superstitious reverence in Scotland, had permanently alarmed many timid minds, and had subjected him to continual attacks both in the Church courts and in the newspapers, and he shared in the lively and often violent vituperations which still assailed the "Innovators," although not himself one of them. In short, his position at the head of the progressive

party in the Church had not ceased to render him obnoxious to those who considered that a rigid devotion to the past was the chief inspiration of religion, and that everything new, however much in harmony with the divine principle of religious life, must be wrong and fatal. And there was still a strong party in the Scotch Church to which the oldest observances, the most universal and fondly cherished customs of the Church universal, were new and dangerous, and who were more apt to be alarmed by the throwing down of the landmarks with which they were familiar, than to consider whether these landmarks were really the genuine demarcations which divided the fictitious or temporary from the true. This feeling exists so strongly in all corporations, that it is no wonder it should do so specially in religious organisations, where error is less venial, and specially in Scotland, where feeling has always been strong and fidelity obdurate. At the same time Tulloch had already begun to live down prejudice, to be recognised as a power in the Church and the country, and notwithstanding opposition, to be listened to with invariable respect.

It was in this year (1872) that Scotland and the Church lost one of their most famed and greatest men. I find a reference, without name, to the funeral of Dr Norman Macleod, written from Rosneath in the heart of June, amid all the freshness and beauty of that lovely place.

To his Wife. *June* 21, 1872.

Yesterday when I came here was the heavenliest day you can imagine. The hills and loch were looking too grand. It was very peaceful and delightful after the sombre and magnificent spectacle at Glasgow. No dead certainly could receive more honour and respect, thousands of working men clustering around every post and pillar and window, looking on with wistful and affectionate regard.

After the death of Dr Macleod, so deeply lamented by

Queen and nation, I do not think any one will contradict me if I say that Principal Tulloch became, without comparison, the most eminent member of the Scotch Church.

While he was thus occupied with much public business of various kinds, his great book was slowly advancing towards completion. Allusion has been made occasionally in his letters during several years to this work; but it is perhaps a proof how many events were now surrounding him, and of the quickened course of life altogether, that no account of the composition, and but few references to the studies necessary for it, are to be found in his letters. In the calm of his early years, an article in a Review occupied more space in his communications with his friends than did now the chief literary production of his life. He spoke of it in familiar conversation, or rather of the chief personages treated in it, in a way that showed how much his mind was occupied with these admired and congenial spirits. His inquiries at Eton, for instance, after any relics or memories that might be found of his favourite, John Hales, were accompanied by much half-comic vehemence of indignation in finding that the name of his philosopher was almost unknown in that seat of learning, where probably a thinker in one of the centuries B.C. would have had a better chance of recollection than a worthy of the seventeenth century. And he made various pilgrimages to Cambridge and elsewhere, to trace the steps of the subjects of his work. It surrounded him with an atmosphere of thoughtful society, overflowing now and then in anecdotes and wise and pleasant sayings of these unseen friends, but not in more formal references to the progressing book. It was now, however, nearly finished, and we begin to hear of it more definitely. The early part of this year seems to have been filled with final expansions and revisions, as will be seen from the following letters.

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. *Feb.* 17, 1872.

After thinking that my first volume was just ready for the press, I have taken it into my head to write a whole chapter about Lord Falkland, and sketch all his remarkable society out of which the rational movement comes, and from thirty pages or so the chapter seems likely to grow into seventy or eighty. This has set me back two or three weeks with the whole affair, and there is no chance now of my getting to Germany till after the General Assembly. The chapter, however, will lighten and improve the book.

A few months later we find that there has occurred a further delay.

To Professor Baynes. *June* 26, 1872.

I have stopped the press for six weeks or so, and set out for Germany at the latest (I hope) on Tuesday next. There was no use hurrying on when it was impossible, do what I would, to have the book out before the middle of July, just when the dead season was beginning. I don't myself regret the delay. I have written two considerable chapters following H. More, one dealing with the "satellites" of the movement—Culverwell (who is a marvellous genius), and Worthington, and Roose, and Glanvill, &c.—and showing how Norris carried over the ideal impulse to the next century; and then a concluding summing up of results, and a glowing picture of a "Broad Church." I shall probably write the concluding chapter over again. You had doubts about the connection of Berkeley with the Cambridge men through Norris. There is no doubt of Norris's intimate connection with More. But whether Berkeley caught anything from Norris, I cannot say; I should be inclined to say "yes," for Norris was evidently a great "ideal" swell in his day, and Berkeley can hardly have escaped knowing about him.

We have had a melancholy work last week burying Macleod. I cannot say all I feel about his loss.

"I wish you would bundle up your traps," he adds, "and come to Germany. I go to Hamburg direct, then to Göttingen, to see my old friend Pauli, and consult about a school for Frank, whom I shall probably settle at Marburg." He changed his mind, however, about this journey, going first to London in July, where he lingered a little, evermore intent upon the Education Bill, which, for the third or

fourth time, was trying its fortune in the House of Commons. With the bill itself he was now tolerably satisfied, but the anxious question of the Board was still as little settled as ever. Once more his letters to his wife were full of the varying reports of parliamentary friends and critics. "It seems that Mr Forster and the Education Department will have specially to do with the appointment of Commissioners. I hope this is not to be the issue of the business," he writes. In the middle of these hopes and fears he left London with his youngest son, and gradually awakened to the pleasure of the journey, and the brightness and movement of foreign towns, which always pleased him, yet never without lingering looks behind, where the momentous discussion was still going on. The hurried journey, however, was not very fruitful either of events or impressions. His object was to find a school for his boy, where the object of his expatriation, that of learning German, should not be balked by the presence of other English boys; and in that search he went to one place after another, under the advice of Dr Pauli. His final choice, however, was fixed on the school at Marburg, of which he had originally thought; and in a very short time we find him back again in London, with a half regret, yet inextinguishable interest and anxiety. He would have preferred, he says, not to return to London, but—

> I should like to come home with the Education appointment in my pocket if possible. Perhaps, after all, nothing may come of it. Well, I should not break my heart. I do not fear anything as to money when well, and I have never grudged in the least anything I have spent in travel. I have always made my own out of it in the end.

For some time longer the subject occupied his thoughts: that a man might probably be placed at the head of the education scheme for Scotland who had never been inside a parish school in his life; that associated in everything as the

Church had always been with a system of education everywhere celebrated as excellent, there should now be serious doubts whether a clergyman was eligible to be one of the Commissioners,—such peradventures disturbed and irritated him, not only on his own account, but for the fundamental injustice and injuriousness of both dangers, especially the last. The long uncertainty, however, was at length set at rest by the passing of the bill in the end of the session, and by the intimation of the Principal's appointment, conveyed by the hand of Mr Gladstone himself. He had left London, sick of the discussion and of the suspense equally, and received this intimation while at home in St Andrews; so that I find no record either of satisfaction or dissatisfaction. He had made up his mind, after much heat of pursuit, that he no longer desired the appointment as he had once done. "There is no doubt the Board will be temporary," he writes to Dr Dickson—"perhaps not lasting more than three years. My literary engagements and connections would be all arrested, and I have more enjoyment in them than in anything else." These expressions were perhaps but the philosophy of anticipated disappointment, and did not at all interfere with the fact that the appointment was a pleasure as well as a solid advantage to him when at length it came. The Board consisted of Sir John Don Wauchope as chairman; Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of Edinburgh University, and Principal Tulloch as commissioners; with the Rev. Dr James Taylor, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, as secretary. Their work can be described as little less than a complete reorganisation of the schools of primary education in Scotland, up to that time governed by the old and time-honoured regulations which had made Scotch parochial schools interesting and exemplary to all the world. These regulations could not of course answer to the new necessities and new authorities of the changed system, any more than the homely schoolhouse of the old *régime*

could supply space and convenience for the larger numbers and increased requirements of modern days. The new Education Board had to consider all these necessities, to construct new standards, to recommend and more or less enforce the erection of new school buildings, and to watch over the preservation, as much as was possible, of the better features of the old scheme along with the machinery of the new. Principal Tulloch published, two years later, when the work of the Board had been for some time completed, a review of the progress made and results attained, which was of the most satisfactory description; but it is unnecessary at this period to enter upon that record. The work was all new, to some extent revolutionary and experimental, and accompanied by many anxieties, and even controversy, when it was begun.

He adds a final word of satisfaction in a letter already quoted in respect to the conclusion of his book.

To Rev. Dr Dickson.

'Rational Theology' is all out of my hands to the dedication; but I expect still to revise my title-pages, notes, and mottoes, and I will perhaps send them to you for inspection. The mottoes I think are good, and the whole book, whatever may be its fate with the public, probably as good as anything I can do. Jowett, who has been here, and Stanley too, went over the last chapter and preface with interest. It is dedicated, according to a promise made some time ago, to the latter. His sermon was very fine, and seems to have pleased everybody here.

The last reference is to Dean Stanley's discourse delivered in the parish church of St Andrews (known familiarly as "the Town Church"), through the invitation of Dr Boyd—an act much discussed on the other side of the Tweed, as all such attempts at practical unity have been, though received in Scotland with almost universal satisfaction and gratification.

The book when launched upon the world was received with much approval and appreciation. The Principal writes

of letters received from Dean Stanley and Dr John Brown of Edinburgh with much pleasure, and he has preserved among his papers many others—some from Germany, some from England. He was, I think, unfortunate in choosing a cumbrous and uninviting title for the volumes, which contained so much vigorous and animated writing, and were so full of historical vivacity and life. "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy" is a name which suggests rather a series of essays than a succession of well-developed historical pictures, embodying the rise and progress of a remarkable school of thinkers, and of a tolerant and large system of thought. The variety of the groups, varying from academic recluses to men of action, from the chivalrous and heroic Falkland to such an easy-minded and little-requiring philosopher as John Hales, had naturally a human interest which is attractive to a much larger class of readers than the students of a philosophical system. In all their different spheres these were men after Tulloch's own heart. His was not the laborious effort often made by historical writers to understand or rehabilitate, or worse, to blacken and destroy the reputations of the past. But he followed the leading of his own partialities with a curious, characteristic and engaging preoccupation, seeking out in scholastic seclusion and odd corners of the world, where many of them had been allowed to fall into forgetfulness, the men of gentle heart and open mind,—the leisurely and liberal thinkers, not vehement enough, nor sufficiently intent upon their own way to impress their neighbours with any masterful or coercive influence—too mild, perhaps, in some cases, too much detached from the world, to produce the full effect upon it which their genius merited, mildly handing on the lamp of truth from one to another, no fiery cross nor blazing sword nor instrument of division. His heroes failed perhaps a little in that burning sense of being themselves right, which creates the missionary spirit, and emboldens men to insist

upon the agreement of their fellows; but such scholars and philosophers, centres of peaceful interest amid the commotions of history, are profoundly interesting both from a historical point of view and to the student of human nature. The Principal's selection of his own mental fathers and comrades, his admiration of their reticent attitude and indifference to practical results, the calm justice and rectitude and love of peace by which they were characterised, is very remarkable. They recall to me, though with perhaps only a fantastic reason, the kindred yet very dissimilar group of Anglican pietists which a recent writer has presented before us under a slight disguise of fiction. The devotees of Little Gidding, as we find them in the story of 'John Inglesant,' were not more characteristic, more separated from the ordinary race, than the philosophers of Cambridge. They contemplated the world from absolutely different points of view, yet there is a certain resemblance between them; and there is something of the union in sentiment of companion pictures in the philosopher's story of his kindred philosophers, and the novelist's picture of the priests and devotees who were their contemporaries.

There were, however, some drawbacks to his satisfaction in his completed work, in the little dangers to which Tulloch was peculiarly subject, and which vexed him more than other men. His curiously illegible handwriting—handwriting which at the first glance would alarm no reader, and which sometimes had a *faux air* of clearness and symmetry very deceiving—was always a torment to him in respect to the correction of his works. The puzzled printer reproduced errors which he had himself been the first to make, especially in quotations, with an obstinacy which sometimes reduced the unfortunate author to despair, and sometimes ended by puzzling himself also, so that he retired confounded from the effort to cope with them; and as he was exceedingly sensitive on this subject, his sufferings when

everything was in print, and it was no longer possible to attempt another revise, may be left to the imagination of such unfortunates as have passed through a similar experience. "Many thanks for your letter and list of corrigenda, which rather frightened me," he writes to Dr Dickson; "but a fair part are printers' blunders, such as——;" and he enumerates several cases. In one particular, "I don't know how often I corrected this!" he cries. He adds with whimsical humour, "You need not put —— (a great university authority) up to the errata. He will hardly find out any of them for himself!" "I only wish I had had you to go over it all," he adds to his friend, who on his side reproaches him for "clinging with so perverse a charity to the belief that printers will be sure to print correctly whatever is of the nature of a quotation." Fortunately, however, the Principal's health at this time was sufficiently good to ensure him against any morbid effect of these errors, such as on a previous occasion had made a trivial slip into an instrument of torture. And the critics were generally complimentary. "The 'British Quarterly' is very flattering," he says; "and I wish somebody, the 'Saturday Review' or some other, would abuse the book by way of variety." This is a gratification which is seldom wished for in vain, but I do not remember that even that warlike periodical, then in its heyday, took any action against the Principal or his delightful book.

His usual visit to Balmoral in the autumn of this year had been made at a sad moment, when the Queen was mourning the sudden death of her sister, the Princess Hohenlohe. The sight of sorrow always roused so strongly his sympathetic nature, that no doubt there was a very special adaptation in all his services to a grief into which he could enter with the most genuine and simple feeling. There is nothing from her Majesty's hand which is not interesting to the greater part of her subjects, and I am glad to be permitted to quote the

letter in which the Queen acknowledged her chaplain's effort.

BALMORAL, *September* 29, 1872.

Though the Queen hopes to see Principal Tulloch this afternoon, she does not wish to wait till then to express her warm and grateful thanks for the beautiful and comforting sermons and prayers he gave us to-day, which have harmonised so entirely with the Queen's feelings on the present sad and distressing occasion. She truly feels that *we ought to rejoice*, and that it is for those on earth, fighting and struggling, and, alas ! so often living as if there was no other world, that we ought to, and must pray. Her beloved sister passed away in sleep. Having spoken so kindly of her, the Queen sends for Principal Tulloch's perusal the translations of two letters from the Empress-Queen of Germany, the Queen's very kind friend, and the copy of a letter of Lady Augusta Stanley, who with the Dean has been at Baden since the 23d, the evening of the day when the beloved Princess breathed her last.

May the Queen ask to have a copy of the fine and comforting sermon he gave us to-day ?

A vacancy which occurred early in the next year, 1873, in the Glasgow University, on the death of Principal Barclay, elicited from Principal Tulloch the following statement of personal content with his circumstances. As usual, a suggestion had been made that he should be a candidate for the more lucrative appointment, of which it was impossible not to see the advantages. He acknowledges, in the correspondence which ensued, that it could not but be "to me in some respects a great gain, while I fancy all my experience here would be of some service to you." He adds, however:—

To the Rev. Dr Dickson.

I have really ceased to be ambitious; were my position a little better here in point of emolument, I should never dream of parting with it. I have got accustomed to it, and it has got accustomed to me. I like my duties as a teacher, and with my increasing tendency to the historical line, feel less difficulty than I sometimes used to have in treating my subjects. In short, many things reconcile me to spending my life here.

During this and the ensuing years he was much in Edin-

burgh on the business of the Education Board, attending meetings about once a-week, and full of interest in the new subjects which now occupied his thoughts and time. His letters have as usual always a word for the morning skies and the lights on the Firth as he makes his hurried journeys, leaving early on mornings when he had no class, to return in time to meet his students next day. These visits to Edinburgh were hurried and fatiguing, but they would seem according to the record to have been full of pleasurable incidents. His evenings were never spent alone. Pleasant dinners, pleasant talk, enlivened the intervals of school meetings and "code" discussions. Edinburgh was naturally full of friends who did not neglect a visitor so genial. The best society which the metropolis of the north could command was to be found in the houses of Sir Alexander Grant, Professor Sellar, Professor Lorimer, Mr John Blackwood, and his faithful friend and ally, Mr John Skelton,—all of them more or less connected with, and happily reminiscent of, Fife and St Andrews in still more cheerful early days. His communications to his wife are full of allusions which only a member of the little academical community, in many respects like a family, could understand, mingled with scraps of public news almost as much now out of current knowledge. For example: "This business of Wallace's," he says, "is likely to be a great trouble. I have told him plainly I cannot defend any pluralities, being committed against the principle long ago." This must seem like ancient history to the few who understand the allusion. It refers to one of the ministers of Edinburgh, successor in the historical parish of Old Greyfriars to Dr Robert Lee, who had been lately appointed to the Chair of Church History in the University, and meant to hold both appointments, though, if not the formal law, all the sentiments of the Church and country were against it. It is very extraordinary, almost incredible, that this reverend gentleman and intending pluralist should be now

figuring upon a broader stage, not reverend at all, but M.P. for one of the divisions of enlightened Edinburgh—a most curious consummation. There is little sacerdotalism in the Scotch Church, and no such divinity hedging about a minister as that which is supposed to encircle an Anglican priest; but the transformation thus accomplished, now by no means rare in England, is still almost unique in the more tenacious north.

On another occasion the Principal criticises, in the security of private communication, another learned and reverend friend who "seems to me to talk nonsense about natural theology. Nobody has ever professed to believe in such a natural theology as he girds at. But," he adds, with the seriousness of authority, "all theology must rest in ultimate rational principles, which are so far 'natural' that they must be considered parts of our nature."

Not less acute are some of his observations on less serious matters. On one occasion he was persuaded by an old friend, who had recently married, to accompany him home to dinner, where the Principal found a young lady whose appearance filled him with surprise and consternation, so great was the disparity of age between the husband and wife. "But," he says, "she seemed to think it quite natural. Nothing has ever been more remarkable to me than the adaptive power of certain young women. They seem to fit in naturally to almost any circumstances."

The making out of the Educational Code was not finished till April, and this pleasant and social winter ended sadly in another attack of illness. The following letter, marked "confidential," gives an account of his condition to his friend:—

To Rev. Dr Dickson. St Andrews, *August* 27, 1873.

You will be sorry to hear that I have been in the grip of my old trouble all summer. I was suffering greatly at the General Assembly, although I did not say much to you. By the advice of the doctors, I took a holiday in Switzerland in June and July;

but although I got better at St Moritz for a while, I returned here very much as I went away; and even now, after four months, I can hardly say I am any better. It is the old brain-trouble, from whatever cause it comes — continued pressure of overwork, Dr Bell says; but I cannot help thinking there is some constitutional infirmity at the root of it.

The paper on Matthew Arnold in 'Blackwood' was my work, the last thing I did. If I were only once well again (*D.V.*) I fancy I must lay down some rigorous rules about work.

The remainder of the autumn is full of the same melancholy record. On this occasion his illness had seized upon him with little warning at the end of his session at the University. It was not so severe, I think, at any time as the first attack; but these repetitions, one following another at periodical intervals, increased the oppression, while giving a certain sombre habit to the mysterious malady. He was accompanied to St Moritz by his wife and daughter; and a faint hope that the air of those now famous mountains might be beneficial to Mrs Tulloch also, had a share in the impulse which carried him thither. But in the Principal's case it was more than ever true that to change the skies and not the mind was of very little advantage. He returned home little, if any, better than when he went away, and wandered about during the autumn in the defenceless exhaustion to which this illness reduced him, throwing himself with most affecting simplicity upon the sympathy of all whom he encountered. A tone of pathos, of sometimes heartrending, sometimes half-humorous self-pity, which was almost childlike in its immense sincerity, and sense of suffering, breathes through his letters to his wife when he is parted from her, trying a round of plaintive visits by himself, if perhaps that might do him good. "I hope, my ever dearest wife, you had a pleasant journey, and got home well," he says—"the thought of getting home well makes my heart rise;" and he adds, trying to comfort her in the midst of his own pain, "Think of nothing, dearest, but of home and of happiness there, if God only gives me health."

One of these forlorn visits was to Polkemmet, to his most kind friends, Sir William and Lady Baillie, to whom he always turned in these moments of trouble. He anticipates his going with a certain forlorn pleasure, but feels it "sad and strange" to be there without his wife, and wishes he were going home instead; the kind people whom he meets, the quiet of the great house, the familiar trees he sees from the window upon which he has looked out so often before, which never change, the blasts of autumn rain—are all features in the phantasmagoria which seems to swallow up his life. And his purposes are as dim and uncertain as the scene around. He tells Mrs Tulloch that he has written to Story that he had a longing to go home, yet would probably visit him at Rosneath; and to Dickson that he would go to Glasgow, in order to look through with him the corrections for the second issue of his book. "But what I shall really do at this moment I cannot say; all is darkness, sad, blank, and weary."

If I could only see more through these bad times, so as to bear them more patiently and manfully. Nothing is so humiliating about the matter as the unmanly and miserable weakness to which it reduces one.

On the conclusion of this attack the Principal wrote an account of his sensations and sufferings at some length. These illnesses had come to be facts of so great importance in his life, that his mind was much occupied with them. They were not only objects of dread, but of singular interest, their incomprehensible character and mysterious origin giving an endless if mournful and painful attraction to the subject. Whence came they? what were they — those clouds which obscured the daylight, and swept sun and stars out of sight? It gave him a kind of melancholy pleasure to ask himself this question, and to discuss and dissect it, doing his best to fathom the mystery and find out what it meant. I refrain from quoting at length that chronicle of suffering

until a later period, when it becomes of absorbing interest, and lays bare to us, in one of the deepest struggles of nature, a heart overwhelmed with evil that can be called nothing but imaginary, yet was so real,—a mind quivering through every delicate fibre with causeless woe—a nature overstrained and exhausted, tottering under the weight of a conflict to which its strength was inadequate. In the meantime I will make only a very brief summary of his narrative. He was in the midst of writing an article on Matthew Arnold's literature and dogma "with great ease and freedom," when suddenly the black shadow came across his soul. "I struggled through it, finished the paper in depression and misery, which I had begun in rather a defiant, bumptious way;" then went through his Assembly work as in a dream, "in indescribable discomfort and misery." Then to Balmoral, which had become a yearly duty. "I can never forget the misery of the journey to Balmoral, my visit there and preaching, although in the midst of it all I actually rewrote my sermon, had a long private interview with the Queen, and dined with her, and a long walk on the hill with Prince Leopold. Her Majesty was kindness itself, as usual, and I had scarcely left for the south of England, when she sent a message after me inquiring after my health. Although I had said little, the Queen had seen that I was very far from well." Then follows an account of the going to St Moritz, reluctantly undertaken, where "some days I was very miserable," but somewhat comforted by meeting Dr Drummond, an old friend once practising in Glasgow, who "confessed freely he could do little good." "His theory was, it was a sort of gout-poisoning. But when he had seen me so ill for some days, he recommended me to try my old remedy, opium. He gave me three grains a-day, and I got wonderfully better." This, which seems so strange a prescription, had been advised by Sir James Simpson, and though it was a remedy to which the Principal had recourse unwillingly, it always did him good. He speaks afterwards

with great feeling of severe headaches and sore throat, to which he became subject as the illness began to give way; but "in the severest physical pain there is something grateful in contrast," he adds. He makes the following summary of the past and anticipation of the future in the beginning of a new year:—

New Year's Day, 1874.

I have great difficulty in coming to any *rationale* of such an illness, and no doctor knows any more of it, less I sometimes think, than I do. It may be said to be of the nature of mania, yet a being more rational than I am, even in a sense while under its influence, I cannot well conceive. I have no illusions, no mere fancies; the suffering is positive brain suffering alleviated by opium, by nothing else I know of, probably by anything that would so far deaden consciousness. Travelling, which almost all the doctors (except Sir James Simpson) recommended, appears to me, on reflection, to do no good, rather harm at the time. Possibly it tells for some good afterwards. Quietness, fresh air obtained without much exercise—which seems always attended by a reaction—the air of the hills or the sea, above all, isolation and rest, if it can only be got,—seem the only curatives. I should add gentle companionship, as that of my wife (I cannot tell all she has been to me during all the times I have been ill), or my friend Lady Baillie,—companionship with sympathy. A morbid craving for sympathy is one of the prominent features of the malady, so that being left alone, save for a little while, is a great aggravation of one's misery.

The successive attacks have certainly diminished in intensity and duration, and I should hope I may have no more. This New Year's Day I wish to record my thankfulness to my heavenly Father for all His mercies to me, and to pray, as I have heartily done, for grace "sufficient" to help me against all my sins and infirmities. In this new year I hope especially to be more on my guard against the outbursts of an irritable and impatient temper. It is needless to say more on such a subject. May my hope and prayer be realised!

My wife's health I may fondly pray also may strengthen. Now for two or three winters she has been much of an invalid, suffering greatly from asthmatic attacks; with God's blessing may she get strong.

Our household at this date is greatly reduced. Willie is settled as a minister in Greenock, where he has been doing admirably well. May his health be preserved—it is a constant subject of

anxiety to me; and above all, may his soul be in health and prosper. He has been married for nearly two years, and has a little boy. Sara is happily settled at Eton with a good husband, successful and clever. Jack is away with his ship, the Mikado, likely to sail between San Francisco and Sydney. Frank is in Greenock in an office. Fanny is in England, chiefly with our friend Mrs Oliphant. Maud is at school near Windsor. Besides Agnes, my sister, there are only four children at home. And so we begin a new year. May God's blessing rest on all!

With this devout survey and aspiration the year 1874 began.

Almost the first incident afterwards recorded was a visit to Cortachy Castle, where, inspired by the many poetical tributes in Lady Airlie's album, and pleased with the society and kindness of that hospitable house, the Principal ventured upon verse and inscribed his homage too. But this poetical outburst may be left in oblivion, though it pleased himself not a little. For a few months in the beginning of the year, continuing from the New Year's Day record quoted above, he kept a brief diary, noting his lectures and the Educational Board meetings and University business, which filled up the winter: but the entries are very brief. It is only in his absence from home that we find all his doings and thinkings recorded, the people he met and the places he visited, in his letters to his wife.

The following notice, the first of many, of a distinguished contemporary, who has now, alas! followed his critic into the unseen, has some interest as a light and passing sketch. It is contained in a letter dated from the Athenæum, in the very beginning of 1874, on the occasion of a hurried visit to London. The reader will recollect that a review of 'Literature and Dogma' had been the Principal's last literary effort before his illness. His mission to London, with Principal Shairp for his associate, was on University business, in order to secure a chair of Education for St Andrews.

Matthew Arnold has just come in, and we have had a talk. I thought at first he looked a little as if he did not approve of my pitching into him, but then he said very nicely that he had seen a speech of mine, which he liked very much. I told him Shairp was here and wished to see him. "Ah!" he said, "Shairp and you must diverge a good deal." I told him Shairp was not so narrow as he used to be. "Ah!" he said again, "he has so much feeling. He moves hither and thither under the impulse of his enthusiasm." Arnold's manner is very ha-ha; but I have no doubt he is a very good fellow.

In spring, when his college work came to an end, the Principal, still suffering a little from the exhaustion occasioned by his illness, was invited by Mr Duncan to accompany him on a tour to America, and gladly accepted this opportunity of relaxation, which was "strongly recommended by the doctors for rest after the winter." Medical certificates liberated him from the work of the Education Board for the necessary time, and a clerical friend having undertaken the duties of his clerkship in the ensuing Assembly, he set out on the 4th of April in the teeth of a gale, in the Cunard steamer "Russia." He was not fortunate at sea, and the gale continued for more than half of his voyage, which was an unusually long one. He records some of his impressions in the following letter:—

To his Wife.

The Atlantic is certainly very grand in a storm. Yesterday afternoon I got on deck, and as I stood clinging to a rope for support, it was thrilling enough to see the huge waves rolling past and breaking over the bow of our ship—thrilling, but somewhat terrific. I could not help thinking of you all quietly at home, and that I might have been quietly with you instead of tossing here on the wide dreary ocean. With all its magnificence, it is dreary: there is such a trackless waste of waters, and they look so pitiless, so hungry and angry, as if they could swallow the ship and all up, and gurgle satisfactorily over such a mouthful.

After an evening visit to the cabin of one of his fellow-travellers, where they had been merry telling stories, and exchanging experiences in the glow of the lamplight, he

says: "It was strange and solemn to come along the ship about midnight in the silence and darkness, with the wide dark sea all around, and no sound but the weary rumble of the screw." The ship arrived at New York on the 17th of April, after a voyage of a fortnight's duration. I will add continuously his impressions of the New World and its inhabitants, chiefly as conveyed in his letters to his wife.

April 17.

We sighted land, very low-lying and uninteresting in outline, yesterday evening, and got into the bay of New York about ten o'clock. But the custom-house officers in this free and enlightened country don't work after sundown, and so we had to remain on board all night. Up this morning at half-past six; everybody astir, and eager to be on shore. Morning miserable, pouring rain, and very cold. The season is three or four weeks behind England here, a fortnight even behind St Andrews. So my first view of New York has not been inspiriting. I feel dazed a little, as you will imagine. There is a letter for me from F. at the office, they say, but I have not got it yet. How they know it is from my brother I don't know, *but they so work with the telegraph here that they seem to know everything!* Mr D. has a telegraph apparatus in his room, by which he can receive news from his office, and through it from everywhere—England and America or China, for that matter. Were it not for the expense, I suppose I could converse with you every day. They are a most wonderful people to be sure. Kingsley is here lecturing, but he has not been successful.

I have seen almost nothing of New York except that the streets are fearfully dirty, and full of holes of an extraordinary size. How such a rich flourishing place can stand such bad streets, and local misgovernment the cause of it, I cannot tell. God bless you, darling, and all the dear ones, Henny[1] included. Give her a kiss for me. Tell her this is a wonderful place for clever, or, as they would say, smart children, and that she will need to look alive and learn quickly if she would equal them.

April 19.

I have been seeing and hearing many things. The Americans of all classes like to communicate knowledge; they love to talk, but they don't seem so much to care to hear you talk; so that as I am here in the capacity of a learner, I feel quite humble, and pick up crumbs of conversation all round. Mrs —— is a smart

[1] His youngest child.

woman. They don't say clever. Clever means with them good, pleasant, and natural. I said to a man to-day, "He is a clever writer." He corrected me at once. "Yes, sir" (they say "sir" continually), he is a smart writer." It is funny, of course, at first; but after all, smart is just as good a word as clever, although how the latter comes to mean good I don't know. You can tell Baynes this piece of philology.

Well, I am everywhere in the attitude of a listener. I feel extremely thankful that I did not come to lecture and instruct, but to be instructed. It is, after all, horrid impudence to go to a new and strange country to instruct the people in it, without first learning something about that people.

Returning to his wonder about the continual use of mechanical appliances, he goes on:—

Mr Duncan touches a spring, and a messenger is at the door in a few minutes—a good-looking, well-dressed young fellow, who will go anywhere over the town with a letter or message and bring an answer. If a burglar should try any of the windows, a bell rings in Mr Duncan's dressing-room. He touches a string, and a policeman is at the door in five minutes or less. Miss Duncan, a girl of about Nettie's age, makes her engagements by telegraph, working the apparatus herself.

April 21.

To-day we have been at Staten Island, where Mr Duncan has a beautiful house, like a small oriental palace, with the most awful road to it, or rather no road at all. You never saw such a mixture of civilisation and barbarism, luxury and roughness.

April 22.

A great reception—about 100 New York notables. I think I was most interested in Bret Harte. Tell Baynes I met him, and had a long talk with him—a very gentlemanly quiet fellow; and Bennet of the 'New York Herald,' the great newspaper man; and among the D.D.'s an admirable venerable old man, Dr Adams, whom I met at the General Assembly some years ago. Their powers of tall talk are wonderful—tiresome, of course, but very interesting too.

Boston, *April* 23.

The railway carriages—what are called the drawing-room cars—are delightful; they are not on separate wheels as with us, but on small truck-wheels, and there is no jolting or noise, no shouting or rushing at the stations. Everything is done quietly, and in beautiful order. On the other hand, the refreshment places are miserable, and the stations poor. The country which we came through

is not attractive. *There is so much land about here*[1] that it is not worth cultivating if not really good, and the result is a disagreeable waste appearance. The party at dinner made great fun of Emerson, unable to understand him; the girls do that, they say.

April 24.

I wish I could convey to you—I hardly can—some idea of the cordial welcome I have had here from the Harvard University men. Harvard is the college of Boston, situated in Cambridge, a suburb of Boston, very much as Eton is a suburb of Windsor. It is, in some respects, like Eton; quite as beautiful in some ways. Every one seems to have read my last book about the Cambridge divines, who are not forgotten here if they are in Cambridge in England; hence in some degree my welcome. I don't think, with all my faults, I am vain. No one can see more faults in literary work than I do in my own; yet I had a feeling that my last book had some real merit, and it was disappointing to me that it did not meet with more appreciation in Cambridge where the men had lived and worked. Perhaps, after all, it met with more than I knew of. It has been all the more gratifying to me to find it so well recognised here, amidst an intellectual atmosphere really more broad and brilliant than in Cambridge. I am not likely, you may imagine, to think less of America on this account. Since I began this letter one of the Episcopal professors has been here in search of me, determined I shall come back and stay with him, which I have promised to do about the 19th or 20th of May, a week before we leave. He was delighted to find I was the author of an article on Hooker, an old affair which you may remember.

You cannot imagine how fine a place this is, a mixture of Edinburgh and Paris; the houses quite as fine as some of the finest in Paris; the intellectual atmosphere so charming, thoughtful, brilliant, reverent. What a contrast to Eton in that latter respect, where one might wander about for weeks without anybody taking the slightest interest, or even knowing about Hales of Eton, about whom everybody knows here! It makes one have many thoughts about the value of English education, the frightful lack of broad human interest in which it allows men to grow up. You will think me carried away by the novelty of things, as I am apt to be, and by the cordiality of my reception. But make any abatement you like, there is a great deal of truth in what I say.

[1] Allusion to a favourite anecdote of a dull conversationist: "A great deal of land about here."

I must now dress to meet at dinner Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, &c.; and I will try and tell you my impressions of them after I have done so.

Evening.

The Boston *literati* have come and gone. I sat beside Longfellow at dinner, and had some very pleasant conversation with him. But O. W. Holmes was the great talker, and kept asking questions constantly about Scotland, how Burns could have come out of its Calvinistic atmosphere, &c.—a little dapper man, hard and brusque, and more inquisitive than pleasant, but very bright and intelligent. He and Longfellow more ignorant of Scotland and Scotch modes of thought than I had imagined possible. Emerson talking not very much, in oracular imperfect sentences, somewhat as he writes (he is very much interested in being proposed as Rector for Glasgow). I think I almost enjoyed the conversation of Dr Ellis, a retired Unitarian minister, who went with me through Harvard College to-day, more than any of them. There is almost nothing of the New York Yankee here. People are like English ladies and gentlemen of the best class, as different as possible from the Americans you meet abroad.

Everybody here has a great interest in the Queen, and speak of her with the most beautiful respect. This also, as you may imagine, is a bond of regard between them and me.

I see from the newspapers that Mr Fields, to whom John Brown gave me a note, has been lecturing last night on Longfellow, extolling him to the skies as quite equal to any modern poet. This is rather extravagant. But it is better to speak well of one another, as all the literary men here seem to do, than to bite and devour one another as they often do at home. Lowell (who is not here at present, but in Italy) speaks with high commendation of Emerson, Fields of Longfellow, Holmes of Bret Harte (who does not belong to their own set), and so on. It is a little like a mutual admiration society; but it is better, after all, than a mutual depreciation society. I am going out to see some more of their *institootions.* I am a little tired of *institootions,* but after I am clear of Washington I shall be clear of them.

April 25.

Lunched with the Boston Literary Club; very pleasant. Holmes and Emerson the best men there, and an "Editor" (as they are called—the editors are quite a recognised class) of the name of Whipple, and also another man whose name I did not catch, complimented me on 'Dogmatic Extremes.'[1] He

[1] Published in the 'Contemporary Review.'

[Whipple] thought it so good, he said, that he had exhausted almost the whole of it for his paper. Fitz-James Stephen, whom he knew to be the author of the attack in the 'Pall Mall,' was "a man of 'a big jaw,' as we say in this country." Holmes reads very few books, he says. He prefers to talk with people. He has not even read 'Middlemarch.'

Sunday, April 26.

I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I ever heard in my life—I use the word in no American sense—from Mr Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here: equal to the best of Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigour and force of thought which he has not always. I have never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined—such a reach of mind, and such a depth of insight and soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted. I shook hands with the preacher afterwards, who asked me to preach in the afternoon for him; but I would not do this, remembering your caution.

The postal arrangements are not good here; they have no such facilities for posting as we have. Strange that so practical a people in other respects should be behind in these matters.

The next letter (for the above is but the first of the budget) carries on the diary.

New York, *April* 30.

The weather continuing very cold, with snowy showers at intervals. Of course they say it is exceptional; where does not one hear this excuse for untoward cold and untoward heat? The contrasts of climate, and indeed all contrasts, are very extreme in this country—beauty and bleakness, aridity and fertility. Just out of New York and Boston (not so much) there are vast swamps, no smiling green fields or rich ploughed land. The size of the country and of everything in it is beyond measure astonishing. I feel lonely in going away from this hospitable house, where they have been so kind to me, into the wide western wilds. But I will pluck up spirit when I get away.

Philadelphia, *April* 30.

Here I am at length on my own hook. I came here in less than four hours, and was glad to see some appearance of green fields, although the trees are bare still, quite wintry-looking. This is an old Quaker city, but there seems little Quakerism about it now. The number of darkies, some of the women quite gaily dressed, is the feature that has struck me most. All the waiters at dinner are black, most of them with white chokers, which few

other people wear. Few clergymen wear them. Even the Episcopal minister at Boston preached without bands. Boyd would hold up his hands in horror.

I have not called on anybody yet. I was glad, in a sense, for a day to be out of leadership, and look about for myself. I saw that John B. Gough, who is the great "star orator" in America, was to lecture here to-night, and I went and heard him. Gough was in Scotland many years ago as a temperance lecturer, and he has certainly remarkable gifts. There must, I fancy, have been six thousand people, more probably eight thousand. I got a place at the very top, and could not help being impressed by the man, although he talked a great deal of nonsense. His subject was Eloquence and Orators, and he gave some most humorous illustrations, speaking about Chalmers, Guthrie, &c. This is the sort of lecturing, I fancy, the Americans care for. There was nothing that was not for good in the lecture to-night, and it is a great power to move, as he seemed to do, masses of educated human creatures. I believe all Americans are more or less educated.

The following letter from Washington is chiefly taken up with a curious adventure—an encounter with a namesake, the Hon. Thomas Logan Tulloch, a gentleman who had written to the Principal making inquiries into the genealogy of the family, and who received him with open arms. More interesting, however, is the account of a negro congregation, in which the novelty and grotesqueness of the circumstances seem to have moved him rather to consternation than to sympathy.

May 3.

I was found out, and invited to come up and take my seat among the officials round the pulpit as a minister. But it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, and I would not do this. The fact is, *I was rather frightened.* It is rather dreadful, the sight of men and women, a congregation of them, as black as the grate (tell Henny this), some of the women and men too only partly coloured, almost fine-looking, but for the greater part uglier than you can imagine. But if the mere sight was astonishing, the effect of the sermon of the nigger preacher—a wild and rather poor rhapsody about "putting on the Lord Jesus"—nearly appalled me. As the preacher got excited and ranted forth these words, they ranted and roared in turn, some of them literally bellowing, "That's it!" "Yes, hallelujah! Amen!" And a woman not far from me got into violent convulsive fits, and stood up

bending herself backward and forward over the pew, like a person in catalepsy. I thought she would have broken her back. Then after she had been held down for a while, just like a maniac, she beat her hands together, and those around her beat their hands, and the men roared and grinned and nodded, till the whole affair was like Bedlam, and I was really glad to get away. I doubt if I had lived here if I should have been much of an Abolitionist. They certainly look an inferior race.

May 4.

I have had a long day, interviewing the President of the United States. He is a somewhat severe-looking man, without much graciousness of manner. He is noted for his taciturnity—a rare virtue in an American, I am bound to say. But he talked very freely with me, beginning with the usual "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Doctor." He told me he "was raised in Ohio," and had a very imperfect education (talking of schools), and answered my questions plainly and affably. I spent the rest of the day in the Capitol, seeing heaven knows how many people, *all remarkable men*, to whom I was introduced. The Speaker of the House of Representatives made me sit down near him, and was most agreeable—a very clever-like man, Mr Blaine—and I saw all the forms of the House very well. It is a much larger, and in some respects finer room than our House of Commons—more space and more light, each member with a desk before him, and little boys running about doing errands for the members. I did not hear any debate. The chaplain of the Senate was most agreeable, and made me promise to go to-morrow and open the Senate with prayer. One very clever-looking man, the Hon. B. Blair, a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet, told me he had been so much impressed by the review of my book in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' that he had sent to England for a copy. I told him he might get it in New York.

May 6.

I gave the senators a prayer this morning, which I hope may do them good. To me it was impressive doing such a thing in such circumstances. Sir Edward Thornton, our Minister, called and invited me to dine with him to-morrow, but I shall then be on my way to Chicago. I wish he had asked me to-day, but he was engaged. I should have liked to dine again with a real English family without any Yankee ways. With all their kindness, their ways are not our ways, and the heart sometimes turns to the old ways instinctively. It is too bad to say this, considering how they have taken me to their bosom, and that they are really in many respects so noble a people.

The next letter is from Cincinnati, where the traveller was detained by a characteristic accident. He was on his way to Chicago to meet his brother, and had hoped to reach that place in thirty-six hours from Washington,—

But we missed our "connection," as they say here, having been delayed by a break-down—not of our train, but of one on the way. It was funny to see how coolly the Yankees take this sort of thing; and as it was no great matter to me, I took it coolly too. We crossed the Alleghany mountains, running quite up the side of the mountains and overhanging precipices just like the road (although not so good) to St Moritz. Then a comfortable bed, large, and upon the whole comfortable, was made for me by the black servant; clean sheets. I must say everything is very clean in the bedrooms and cars, save the spitting and squirting tobacco-juice in the common cars. This is not allowed in the Pullman drawing-room and sleeping cars, in which I have chiefly travelled. I had noticed in a dictionary of authors that two of my books—the answer to Renan and 'Beginning Life'—had been republished at Cincinnati. I sallied forth into the large unknown town, and after various inquiries the "Methodist Book Concern" was pointed out to me. I inquired for my books, which I got at once. I said, "Now I am quite willing to pay for these copies, but I think you ought to give me them for nothing, as I am the writer of them." The man looked amazed, and referred me to the head of the establishment, who also looked amazed. When he understood who I really was, he was very gracious, and of course had a copy of each put up for me. I gathered that they both sold largely—one of them being the volume of whose limited sale Macmillan, you may remember, complained. The joke is, they were all dear—dearer, in fact, as everything here is, than at home. Their selling price is one dollar twenty-five cents, or five shillings, according to the present currency. 'Beginning Life' was never more than 3s. 6d. at home, and the other volume can be got abundantly for eighteenpence. They are a strange lot, to steal a man's brains in that way and never offer him a cent, nor even, till asked for, a copy of the book. One of the bishops writes a long and flattering introduction; one might say, "Less of your manners and more of your siller, my pious Methodist."

At Chicago the Principal's chief business was to meet a brother, whose course in the world had been somewhat erratic, and whom he was anxious to help—a piece of business in which he seems for the moment to have succeeded, at some

pecuniary risk to himself. He had inquiries to make at the same time about certain foreign friends of high rank in their own country, about whose insignificance there he speaks strongly.

Bear always in mind that nobody, prince or peer—if such things could be in this country—is anybody here apart from dollars or character—that is to say, personal distinction of some kind. The President is nobody, except that he is the executive head of the country. No personal deference is paid to him; the veriest scamp may shake hands with him. Everybody shakes hands with you here, and you could not give greater offence than to decline such a familiarity. Our friend, therefore, is nobody here—although Lady C. would have taken him into dinner before the biggest dollar man going,—and nobody is particularly interested in him. You cannot, unless you were in the country, realise the effects of this equality—in the hotels and the cars, everywhere. It has, no doubt, its good side.

Having concluded his business in Chicago, the Principal made his one excursion of pure pleasure to Niagara, and from that spot writes two letters full of the very thunder of the waters, the awe and wonder of the great spectacle. He had not admired anything he had as yet seen of American scenery. He found in it "a lack of all attraction and beauty," the land without culture, the mountains and rivers without charm. "Banks low, and waters pallid rather than blue," he says of the great lakes — nothing remarkable, but the "immense in everything." But this dissatisfaction left his mind when he stood by the great cataracts. It is needless to repeat in his words a description so often read: but personal feeling has always an interest of its own. "It was lonely to be all alone amid such a vast sublimity," he says; "but I thought of you and of Higher Ones. A man could hardly have any feeling who had not such thoughts. It filled me with a strange elevating sadness." Next day he writes again, with further attempts to describe the wonderful vision, which is indescribable—adding, the "great many thoughts of you all," and the desire to communicate to his

own people "some of the lessons America has taught me—lessons conservative as well as liberal, lessons for our churches and for our politicians," which had risen in his mind in the emotion and inspiration which the grandeur of nature brought into it. "But the enthusiasm may all die away amidst the commonplaces of one's home work," he adds. It did, perhaps, to some extent; at least it never came to such expression as he fancied, within the roar of Niagara, that he must endeavour to give. But no doubt the profound impression was not without its use.

Canada pleased him better than the States, so far as natural beauty was concerned. The site of Ottawa struck him as very grand—a fit position for a capital, though still only a capital in a wilderness; and the Canadians were, "of course, much like our own home folk, and this is always pleasant to the national instinct." On his way to Montreal, whither he had intended to travel by railway, another breakdown occurred, the train, it was found, being "seven hours late, and consequently once more out of connection." The Principal remarks upon "the natural ejaculations that fall from an Englishman and Scotchman on such occasions," as to the stupidity of railway officials; but adds, "Canadians, like Americans, say nothing—they consider themselves hopelessly in the hands of the railway companies." After this accident he transferred himself to the St Lawrence, and completed his journey by the river, with the scenery of which he was delighted. All these accidents and delays, however, so kept him back, that his concluding visit to Yale College on his return to America had to be very rapid, a visit of a few hours only, "which they rather resented." "But after all, I saw the place," he says. "The insides of buildings and libraries are very much the same, and you get the details of the studies from their programmes and calendars better than in any other way." "They all walked with me to the station on my way back," he adds, conveying a pleasant suggestion

of the American professors surrounding their stalwart Scottish comrade, full of good wishes and pleasant talk. The President, Dr N. Porter, "who is really an able man, expressed himself very warmly about my books—even 'Theism,' which I had learned myself somewhat to despise." And thus the last visit, like the first, was full of kindness and flattering attentions. "It seems almost like a dream," the Principal adds, as he prepares with delight to embark for home. "I have seen so much and so many people. I must say it seems upon the whole a very pleasant dream."

It will be seen that in his communications to his wife he says nothing about the "institutions," of which so soon he declares himself tired. In another diary, from which I believe he compiled some papers for 'Good Words,' we have the account of them, which every traveller is bound to give as his contribution to the information of the world. But I do not think the reader will find them so interesting as the more spontaneous records of his own feelings and partialities. There are several broad general conclusions mingled with these descriptions, which breathe the hasty certainties of a newly arrived visitor, of which the following is an example:—

The women are not only intelligent in a degree unknown[1] to England, but cordial and frank—open-minded, shall I say? They speak readily of all the great facts of life; they face these facts simply, naturally. The young girls were modelling and drawing the nude without any consciousness in the rooms of the Cooper Institute. Life as a work, a duty to be done, is accepted in all its aspects. There is nothing Mrs —— does not talk about with a certain measure of intelligence. Nobody beyond his personal qualities of intelligence or character excites respect. There is no big man or formidable woman, simply because they occupy a certain social grade. Features of life and character are freely talked of. So-and-so is described in that sense, and with a kind of opinion unknown to us. "She is a dear girl, with much loveli-

[1] In the original this is written "quite unknown"; but apparently a compunction had visited the Principal's bosom, for the *quite* is struck out with a pencil-stroke, and his countrywomen thus let down more gently.

ness of character," Mrs D. said of a young lady who on the death of her mother suddenly had assumed the management of a large household. "He is a Bohemian, a political agent to-day, a financial speculator, a billiard-marker to-morrow." The facts are so. Why should they not be told? There is no such social reticence as one meets with at home. Then educationally,—I have no doubt, from what I have seen, how thorough it is. At the Cooper Institute for example, up to a certain point, work, educational or otherwise, *is work*—so far as it goes. There is no shame in ignorance in any special matter; the point is to get rid of it and become improved. The gentleman who showed me through the Cooper Institute seemed to know a little of everything, but thought St Andrews in Glasgow. When I explained to him his mistake, it was no matter, he was glad to be informed; and he *knew about* St Andrews, and Tom Hughes's residence there in the College Hall. Tom Hughes had been his guest while here.

Another fact—the girls. Women are not only good-looking, but the pallor so much spoken of appears to me exaggerated. I saw some extremely beautiful girls yesterday, with the freshness of English faces and the air of elegance and delicate bloom of the best Parisians.

The authority of the Principal's statements on these matters may perhaps call forth a smile; it must be remembered that he was writing to his wife, and without any thought of a more critical audience.

One or two odd sayings are scattered among these reminiscences. One of the preachers, for example, whom the Principal heard, Dr Tiffany, described St Peter as "an old salt" who "cursed and swore like a pilot." After a celebration of the Queen's birthday in Chicago, a newspaper report came out with the heading, "Best Queen in the business." Both of these belonged, no doubt, to the frank expressions of opinion which the traveller so much admired. He was but two months absent on the whole, and saw a very great deal in the short time—saw and enjoyed, and brought back with him a most kindly feeling, and an impression almost awe-stricken of the mechanical conveniences of which American households were full, which I think was of all things that which had impressed him most—mingled with a little wonder

at their deficiencies also in simple matters, one of which especially struck him much, being most inconvenient to a man with his constant correspondence. "There are no local or district post-offices visible, no pillars as we have. I have had letters lying beside me for some days because I have forgot to give them to Mr D. in the morning to post at his office." This, in comparison with the uncanny telegraphic apparatus in every bedroom, filled his mind with amaze.

I have missed out a visit to Princeton, the Presbyterian and Calvinistic College, which was one of his most curious experiences. He was, he says,

> Very much interested, but somewhat oppressed, by the evidently Puritan tone of the place—or rather that curious air of formality and narrowness which characterises the strictest sect everywhere. Went in the evening to Dr Adams's, to meet his faculty and students, where, as at Princeton, I was forced to say a few words. I seemed to myself not to say anything with much effect at Princeton. It is a trying ordeal, however, for a man without the American gift of the gab to be set up against a door in a drawing-room, or to be called upon unexpectedly after a lecture to make a few remarks.

Something more important than a few words delivered standing up against a drawing-room door seems to have been demanded of him before he left New York. He appears to have delivered a lecture upon "Scotland as it is" to his many admirers and friends. I find a few sheets of notes with this heading, dated "New York, 4th Pres. Church, 25th May 1874," which show the character of the discourse. He begins by noting—"Claims I may have to speak on the subject—connection with public interests in Scotland and out of Scotland. Always a Liberal—never a strong party man." Passing briefly in the same hieroglyphical way over the political condition of Scotland, he dwells a little more distinctly upon the social—although, he adds,

> I do not know that I have much to say on this. In one point of view the social state of Scotland is a subject of congratulation, peaceful and orderly now for 130 years—since the '45. Rapid

growth of industries of all kinds: Glasgow, Dundee, the iron districts. But there is also in Scotland, as in all countries, great masses of social poverty and misery. A large proportion of the working classes in our large towns — in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee—are not in a good happy social or moral condition; members of no church, although, taking our churches altogether, we have about a church to every 600 of the population. Multitudes go to no church. The same social difficulties there as here, intensified with us by the narrowness of our bounds, and the greater difficulty of social recovery for any lapsed family or class.

Of our Churches, far the largest is still the old National Church [here follow statistics]. With all the shocks from secession or disruption, the Established Church is still strong—growing of late especially in towns. Episcopacy about 2 per cent, Roman Catholics ·9 per cent. What divides the Presbyterian bodies? The State Church principle. United Presbyterian. Spiritual independence. Free Church.

Abolition of patronage. Movements in all the Churches towards better congregational services. Organs—prayer—responses —*parallel with America.* This movement seen to go on, though strongly opposed by some—inevitable with the advance of taste and culture. Church Service Society.

Prospects of union between all the Presbyterian Churches—may come—time not ripe yet. Break-down of union negotiated between Free Church and United Presbyterian—too much political motive in it. Two views on the subject of union. One side say there can be no union without Disestablishment. Another side will on no account assent to this, but invite union on the existing constitutional basis of the Church.

The question of Disestablishment—a small question in one sense in Scotland. The Church receives very little from the State,—nothing to speak of directly. Teinds. Grants from consolidated fund. Not above $25,000, if so much. Mr Baird's grant would make it up. General position of the Established Church.

Religious thought. But, it will be said, are there not deeper causes of dissension among the Presbyterian Churches?—the rise of a new spirit of thought unconnected with the old standards? Delicacy of the subject, but will speak of it with frankness.

There *is* such a new spirit, more or less in all the Churches—pre-eminently in the Established Church, but also in the Free,—instance, Mr Knight, Dr Smith of Glasgow, &c.

The distinction is substantially the same as that between the old and new schools among yourselves. We have many men preaching the Gospel in a fresh, broad, and free way. We have others ultra-Calvinists.

This is a rapidly growing movement. Nobody knows so much of it as I do. It is said of me, whether for good or evil, that I have done more to promote it during the last twenty years than any other person. I mean to continue to do so.

The cause of the movement—a life of new thought in the Church—wider historic and critical study of the New Testament and early Christian records—literary, intellectual, and personal intercourse with England—the study of German theology,—all these are causes. It is the growth of intelligence, in short. It is easy to be traditional, dogmatic, when you do not require to think.

What will be the end of it? The end of it, I have no doubt, will be the expansion and elevation of Christian thought,—I should hope, the creation of a broader Christian character than we have yet had in Scotland. It will either be that, or the entire disintegration of religious parties and churches—the movement cannot be stopped.

Should it not break up the Churches? No, I say, and have said so all along. Let the Confession of Faith alone, but use more conscience towards it.

Shall we get help from America in the work of reconstruction? I hope so. I think so.

No reason why there should ever be any rivalry between the countries, save the rivalry of peaceful industry; or betwixt the Churches, save in the inspiring culture of divine revelation on one hand, and the unceasing promotion of social amelioration and the Christian reign of harmony on the other.

The Principal published on his return some articles in 'Good Words' on his experience in America, but neither these nor the formal diary which he kept are so interesting as the first fresh impulse of his private letters. I may add a second and equally pleasant account of his Boston experiences, addressed to Professor Baynes:—

BOSTON, *April* 26, 1874.

I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed myself here, how kind everybody has been, and with what flattering kindness they have received me—Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Dana, and a man in some respects as remarkable as any of them—Phillips Brooks, the great preacher here now. I never heard anything equal to his sermon to-day, and you know I don't readily praise sermons. It had all the originality and life of thought of Robertson of Brighton, with less tenderness and delicacy of insight,

but more robustness and incision. I do not think I am very vain, and *you* know how easily depressed I am as to my work sometimes. The 'Rational Theology' I come sometimes to think a very poor business, though certainly I was a little mortified that I did not receive more proofs that it had interested and pleased the present Cambridge men. Here in the new Cambridge, amongst the Harvard men, I found everybody had read it; I blush to think of the compliments I have received.

Dana, whom I had not seen before, has been in to-night, and is an extremely pleasant little man, full of Scotland, and very conservative, as all the best men are here. Why get rid of any good thing you have? they say. If it is wrong, make it right; but don't part with it. He even thinks the new Appellate Court (he is a lawyer) a mistake. The power should have been preserved in the House of Lords, he says, and certain high judges added to it officially, who would have had all the advantages of life peers without any of their disadvantages, dependence upon the Government of the day, &c. Emerson seems an extraordinary mixture of genius and rusticity. Everybody seems amazed at his nomination for the Rectorship at Glasgow, and I have had to explain the position of affairs over and over again.

On the whole, Boston with its literary atmosphere pleased him most, more than the splendours and telegraphs of New York. Emerson with face half rustic, half divine, with "a very quaint hesitating sort of manner, the oracularity of his writings without their pith and richness," told him of his first visit to Carlyle—"a true genius, but sometimes wilful and perverse." "His (Emerson's) forgetfulness," the Principal adds, "of names and facts in speaking, and losing the thread, as he said, of his story, were very characteristic." The company was very fine, the talk no doubt equal to the occasion; but the conclusion of the visitor was that he was "very much interested, but also somewhat disappointed," as no doubt a stranger, with the great personages of a country thus assembled to meet him, might very naturally be. He was deeply thankful to get home, to find his wife better, and that everything had gone well in his absence, and to take up again the familiar threads of his home life.

CHAPTER X.

1874 TO 1879.

THE Principal returned from his American expedition with renewed strength and vigour, ready for all the requirements of his much-occupied life. He had been at home only a few weeks when we find him again in London—this time watching the course through Parliament of the bill for the abolition of patronage in the Church of Scotland. He was not, as has been seen, much interested in this bill, nor considered the "relief from patronage," which gave a name to one body of Scotch Dissenters, and had been the cause of all secessions from the Church, of any vital importance. But still, he warmed as the measure was carried through. On his first evening in London he made his way to the House of Commons, and "heard about half of the debate."

To his Wife. *July 7.*

I missed very little except Mr Gladstone's speech against the bill, which was very good (they said) from his point of view, but which seems in to-day's paper a curious mass of inconsistencies. Playfair got up shortly after I went in and havered a good deal, and then Colonel Alexander, one of the members for Ayrshire, good in some ways, but rambling. Then Dizzy made a very clever speech, and walked into Gladstone and his inconsistencies with admirable point and effect. He is a clever beggar; I wonder what the Conservatives would do without him? He walked away

lamely with his foot in a cloth shoe, apparently suffering from gout, poor old boy. Upon the whole, there was a good deal of ignorance in the whole business. They have adjourned the debate, you will see, to Monday next, which will probably be the limit of my stay. I will try and do what I can in the meantime about it.

July 8.

I have been to the Lord Advocate's office to-day and suggested a clause to him, which, if he would only put it in, would cut the feet from under Gladstone and do immense good to the Church. But the stupidity of people passes all bounds. It is my invariable experience about London and political men. They want *intelligence* more than anything else. The country is going to the dogs for want of brains.

July 12.

I was startled this morning by a telegram from General Ponsonby—"The Queen invites you to dine and sleep here" (Windsor Castle). Of course I telegraphed compliance, and must therefore go down to Windsor again this afternoon. Her Majesty wishes to know about the patronage business, I believe. I have just written my last word on the subject to Smith, who is acting here in concert with the Lord Advocate. I wish them to open the elective body for the appointment of ministers as widely as possible, so that all who are willing to declare themselves members of the Church may do so, without having their claim to be so determined by the kirk-session. The Government, however, are stiff (though Smith is favourable), and I daresay they think me a wolf in sheep's clothing. It is rather hard to be cut, as it were, by Playfair on the subject on the one hand, and not to be very acceptable on the other hand: however, I have delivered my soul to both. I know that I am right, and that I really know more of the matter and what is right in the circumstances than either the one or the other. In giving my final word to Smith, I have assumed a tone of *solemn warning*. Seriously, however, I have done what I could, and if they will not take advice I cannot help it.

I have been to Stopford Brooke's church this morning. The church was very uncomfortable, what with its ugliness, the making people stand so long for a seat, and the heat together. But he preached a truly noble sermon on immortality, some parts really very fine, making the blood run fast, if anything was needed to do this in such weather.

July 13.

I went down to Windsor Castle just in time to dress for dinner: there was a considerable party. The Duchess of Rox-

burghe, with whom I had a long talk about Kelso; the Dean of Windsor and his wife, the latter very agreeable and good-looking; and Mr Cross the Home Secretary, with whom I had a good deal of talk about the Patronage Bill. The Queen herself seemed in very good spirits, and is, of course, displeased with Mr Gladstone's speech. "He might have so easily stayed away," her Majesty said.

To-day is, I think, hotter, more breathless than ever. Oh for a waft of St Andrews air!"

All these extraneous matters, however, occupied a great deal of time, and he complains in the latter part of this year of being much retarded in his individual work. His suggestions in respect to the Patronage Bill were no doubt of value both to the Church and to Government; but in the midst of the bustle of London he cast regretful thoughts towards the accumulations in his study.

To Rev. R. H. Story.

I am behind with all literary matters, having promised nearly a year ago to have new editions ready of my 'Leaders' and 'Puritans,' and as yet have hardly done a single thing towards that end. I have promised also for the 'Contemporary' an article on the "Author of Thorndale," which would be a work of love; but not a word of that either. Meantime I am patching up a lecture for the Philosophical Institute on "American Colleges," also with a view of getting quit of an old promise to give them a course of lectures on the "Leaders of Monasticism," indefinitely delayed. Education work is a constant interruption to literary work.

We had a terrible day at the Commission on Wednesday last, and W. was, if possible, more than usually polemical and absurd. I see little, or rather no good in his sort of line. It is so easy to be what is called clever, when you think only of yourself, and nothing of any others or of the subject in hand.

The Commission is a standing committee of the General Assembly, elected yearly to keep an eye on public business, where polemics sometimes ran even higher within a narrower circle than in the broader limits of the ecclesiastical parliament itself. He was occasionally moved to an outburst of impatience over these meetings and their impracticable controversialists, accompanied now and then by a moan over his own sufferings—"chained to the desk, obliged to

chronicle all the doings of a lot of talkative fools." But this was but an outcry of restlessness; and that he found his position at the clerk's table supportable enough, is evident from the fact that he soon after became a candidate for the senior clerkship, rendered vacant by the death of Dr Cook, under whom he had served as second clerk for a number of years. He explains his ideas and feelings on this subject in the following letter:—

To Rev. Dr Dickson. *Sept.* 18, 1874.

Dr Cook's loss is a very serious one for me, amongst others. I had great personal affection for him amidst all our differences, and the changes as to the clerkship will be all troublesome. I would fain remain as I am if another Dr Cook could be set over me. But the more I think of it, the more I feel that I would serve nothing by the exercise of undue modesty on the occasion. Any ordinary man, Struthers or Milligan, made principal clerk, would not relieve me of any responsibility, and would, in fact, have to be coached by me to the very duties which I myself shrank from undertaking. In two successive years—when Dr Cook was moderator, and the year following—I kept the minutes and had the whole responsibility of them, and both work and responsibility can only be tested by trial. I should have more to do during the Assembly, and goodness knows I have enough to do in every way already. But I should be relieved of all the Royal Bounty business, which is sometimes very bothering; and besides, I could not work under anybody as I have done under Cook, who was so much, in reality as well as in experience, my senior. Milligan came here yesterday to consult me on the matter. I should be very glad to see Milligan second clerk; and of course he said handsomely that neither he nor any candidate would offer opposition to me if I wished the full clerkship.

As a matter of course, the Principal succeeded Dr Cook by the unanimous election of the next Assembly—that of 1875. He had held the appointment of second clerk for some years, and during that time he had gone on gaining more and more the confidence of the Church. The suspicions that had vaguely floated about against him, as over-liberal in his views, had become by this time the merest vapour; and his faithfulness to the Church and warm Christian sentiment,

as well as the ability and power which had never been doubted, had now the fullest recognition. Since the death of Norman Macleod, the Principal had been without a rival in the estimation of his countrymen, and almost without a peer.

It is in the end of the year that I find the first allusion to a scheme which afterwards became of great importance, and has formed, I believe, a point of departure for an entirely new and remarkable extension of university work in Scotland. This was a scheme for the formation either of a branch of the University of St Andrews, or an independent institution connected with it, in the rich and rising town of Dundee. As in most important movements of the kind, the first attempt did little more than place the idea before men's minds. A public meeting was held, much correspondence carried on with authorities on all sides, and then the nascent movement dropped, though not without leaving a vital seed, which germinated after a time. The Principal paid a visit to Dundee on the business of the Education Board, just after the agitation had begun; but his opinion then was, that "the Dundee College scheme does not seem very hopeful, Dr Watson being in a somewhat darkened mind on the subject, as well as Dr Baxter, as they call him." He adds, however, that "Knight is more enlightened." Various allusions to this scheme, which took a long time to incubate, but finally resulted in important practical issues, will be found further on.

Nothing could be more calm than the course of the succeeding years. The agitations of the earlier period had died down. The questions of innovations, once so hotly battled in the Church, had dropped almost altogether, and ceremonials that had been so unusual as to alarm the old-fashioned and excite the factious, as if the very existence of the Church of Scotland had been at stake, had now become of the most everyday occurrence, and did the Church no harm, but rather

good. The still more exciting questions of subscription, of the binding nature of the Westminster Confession, as the last word that could be allowed to be said in ecclesiastical matters—if they did not so entirely sink into quiet, yet only appeared now and then in the hand of one of the Principal's old adversaries in the Assembly, superannuated weapons giving a harmless flash in the light. Perhaps the calmer period of life had brought with it a more tranquil atmosphere, and this calm diffused itself throughout all the external business with which the Principal had to do. He was no less impatient than ever with the dulness which every public man of lively intelligence must encounter in the management of public business, and no less disposed than ever to launch a hasty dart of half angry or wholly angry humour at the "blockheads" who would not see what he meant. These missiles, I fear, come very readily to the hands of Scotsmen; but they meant nothing more than a gleam of impatience generally, often modified at once by the ready laughter which changed the character of the denunciation that followed. Sometimes even the dignitaries in London, who would not see the point of an objection or suggestion, shared, as has been perceived, this hasty condemnation—sometimes the learned professors in the Senatus, sometimes even the heads of the educational interests of Scotland. Scribbling at the table of the Education Board in Edinburgh to his wife on one occasion, he tells her how beautiful is the tender green of spring in the Queen Street gardens, over which he looks "while a havering fellow," a member of some deputation from the country, is going on, "speaking much without saying anything." He was always exceedingly impatient of "havering," whatever was the subject. The letters of this period, however, contain little except the passing record of events, family and otherwise, with occasionally a pleasant note of amused humour. On one occasion, at an Edinburgh dinner-party, one of those perpetual entertainments which amused (yet

sometimes also bored) him during his weekly attendance at the Board meetings, he took a lady in to dinner "who was intelligent about art and the English Church, &c., *but asked where I resided,*" says the Principal, with a warm sense of the humour of the situation. His company had been a little dull on that particular night; for he goes on to tell his wife of the "pale young people who sang melancholy songs," and young officers from the Castle who had been dancing till daylight on the previous morning, and could not keep their eyes open. And there are many other little notes of society of a similar character.

The business in the Assembly in 1875, though it was the year after the abolition of patronage, was not particularly interesting, and the Principal took part in only one debate, that which arose on the proposal that ministers and students from other Presbyterian bodies in Scotland might be eligible for admission into the Church of Scotland. The Principal, as has been already seen, took no lively interest in any proposal of this kind, not feeling that the true elements of union existed between the separated bodies, and having no confidence in any factitious movement. But he seconded the motion, though, as he allowed, differing on many points from the proposers, and for the following reasons. His speeches and the debates altogether were very imperfectly reported, and it is only a fragment that can be given.

Every Free Church student receives as good if not a better education than those of our own halls, and the students of the United Presbyterian Church, I believe, are equally well equipped. The Church of Scotland is in a sense the Church of all Presbyterians in the country—the mother Church. It is therefore with no view of bribing men from other Churches that the Act is passed, but simply with the view of putting ourselves in a true attitude towards the other Churches.

He explains the position and result of this motion the next day as follows:—

To his Wife.

We have got it all over at last. I had to make two pretty long speeches last night, somewhat against my will. But I thought the best thing I could do was to have the matter about the admission of Free Church ministers settled in some way, and to give any one an opportunity of coming back if they were so disposed. Wallace and Story, and all the lovers of ritual, were against me, but I think I spoke, particularly in reply, pretty well—(I am hardly reported at all, particularly in the 'Scotsman,' the reply being between one and two in the morning)—and I was astonished by the large majority. I got home with the Procurator about five in the morning, beautiful clear light,—Lady Burdett Coutts, I believe, and a knot of ladies remaining to the end.

He returned from the Assembly, the business of which was concluded by this debate, to the marriage of his daughter Nettie with Mr Charles Colson, who had been appointed a very short time before one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools. His appointment in the first instance was to Ceylon, whither the young pair had to proceed at once. This was the second of the pretty weddings in the College Church, which the Principal's family brought more or less into fashion in St Andrews, the Scotch custom of marriage in the bride's house having up to that time been universal.

Later in the year I find the following interesting account of one of his usual visits to Balmoral:—

I had a long conversation as usual after lunch on Sunday with the Queen. Her Majesty talked with great animation and earnestness, and more continuously than she sometimes does. Spoke of the sermon I had preached—liked it: thought it very important people should not forget either the intellectual side or the rituals of religion; but religious people are so wrong-headed, the Queen said. They either abuse inquiry, and fall into infidelity, or go off into Romanism. People are so very bad to each other about religion, they would *kill* each other about it. She used this phrase, I remember. The Queen then talked very warmly of vivisection, about which she is greatly excited. It made her wild, she said, to think of the cruelties practised towards poor animals, and she ridiculed the idea of comparing it to sport. You do not keep the poor wounded creatures and torture them, her Majesty said. I ought to preach about it.

In June of this year (1876) the Principal was examined at considerable length before the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the condition and requirements of the Universities of Scotland—along with all the other important functionaries of the Scotch Universities. The points upon which he gave evidence have been already repeatedly referred to here, and came into still greater prominence at a later period, so that it seems unnecessary to enter into them fully in this place. Among other matters he was questioned upon the proceedings of his Senatus in respect to university work in Dundee, which have been already noted—with special reference to the character of the students to be expected there, as a different class altogether from the students of the professional classes who followed the systematic course of training at the universities. He was also examined as to the important questions of matriculation examinations, the regulations for graduation, the constitution of university courts, &c., all of the first importance to the progress of the higher education in Scotland; and also more briefly on the deficiency of existing endowments, and the great need of supplementary grants for the improvement of the incomes of the staff. Curiously enough, I find little or no allusion to this appearance in his private letters. The conclusions come to by the Commission embody most of the reforms for which the Scotch Universities had been struggling for years; and specially in respect to St Andrews, its recommendations follow almost the exact line of the remonstrances and protests of the Senatus of that University. But the recommendations of the Commission were merely recommendations and no more, and their laborious and costly sitting was as if it had not been. I am not aware that any single reform they agreed upon as necessary has yet been carried into effect, which is a curious commentary upon parliamentary inquiries, and all the delusive hopes they call forth.

Perhaps the little contrariety of lingering in London for this examination, along with the absence of events of any importance to record, is the cause of various amusing and rather irascible comments upon things in general. I find a whimsical outburst of impatience with the fashion of life at Eton, for instance, made on one of his visits there, against which, with its continual *va et vient*, he protested by retiring to the quiet of the garden and luxuriating there in the sunshine, which was a little warmer than the north (though even this was a grievance, and "the insufferable heat" a constant subject of complaint), with his newspaper and the life of Macaulay recently published.

I do not know whether I get fonder of quiet as I get older, but all sorts of fuss and movement seem to act upon me like an irritant. How Macaulay seems to have fretted over the fuss and heat and excitement of Indian life! I should really rather be dead, I think, in utter quiet, than lead such a life. And then the country here so invites to quietness and reflection and still thought. What a contrast to the incessant aimless wandering (to me it seems aimless) of Eton boys up and down the dirty street! Can't they go and do something definite, and then have done? Nothing seems ever going on, and then finished and quiet. It seems a constant movement up and down, here and there.

This apparently unprovoked attack upon the harmless strolling of the youngsters—which in his haste the Principal did not take time to recollect meant only the going and coming which mingled school-hours and play-hours made necessary to the river and the playing-fields—no doubt ended in a laugh at himself when his little burst of impatience was over. He continues in the same breath: "I go on with Macaulay. He is wonderfully touching at times. How he seems to have loved his sisters! And then there is such directness, simplicity, beauty, and sense about him." This genuine testimony to the effect of a book which turned the general heart to Macaulay with an almost compunctious tenderness, is worth recording, as the expression of a

very universal sentiment, now that every scribbler thinks himself entitled to jeer at that great historian. Nobody had known till the publication of that biography the profound tenderness that underlay an indifferent exterior, and how much love and kindness were hid behind the incessant brilliancy of talk which wore out the hearers. Unfortunately the capricious public seems again to have forgotten that reversal of a premature verdict.

The little outbursts of impatience which I have recorded in the Principal, were caused, no doubt, by the public strain which began a little to tell upon him; the crowd of occupations which entailed not too much to do, but too many things to do, and a disquieting frequency of interruption, which made the quiet for which he longed less and less attainable. He warns his friend, Dr Dickson of Glasgow, "not to give up any good you may do merely because you may have to struggle with blockheads." "My experience of blockheadism," he adds, "in all directions goes with my experience of life. And if one were to give way before this sort of thing, one might retire both from the educational and ecclesiastical world altogether, not to speak of other worlds." He complains to Professor Baynes, about the same time, of the General Assembly work, "of which you can form no idea,"—of the hurry of the marriage at home, of the rush to the north for his duty at Balmoral, of the weekly travail of the Education Board, which altogether make him "scarcely know what I am doing." "You are a lucky fellow that have only got your 'Encyclopædia'!" he writes.

To Professor Baynes.

I have a note from Messrs Black saying "Baur" at such a date (21st, I think), "St Benedict" at such a date, and so on. I have begun "Baur," and hope to get it ready in time, and the others in order. But I have been, and still am, so busy that I have hardly time to say that I am so. Then I have been appointed Croall lecturer for next winter, which has the blessing of

£400 attached to it. All the same, I will do what I can about the articles.

In the safe obscurity of the 'Encyclopædia' he had indeed expressed his opinion on many subjects—on the "Devil" for one, a paper I have not read; but which he tells Professor Baynes it is not necessary to blazon forth as his production, with a humorous sense of the gratification of being able to say what he chose without a cry of possible heresy after him. Little utterances of this kind in lectures, in reviews, in magazine articles, even now and then in the newspapers, formed, notwithstanding the many other combinations of work of which he complains, a perpetual current and movement through his life.

The Croall lectures above referred to, and which the Principal inaugurated by a series upon the "Christian Doctrine of Sin," afterwards published in a small volume by Messrs Blackwood, were the result of a bequest made by a gentleman of the name of Croall, quite recently dead, for the establishment of a lectureship upon the doctrines of the Christian religion, the duties of which were to be fulfilled in St George's Church, Edinburgh, at a fixed period, and by a yearly succession of lecturers. "Church crowded" is the chief note the Principal makes upon the eager and overflowing audiences which accompanied him through these lectures. His popularity was now so well established, and his candid and liberal lines of thought so well known, that the interest with which he was received and followed was a kind of pledge of agreement and understanding, as well as of earnest attention. The subject could scarcely be said to be a popular one, but it occasioned as much stir and interest in Edinburgh as if it had been of the lightest and most entertaining character.

In the spring of the same year—the scheme of a university for Dundee being still fondly cherished in the minds of some important people there—the Principal was asked to deliver a

course of lectures, in concert with certain of his colleagues, in order to test more or less the readiness of the townspeople for the scheme. Principal Shairp and three of the scientific professors from St Andrews were united with him in this attempt. Principal Shairp's subject was the "Poetic Interpretation of Nature," which might be thought, perhaps, a little too fine for the Dundee weavers and shopkeepers; while Principal Tulloch chose a subject equally characteristic of his own mind—that of "Comparative Religion and Religious Thought." The subject of Dundee altogether seems to have been much under discussion by the University authorities about this time. I find an account of many proposals made and reports read before the Senatus of St Andrews during 1876 and the beginning of '77, in all of which the best means for carrying out the wishes of the gentlemen in Dundee who were the primary movers in the matter were carefully considered. It was at length formally resolved that classes for matriculated students should be opened in Dundee, under the direct management or supervision of the St Andrews professors or their substitutes, primarily in scientific subjects, to which the "Theory, History, and Practice of Education" was added, and also "a Latin class," which it was believed "would be of great use in Dundee, especially to the clerks in the lawyers' offices." The Principal himself was strongly disposed to transfer the scientific chairs altogether to Dundee, the number of students in St Andrews who followed the teaching of these classes being very limited. All these humble and tentative arrangements were, however, swept away by the munificence of some members of the Baxter family, who instituted some years later the new and complete University College in Dundee, fully provided with professors and a principal of its own. On this or a similar occasion he writes to his wife of "wandering about under an umbrella in Dundee, in a gloomy manner, thinking how much everything has changed since I used to explore the closes in Murraygate. The closes have

been all swept away and fine new streets opened up." His opinion, however, in respect to his special mission was very hopeful.

I had a very successful meeting at Dundee, and the results of the examination were really remarkable. I can't help thinking that good will come out of this Dundee business yet.

It was indeed a wonderful change which had swept away the closes, and raised the eager desire after knowledge and higher training which aimed at so great an institution as a new university. It was scarcely greater, however, than the difference between the young minister making his visitations in the most wretched parts of the growing town and the head of the oldest university in Scotland, its honoured visitor and guest. He never ceased to take the greatest interest in the new institution, which he hoped to see affiliated to the ancient institutions of St Andrews, and bringing to them that renewed contact with the actual and progressive which seemed to him necessary for the maintenance of vigorous life.

The reader who remembers the correspondence with Mr Smith which ran through so large a part of Tulloch's youthful life, will be interested to hear of the end of that long friendship. The letters failed, but not the brotherly and close intercourse which, as the men grew older, was not carried on by letters, but by frequent meetings, which, with Smith in North Leith and Tulloch so often in Edinburgh, were very easy and natural. The loss, I think, of his friend's son, a promising and pleasant youth, finds a sympathetic record in a previous portion of the Principal's correspondence. In the beginning of 1877 he had still sadder accounts to give.

To his Wife.

I have just been seeing poor Smith at North Leith, a very sad business. He is reduced to a skeleton—has no pain, eats occasionally very well, sleeps ill, has no idea, and does not think the

doctors know any better, what is really the matter with him. His face and hands have rather a look of jaundice, but it is evidently deeper than jaundice, whatever it is. In short, he looks in the meantime like a man that is dying, wasting away. He talked after a time cheerfully, much in his old way; said he was quite prepared to accept whatever was before him. His work, in short, looks very like done, although I tried to comfort him with the idea that, as in another case he mentioned not unlike his own, his system might take a turn and a rally set in. I hope so, I am sure. He is a good fellow, and has been a hard worker for the Church. Mrs Smith, too, looked worn, and the whole house had a dreary, unhappy appearance.

A month later there is a brief notice in a diary, one of the many little records which he began on a passing impulse, but dropped after a month or two in the midst of his many occupations: "*March* 12.—I had sad news of Smith's death. Wrote brief notice for 'Scotsman.'" A few days later there is the entry: "Prepared funeral sermon for my old friend, finishing at night—too much excited. God strengthen me and fit me for all before me. May I consider my own latter end." Next day he records that he "went to North Leith to the funeral. Immense crowd. Very tired and distressed." And the next sums up the mournful record: "Preached at North Leith. An enormous crowd. Quiet walk back to Edinburgh, and visit to my friend's grave." That "quiet walk" soothed the pained and troubled feeling, which had been rather wounded than solaced by the throng of respectful but partly official mourners. "I am thankful," he tells his wife, "to be left alone."

The scene to-day, thousands of people waiting to lay my old friend in his grave, is enough to upset one for a week, and yet I have to get through to-morrow (Sunday) as best I can. There were hundreds of clergy, Free Church as well as Established, and altogether a public funeral in its most approved form. I hope I shall be laid in my grave by a few friends without any ceremony.

Thus one of the companions of his youth had dropped before him upon the way. He was himself at fifty-four a

picture of manly strength, looking still young, active, and strong, with the light swinging walk and cheerful complexion of early years, only slightly modified by the stately port and enlarged proportions of a fuller development, and not a trace either of weakness or age. He might have lived a hundred years so far as natural prognostics went; and, notwithstanding the momentary fits of impatience with "blockheads," and the occasional cloud of care to think that the Education Board was but a temporary appointment, and might come to an end any day, there was nothing to impair the vigour and brightness of his life. The little diary for a portion of 1877, from which I have quoted the above brief notes, is made up of equally brief records. "Corrected proofs of sermons" (a volume which he published in this year, dedicated to the Queen). "Began lectures on Loyola and Jesuitism. Began article for 'Contemporary Review.' Played golf with Professor Knight—six holes; beat him." Such are the entries during the first three months of the year, which are all that have any record. The following is the list of literary compositions mentioned as begun or completed in these succinct notes during that brief period:—

A lecture on St Francis of Assisi, published in 'Good Words.'

Loyola and Jesuitism, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh.

Comparison of Christianity with other Religions.

Doctrine of Atonement.

Protestant Theology.

Article "Devil" for 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

Volume 'Pascal' for Messrs Blackwood's series of "Foreign Classics."

Article "Advance of Religious Thought in Scotland" for the 'Contemporary Review.'

These are exclusive, I think, of his University lectures. This list will show the amount of literary work carried on

without any demonstration in the large and quiet room at St Mary's. His leisure was interrupted weekly by the journey to Edinburgh for the meeting of the Education Board, and often by University business, meetings of the Senatus, and all the necessary claims of his position. At the same time he continued to edit the 'Missionary Record,' which no doubt entailed a certain amount of writing. It was well that now and then a triumphant "six holes; beat him," came in to bring the fresh air of the links and cheerful exercise into this most occupied life.

His visit to London in the summer was again happily devoid of public motive. No fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus, or contention with cool and polite Ministers, to whom Scotch university or educational affairs were of very secondary importance, interfered with his placid enjoyment of the Athenæum and the people he met there, or so much of general society as came in his way. He records a visit to Westminster Abbey under the guidance of the Dean—"a regular Scotch party, Mrs Gray and Mrs Millais amongst others," and the interesting talk of "the wonderful little Dean," of whose information there seemed no end. "But I have a great *in*capacity of listening," the Principal allows, and "after nearly an hour and a half I was obliged to go away." His large person languidly following the train of enthusiastic ladies, sadly impatient of the sightseeing, and with very different suggestions of interest coming up at every corner, and the "incapacity for listening" from which so many of us suffer without avowing it, adds a humorous vignette to the edifying picture upon which, with a compunction, the Principal returns.

He (the Dean) said he liked it, and especially showing poor people through the Abbey. This is very good of him, and I believe that really, as a lady of philanthropic celebrity, Miss Octavia Hill, said afterwards at Kensington Palace, where I dined with the Lornes—"He has made our poor feel at home in the Abbey.' You will like to hear this, I am sure.

We had a nice little party at the Lornes—M——, the said Miss Hill, evidently quite a remarkable person, Mrs Ponsonby, Nattali, sub-librarian at Windsor, a Lady Caroline Somebody, and a son of Lord Halifax, the whole party. I took in the Princess, who is as nice and charming as ever. I adhere to my old opinion, that she is the most agreeable of all—so sweet, so simple, and so good.

I have seen a great deal of Matthew Arnold lately. He referred me to the last volume of his essays, where he has spoken still more highly of my book than in his sketch on Falkland; and he is going to publish with Macmillan a selection from Whichcote, J. Smith, Cudworth, &c., under the title of 'The Broad Church in the Seventeenth Century.' He invited me to do this in his essay, and it seems rather cool his undertaking the task himself, without waiting to see whether I would do it. The selections, I have no doubt, will be taken chiefly from my volumes, which are too large, he says, for the general reader. Quite true, and I am not sorry he should do the thing. Then the English clergy here are lecturing on Whichcote, Chillingworth, &c. This is so far a real result of my work, and we must be thankful for it. The strange thing is that the book has not sold more largely, when it has evidently made so much impression.

One cannot help thinking that the Principal must have made some mistake about Mr Matthew Arnold's intention. He was not likely to have published selections already indicated in a contemporary publication; and as a matter of fact, no such volume, so far as I am aware, was ever published.

The Assembly of 1877 has as usual its record in the home letters, but nothing of great importance seems to have been discussed. The Principal describes the work entailed upon himself and his assistant by repeated divisions—"four votes, the most trying of all things for the clerks—two between one and two o'clock this morning." He himself spoke in favour of the Home Mission Scheme, "as well, I daresay, as ever I did." "To-morrow there will be something of a discussion about the Elders' Subscription," he says, "in which I must take part." But next day he tells his wife that she would not find much of his speech in the 'Scotsman,' which I find to be the case. Afterwards there was again "a very good debate,"

in which the Principal took part, but the subject is not stated, his correspondent being no doubt acquainted with it. He adds a whisper which had been breathed into his ear at the clerk's table, not without raising some commotion in his own mind, and which was likely to have a still greater effect in the family.

To his Wife.

Stevenson communicated to me with bated breath, and of course it is a profound secret which nobody is expected to know till six months hence, that I am to be proposed for Moderator next year, which I could hardly have expected, considering the line I have always taken in opposition. It is what I do not care much to have. It will be a great source of expense: it will be a trouble, darling, and little more to you: but it may be an occasion of glorification to the girls and Willie. Of course I am not bound to accept the offer. But you can think it over. If you had seen Lord Galloway go along the street in a far more splendid equipage than the good Queen herself ever travels with, so far as I have seen, perhaps your imagination would be touched by such splendid associations.

Lord Galloway was the Lord High Commissioner for that year, the Queen's representative in the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, who holds Court in Holyrood during the sitting of the ecclesiastical parliament, and once a-year makes the narrow but picturesque halls and galleries of the old monarchs of Scotland shine; and the office of Moderator thus announced as about to be offered to Tulloch, is, as every one in Scotland knows, the highest honour which it is in the power of the Church to bestow.

The next day there was a debate in the Assembly upon education, which seems to have been full of excitement and confusion, chiefly caused, it would appear, by a mistake obstinately persisted in by some speakers, and not treated with sufficient firmness by the Moderator for the time being. This was "all the more to be regretted," says the Principal in his letter, "that Archbishop Tait was present," though the discussion was in itself not unsatisfactory. It was grievous to the more dignified members of the Assembly

that so great a personage should be the spectator of a scene of confusion and partial disorder; but "the Archbishop," adds Dr Dickson, "when some years after I met him and referred to the scene, was good enough to say that 'he had seen worse in Convocation.'"

Tulloch was very glad in the autumn to get back to his quiet studies and to Pascal, which he had said some time before was "beginning to haunt him," demanding to be accomplished. "I find it very interesting, and hope to make a good thing of it," he says. "I am rather sick of public matters altogether. Happily literature and the great minds of the past never weary one." Almost the first literary sketch he had ever printed, at least in any way more lasting than the newspapers, had been on this subject, and there was something in the scholarly nature and secluded life of the great French philosopher which particularly charmed him. Always a man of action and movement himself, with an impatient temper and much nervous irritability to modify the tolerant intellectual breadth of his nature, the mild heroes of a philosophic turn, the tranquil thinkers, the souls that kept aloof from all tumult and conflict of the world, were those whom he always loved.

As regular as the brief visit to London in the spring, was now the excursion which he sometimes playfully calls his Episcopal visitation to the Highland churches, which led him into many obscure corners, and gave him various new experiences of life. There are many somewhat striking glimpses of out-of-the-way places and people which I should like to quote, but it would require a much larger space than is at my disposal to do justice to them. I may give as an example a description of a Highland castle, or rather palace, where in the course of his visitations he was entertained, and which belonged to one of those potentates who have in so many instances succeeded the natural lords of Highland glens and lochs, with the comfortable result in many cases

of bringing more money and activity into the country, though perhaps with counterbalancing losses in other respects not less important.

This is a strange place to live in. First of all, the castle is magnificent—finer than Balmoral outside, and certainly inside. Mr —— is an elderly plain man, but no end of a commercial swell, and the thought that he might possibly be of use to Frank was not entirely absent from my thoughts. Mrs —— is very difficult to describe. She has been a very striking woman, and is still handsome, with a strong, wilful, yet spiritual expression in her face. I have had long talks with her already. At times she says something quite remarkable about religion, making you start with the thought that you have felt such a thing, but never heard it expressed before; and at other times she seems quite crazy in her talk—as in saying that there is no reason why we should die, we were not meant to die, and if we had faith we would get everything we wish. When her husband was conversing with me about £120 being too small an income for a minister, she said abruptly, "But had our Lord £120 a-year?" Looking at the great hills opposite the house, she said, "That is my church. I did not go to church yesterday—I went to hear you preach." And yet she is bright, and kind, and cheerful, and highly sensible at times. . . . The day is brilliant here, and the hills lying round in all the glory of sunshine, with a beautiful glen and a fine brawling stream through it. We have just come in from a walk through the place and over the river, which would have been very enjoyable if Mr ——'s talk had been of freer strain. There is surely, after all, a time for everything.

Here is an anecdote of the same expedition, which is purely comic, and which refers to a visit at Invergarry, the residence of Mr Edward Ellice, one of the houses whose hospitality the Principal always enjoyed:—

The first evening at Mr Ellice's, there were people at dinner whom we didn't know, and I said to the footman at night, "Who were those people at dinner?" "Mr and Mrs Ellice," he promptly replied. The state of mind of the man who could have supposed we were dining in the house without knowing who our hosts were, was certainly ludicrous.

The following letters introduce a new subject, and one destined to fill a very large place in the Principal's after-life.

The repeal of patronage had been followed at a very short interval by an *accès* of opposition to the Church, and threatenings of Disestablishment,—partly theological, partly political,—of which it was soon evident that the Liberal party, then completely bound in an unbroken allegiance to Mr Gladstone, was likely to take advantage in the struggle of the next general election, to which, by this time, all parties were beginning to look forward. No subject, during all his public career, had so immediately awakened and alarmed the mind of the Principal. It was still only a rumour, but all his faculties were aroused, and he felt that no time was to be lost in preparing for the conflict. The clergyman to whom the first of these letters is addressed was in many respects opposed to himself, especially in political views; but Tulloch perceived at once what most of his fellow-Liberals learned but slowly, that the approaching crisis was one of the first importance, to meet which every sacrifice must be made.

To Rev. Dr Phin. *Feb.* 11, 1878.

The more I think of it, the more I feel that the best plan would be the formation of a strong organisation in Edinburgh, with some well-known nobleman like Lord Stair at its head, under the name of the "Church Defence Association," or any other name, to which as a centre other associations might be affiliated—the Church as a Church keeping clear of the business; but all from yourself, or myself if you like, to Dr Begg,[1] becoming members of it, and lending every assistance in their power,—getting money first of all, preparing a Church Defence literature:—Sprott, Cumming, Mitchell here, Barty of Kirkcolm, Charteris, all might be enlisted in the preparation of this literature. I will do anything I can. There might be a series of papers, brief and popular, on the history of the Church—its revenues, their sources, its connection with the State—showing how, at the Revolution Settlement, it was the desire to bring in all parties, from curates to Covenanters, who would come in and submit to the government, doctrine, and discipline of the Church: the steps which have been taken to

[1] A leading Free Church minister of extremely Calvinistic views, and in every way opposed to Principal Tulloch's sentiments and ways of thinking, but a strong supporter of the Establishment principle.

make the Church the freest in the world; its willingness to consider any scheme of reconstruction, but its determination to fight to the last for national existence, and the folly of supposing that its subversion would lead to Presbyterian union.

Wealthy laymen should put the Committee in funds to begin with. Nothing can be done without money; and all who become members might subscribe something. In doing all this it is not necessary to make any noise—the less noise the better. But the organisation and the literature should be ready when the emergency came.

I am sure if you can induce Begg and the rest to say on what terms they are willing to join the Church, I am not likely to stand in the way,—if for no other reason than that I wish the bosom of the Church to be as broad and ample as possible, and so to find room for even a Begg. I merely wished to convey strongly, because I felt strongly, that it is not our business, after what we have already done in removing patronage and opening the door of admission as widely as possible, to make advances to them: that we cannot do this without loss of self-respect and principle is my opinion. If I am driven to acknowledge Dr Begg, he should be disposed to acknowledge me and others.

On the same subject, and written a few months later, is the following letter:—

To Rev. Dr Story. *July* 2.

I hope you can be in Edinburgh next week on the 10th. There will be an important meeting of the Highland Deputation Committee, and a no less important meeting of the Association for the Maintenance of National Religion. The impression made upon me by all I heard and learned in London—among others I had a conversation with Lord Hartington at Oxford—is very unfavourable to the prospects of the Church as an Establishment. Should the Liberals return to power, there is simply no doubt whatever of the Disestablishment question being raised, and I doubt very much the Church of England doing anything heartily in our defence. They simply know nothing about us, and care nothing. The general impression is, that we are a minority of the people of Scotland, and there is no difference between us and the Free Church, &c. The Liberationists are busy spreading cooked statistics, and generally diffusing an atmosphere favourable to our Disestablishment. I feel quite sure I do not exaggerate in the least, and unless something is done to enlighten public opinion in England about the Scotch Church, our days are numbered. As soon as a majority of Radical members indisposed to the Church

is returned from Scotland, we shall go. The ignorance of Scotch ecclesiastical matters in England is as a thick darkness. Nothing but a constant reiteration of sparks,—some means of systematically enlightening public opinion,—can make any impression upon it.

The year 1878 was distinguished by what must be the greatest public event in the life of a Scotch clergyman—his election as Moderator of the Church, which the Principal had communicated to his wife as a probable event at the end of the previous Assembly. To the Scotch reader it is of course unnecessary to make any explanation of this dignity, but it may be well to say a few words for the benefit of others. The office is something like that of Speaker of the House of Commons, but honorary, elective, and lasting for a year only. The Assembly itself is a singularly interesting and unique institution, a true Parliament for Scotland, though with limitations both of power and of sphere. Before there had been any important schism in the Church, the yearly meeting of this ecclesiastical parliament—which consists not of ministers only, but of a large proportion of elders, the latter laymen, embodying the most important elements in Scotch society, elected in every quarter of the country by the local presbyteries to represent them—was a picturesque and dignified event, retaining the most completely national character. The presence of the Queen's representative, the Lord High Commissioner, in a degree of pomp varying with the inclinations and wealth of the holder of that dignity, but always adding an agreeable pageant to the old streets which respond so well to every such call upon them, gave a certain air of state—completely fictitious, indeed, since the Church has always been most determined to prove that her meeting under her own constituted authorities was entirely independent of all temporal rank or influence; but at all events significant of the fact that the ecclesiastical Assembly was sanctioned and approved. This parliament of the Church has inevitably lost a little of its prestige from the fact that there are now

two of them, and that the one Assembly is, except for the presence of the official representative of the State, an exact reproduction of the other, as important in numbers, discussing, though with a considerable difference of tendency, the same questions, and occupied with similar events and regulations. A division of this kind is painful to the eye as well as to the mind, and the unique character of the institution has suffered, as well as the harmony and unity of the country. This drawback, however, scarcely need be taken into account by the stranger, who sees for the first time the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, presided over by its Moderator, in the Geneva gown and bands, which means full canonicals to a Scotch minister; its benches crowded with strongly marked intelligent faces, the highest and in some cases, no doubt, the lowest types of Scotch character, sagacious, stern, contentious, dogmatic—all the most marked developments of nature and theological training. Yet not theological alone; for the keen countenances of Scotch lawyers, and the prudent heads of Scotch merchants and lairds abound, and the atmosphere is scarcely clerical so much as it is national. The head of this assembly is the Moderator, to whom, as to the Speaker, all arguments are addressed and all appeals made. The representative of Royalty is present, and is a great secular personage of much importance out of doors; but here he is a mere pageant, and means nothing except the assent of the State, once given by no means willingly to the independence of the Church.

The advent both of the secular and the ecclesiastical dignitaries, the ornamental and the real authority, is attended with considerable commotion in the town, and a great many entertainments of various kinds. The Lord High Commissioner holds a little Court in Holyrood. He gives dinners, he holds receptions in the old disused rooms and galleries of the royal house, now used for scarcely anything but these representative festivities. The Moderator's

entertainments also are numerous. He gives a series of breakfast-parties, to which all the best-known people in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood are invited. A small allowance, inadequate, as every such allowance is, to the calls made upon it, is given him for these expenses; and he is during the period of his sway the most important person in the Church, and surrounded with every observance and much respect in the capital of the north. Tulloch was much too human, too fond of sympathy and kindness, not to enjoy this post of social elevation and worship. He liked it as "a glorification for the girls," as a proof of the honour in which he was himself held, as indeed the most pleasant thing that his position could bring him. A fear that his wife, now always delicate, might not be able to bear the fatigue of the continual entertainments, and the commotion with which she could not fail to be surrounded, was the only drawback to the gratification it gave him. But this happily was surmounted. Mrs Tulloch was one of those women who possess certain miraculous resources in the depths of the self-abnegation, spontaneous and unconscious, which is the rule of their being, and who respond to all that is needed from them, however small their strength may be, failing never to the call. How anxious he was, and how much his comfort depended upon the state of her health, the following touching words will show; but he was too much accustomed to her support to cease the continual claim upon her which was a necessity of his life.

When I know that you are really a little better, it lifts such a weight from my heart and even helps my temper. I have but little of the grace of patience, I fear, or at least of cheerful patience. It takes all one's strength to do one's work. I am so bad in bearing suffering, either for myself or others, that I sometimes dread there must be much in store for me. God grant that it may not be so.

The period of his Moderatorship was very pleasant to the Principal. He had all his children round him, except the

son at sea and the daughter who was absent in Ceylon, and the family all look back to this epoch as one of brightness and pleasure. The Lord High Commissioner for the year was Lord Rosslyn, a graceful representative of Royalty, and everything went happily and well. It is customary for the Moderator at the conclusion of the proceedings to address the Assembly, making a general review of the condition of the Church, its progress, advantages, and difficulties. The following extract from Principal Tulloch's concluding address will do much to bring the reader up to the point at which we now stand, both in respect to the Church of Scotland and its connection with all the most important public questions, and of his own large and expansive views of the mission and objects of a National Church. The fact that he was the first Moderator of what may be described as an altogether new school of Scotch divines, leads him naturally to a recollection of the troubled period at which his work began.

Right Reverend and Right Honourable,—It is now my duty to close the General Assembly with a few words of parting address. And first of all I wish to be permitted to thank you especially for the high honour conferred upon me in placing me in this chair. In any circumstances this honour is one to be greatly prized. I feel the honour all the more that it came to me, as I know, with the cordial good wishes of many with whom I have often differed in matters of political and ecclesiastical policy.

The office of Moderator has been held, I believe, in the present case, for the first time by one who had still to complete his studies for the ministry after the disastrous year of 1843. Had my dear friend Dr Smith of North Leith, to whom the Church owed so much, been spared, I and others looked to him as the first of the younger race of ministers to occupy so honoured a position. But it pleased God to remove him to the higher life in the fulness of his labours, and it fell to the last General Assembly, and my predecessor in this office, to pay a tribute, which moved all who heard it, to his many great qualities of head and heart.

Of all the feelings which possessed Dr Smith in his later years, none was so strong as his feeling of thankfulness that the Church of Scotland had risen so successfully above many of the difficulties

which seemed almost hopelessly to beset her in the years which immediately followed the great secession of 1843. Her pulpits had been emptied of many of her ablest and most zealous preachers; her congregations had been more than decimated; her missionary enterprises had one and all been crippled; her theological halls had been shorn of some of her brightest ornaments—of one name especially which all Christendom delighted to honour. I do not know how many there may be in this Assembly who can recall all the discouragements of that time, and the despondency which hung like a thick gloom around the future of the Church. I trust that I am able to appreciate the great sacrifices of those who, in obedience to the claims of conscience, then acted as they did. I may venture even from this place to speak of the moral grandeur of their act, which will always be deemed heroic in the history of Scotland. But I must also claim—and I hardly think the claim will be disallowed by any who are able to look impartially at the facts—some measure of sympathy for those who, no less in obedience to the claims of conscience and of patriotism, felt bound at such a crisis to remain within the National Church. After all, it was in some respects more easy, especially to the young, to follow the outburst of popular enthusiasm which seemed to carry with it so much that was best in the religious feeling of the country, than to stand aloof—to "go out" with banners flying and applause from so many sides, than to abide by the old and weakened fortress of the national faith. The prospects of the Church were then certainly far from promising to those who proposed to devote themselves to her service; and it required some faith in the great cause with which she was identified, and the great principles which she represented, to look beyond the day of weakness to a coming day of strength and usefulness.

He goes on to remark upon what he entitles "the growth of a spirit of comprehension in the Church" thus torn asunder, as one of the most excellent results of her trials.

She has learned a fairer and therefore a higher Christian spirit towards all sections of the community. She has learned to appreciate the conscientiousness of those who differ from her, and when she can no longer heal differences, to recognise the right of Christian sympathy and co-operation.

This attitude, whether reciprocated or not, has told silently and powerfully upon the country, and has brought a blessing with it to the Church herself. To stand aloof within the fence of supposed prerogative, and look with jealous or averted eye on

those who claim to be Christian brethren, may minister to ecclesiastical self-sufficiency, and even give an appearance of internal strength. But the common Christian mind responds to the higher impulses of Christian sympathy, and wherever the spirit of Protestant intelligence has spread, recognises the true note of the Church in brotherhood and not in exclusion.

It is the growth of the same higher feeling which has rendered us more wise and tolerant in dealing with differences within our own pale. It has come to be recognised practically that such differences must exist within every Church, and above all within a National Church; that while men may be equally faithful, from their own point of view, to a common faith, they may yet differ considerably in their tendencies of thought, and equally desire, although not always in the same manner, to make the worship and the government of the Church effective for their special ends. The truth is apparent to any one who surveys intelligently the history of the Church of Scotland, that there have always been in it more or less two parties—the one more ideal in thought and moderate in policy, the other more traditionary in doctrine and enthusiastic in zeal; and it is simply a matter of fact that the chief difficulties of our national Presbyterianism, not only since its establishment in 1690, but before, had arisen from the ill-adjusted relations between these parties. It was the failure of the "Moderate" party to do justice to those who have been called the "Evangelicals" in last century that led in the main to the unhappy secessions which then took place; it was the excess of zeal of the "Evangelical" party which drove the Church on the rocks on which it split thirty-five years ago. Nothing can be more certain than that if men cannot live together on some footing of Christian unity, they must separate. If Christian ministers on one side or the other cannot realise the possibility that they may be mistaken, and that those who differ from them have a right to their opinions, and to follow out their own ideals, so long as they can be legally held, in consistency with the common standard to which they profess to adhere, then there is no alternative but "disruption." I do not plead, and I have no right to plead, for a latitudinarianism which transcends the historical basis of the Church. I am speaking of differences which, however it is the fashion in certain quarters to ignore the fact, are a part of the historical inheritance of the Church. They belong to it. They existed virtually—and with a singular identity as to some of the points of difference—in the unhappy disputes between the Resolutioners and Protesters in the seventeenth century. They were transferred to the Church of the Revolution. They have never failed to make their impression

on our Scottish ecclesiastical history, because so far they are the mere expression of the differing tendencies of human nature, and of the manner in which Christian thought and life and aspiration work in different minds. The National Church which cannot make room for such differences cannot possibly hold together, and less so in a time like ours than in any previous time. The Church in which the fulness of a common Christian spirit, and the uniting bond of common Christian work, are able to rise most above such differences, will be strongest in the day of trial. For in the very freedom of movement, as in the common action of parties in a free state, there grows a strength which is never fully known till the tension comes which brings all its forces into play.

It was not for Principal Tulloch to say, neither perhaps was he himself fully conscious, how much this change of sentiment and liberality of mood were his own work. The latter part of the address is occupied with the questions of freedom of thought, subscription of creeds, and the necessity for meeting the new developments of criticism and scientific discovery with all the Church's resources of thought and wisdom, and with a boundless confidence in the power of Christianity to withstand every assault; and in the conclusion the speaker particularly addresses himself to a consideration of the Disestablishment movement, now beginning to take form as an approaching danger. After reviewing the different parties inclined towards this movement, and the causes of their hostility, whether to the principle of ecclesiastical connection with the State, or the special existing Church Establishments, he puts forth, in words more encouraging than always represented his thoughts, the immediate reasons against legislation in the matter.

It would be idle and rash to predict anything of the future of such an agitation, its chances of success or the reverse. I think, however, I may safely say that, as the consequences which it involves are far more serious than many imagine, it can never be successful save at a cost which will dislocate not only the existing bonds of political party, but which will leave ineffaceable traces of disunion, worse than any that now exist amongst our Churches. If the pro-

moters of Disestablishment claim to be animated by principle, they must credit those who are opposed to them with no less conscientious convictions. It is the mere refuse of partisanship which can suppose that the friends of national religion are inspired by personal or sectional interests rather than by principles held firmly because held after enlightened examination, or that they will concede their principles on this subject to the force of any political pressure. I feel confident that this will not be done, and that the result will show this when the question has been put by itself as a real political issue before the country. I can hardly think that any responsible statesman will be in a hurry to raise this issue, or to face all the consequences that will certainly come from it. As one has said (Lord Moncreiff) whose well-weighed words may have effect on some with whom he is commonly associated, changes of this nature are seldom confined in their operations to the object for which they were effected, but frequently find their main development in results the most unexpected, and sometimes in those which are least desired. It is impossible to root out an old tree without disturbing the soil around it; and the abolition of the Established Church would bring with it many results, religious, public, and social, extending far beyond our subject of controversy.

The address concluded with an affectionate and touching exhortation, which was received by the Assembly with responsive respect and emotion.

The future of the Church of Scotland, and the future of all churches, is in the hands of Almighty God. It is ours to see but a little way. To many of us—to any one whose tenure of office in the Church has been so prolonged that, through the kindness of his brethren, he has been raised to this chair—the greater part of life's work is done, and the standard of the Church's usefulness and honour must drop from our retiring hold into the hands of a younger and aspiring generation. Never forget, my younger friends, that the strength of every Church is found in the faithfulness and purity and loving zeal and activity of her ministers, office-bearers, and members; that every one of you, in the remotest country district or in the crowded city, doing your unnoticed task amongst the poor or the sick and the dying, is doing a noble work for God. Do this work in the strength of God, holding forth the Word of life in truth, and seeking the answer of a good conscience—"in all things approving yourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience,—by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love

unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." Never forget, fathers and younger brethren alike, that the excellency of your ministry is in such things to the praise and glory of God. Our labours shall fade away and our controversies cease; even their dim echo shall not be heard on that peaceful shore where we profess to seek a common rest. "Now we see through a glass darkly," and rival Churchmen stand aghast at the exaggerations which their own fancy paints in the darkness. But the vision of the Divine grows clearer as the years roll on, and the shadows of earthly prejudice fall away. I would not have any of you to cast aside any wisdom of your fathers, but to look beyond it to a yet higher Wisdom—the Wisdom that is from above, "which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good works, without partiality and without hypocrisy." In the manifestation of such wisdom your ministry will be strong, and the Church will grow stronger year by year. And whether it be God's will that she remain the old Church of Scotland and gather into her bosom her scattered children, or that changes shall come to her and other national institutions, she will be honoured of God and deserve well of the country. It is better still to deserve well than to receive well. Our part is Christian duty and work, the end thereof is with God.

This address was very largely circulated in Scotland. There is a mention in a letter in the end of the year of a fourth edition which had been called for. The great personal popularity of the man, and his triumph over all the oppositions and strong prejudices of the non-progressive party in the Church, was crowned and confirmed by this appointment, and the universal satisfaction with which it was received. He had been long in opposition, hotly attacked, strenuously resisted, and, it must be allowed, never yielding an inch, and giving back manfully an exchange for every blow; but now the tide had turned. Tulloch, once the abettor of innovations, the enemy of dogma, making light of tests, and refusing to be bound by any arbitrary and elaborate rule of superfluous doctrine, was now the chief standard-bearer of the Church—her leader, or at least one of her chief leaders, against the new and real danger which seemed to threaten her, the threat of Disestablishment which politicians had

begun to hold over her head. Principal Tulloch had not in any way changed his principles; he loved and maintained as strongly as ever the privileges of a free citizen in the commonwealth of the Church, the emancipation of thought. And neither had the party hostile to these views died out; but the balance of power had changed, and even those who still looked upon him as too rash or too independent, had been compelled to see in him the most eminent of Scotch Churchmen, the natural leader of the Church's forces against the impending attack.

Upon this question the Principal's convictions were strong. The value of a National Church, with all the responsibilities belonging to such an institution, and its superior right of service to all indiscriminately, was his favourite ideal. He would not have had the Church dissociated, as he said, from the soil, even by the abolition of patronage, feeling that the bond thus made between all classes of the nation was more valuable in principle, and more advantageous in the long-run, than the immediate gratification of sentiment procured by its withdrawal from the national code. But whatever the outward circumstances might be, his strong sense of the desirableness, beauty, and advantage of a close connection between Church and State never wavered; and all his faculties were roused to defend the Church which, when all was said, was, notwithstanding his tolerance, which bigots called latitudinarianism, and his impatience of intellectual bondage, the chief thing on earth for this true Scotsman, who was all for his country and a little more for his Church, according to a long tradition of his race.

The situation of public affairs at this period was one little calculated to encourage the champions of the Church. Mr Gladstone, after his professed retirement from public life, had appeared once more at the head of his party as a candidate for office, and, eager to return to it, had begun to strain every nerve to recover the majority which he had lost some

years before. And he was then, and for some years later, at the height of that unprecedented popularity which, especially in Scotland, made everything subservient to him—reason and national predilection no more than good faith or independent opinion being able to resist the sweep of his influence. Whether that singular statesman, so apt himself to be swept away by a sudden impulse, really believed that the Church was in a minority, and therefore ripe for destruction, or whether he thought it possible to gain the hot support of the Disestablishment party, without losing that of the Church Liberals who were too closely bound to him, it might be supposed, to resist his sovereign will—he had begun to raise in Scotland a fever of feeling, especially on the side of the opponents of the Church, by holding it up openly as an institution upon trial, and the next object of attack. This was perhaps the only piece of sensational legislation possible in Scotland. The recent abolition of patronage seems, by a cunning and clever twist of casuistical reasoning, to have been made into a proof of weakness—as if, instead of a long-desired concession for which the Scotch Church had struggled through an important period of her existence, and which was the only constitutional hindrance to her completely popular character, it had been a cutting adrift by the country of an antiquated and effete institution. This argument, of course, was only for parliamentary ears, in an audience very slightly acquainted with the subject, and supremely indifferent to the fate of the Church of Scotland. The arguments used in Scotland were of a very different character; but the scope of both was to hold up the existence of the National Church as a point to be discussed, and to make it the object of a civil war of the most violent character, in which brother should be pitted against brother over all the country. The party of Disestablishment was very fiery and violent—the Church party, at first somewhat supine, incredulous of harm; believing that Mr Gladstone could or would do no wrong—that the con-

stitutional Liberalism of Scotland was the first thing to be thought of—and that somehow the danger would be averted if the crisis ever came.

The Principal, as has been said, was one of the first to perceive the danger. Himself during his whole life a consistent Liberal in politics as in all things else, his irritation with and distrust of statesmen who had used himself and many of his brother Liberals to further their objects, and now tossed them aside when it seemed that the multitude might be gained by the sacrifice of their interests, rose to almost passionate intensity by times. It was while more than usually moved by this strong feeling that he wrote for 'Blackwood's Magazine,' generally the organ of a very different party, the protest of an old Liberal against what he felt to be the treachery and cruel indifference of the Liberal leaders to this question—an outburst which was the cause of much animadversion, and a great deal of that painful excitement which can scarcely fail to move a man driven from the party to which all his early prepossessions attached him by a course of action which he considered unworthy of statesmen and of Christians.

The following letter may be quoted, on the other hand, to show that he was not incapable of understanding the difficulties of a partisan leader, even when opposing them hotly:—

To Rev. Dr Phin. *Sept.* 27, 1878.

I have considerable sympathy with the leader of an opposition who finds he must take up some cry to support his position, and therefore says on a subject with which he has no acquaintance, and for which he feels no interest, that he will do whatever the people tell him to do in the matter.

As you say, it is a truism that if the majority be against her the Church cannot stand as an Establishment. What I am anxious to see is a vigorous push to show that the majority of the people are in favour of Establishments, and a good pull, and a pull all together, to increase the majority against Disestablishment. I fear that on your Association you have as yet few Liberals, and I think the

most strenuous efforts should be made to get others to join, and to fight the Church's cause now, for it may be too late hereafter.

I find among his papers the first "statement" of principles of the "Scottish Association for the Maintenance of National Religion," a society already alluded to, which he was most desirous to form, but for which the times were not yet ripe. It is a brief summary of the ideas which were uppermost in his mind for the remaining years of his life. The objects of this Association are declared to be, "To unite as far as possible Christians of every shade of political and religious opinion in the maintenance of the principle of the national recognition of religion," and "to resist all attempts to destroy or weaken the union between Church and State." These objects, it may be safely said, were not absent from the Principal's mind for any prolonged period during the rest of his life. His fervour on this subject was greater than on any public question previously occupying his thoughts, and his letters are full of the painful impressions which possessed his own mind.

To Rev. Dr Mitchell.

We have a meeting of the Association for the Maintenance of National Religion on Wednesday in Edinburgh. I wish you could be at it. I am sorry to say that the impressions left upon me from intercourse with many public men in London, Lord Hartington among others, are very unfavourable to the likelihood of the Disestablishment question being let alone. Nobody in England, without any exaggeration, seems to care much about our fate as a Church, and the attitude of the 'Times' has been in a marked manner unfavourable. Everybody seems to think that we are beyond doubt the Church of the minority, as Gladstone said; and if we are to live at all, we must do something to enlighten the public mind in England.

The few social notes which follow may be fitly introduced by the record of another visit at Balmoral:—

I have not had service in the Castle for years, and everything of the kind troubles me much. However, fortunately, I had a short sermon which pleased the Queen (which I preached on Easter

Sunday for Boyd). Her Majesty sent me a message about the German Emperor, and saying something in my prayer about him, all of which I managed so much to her mind, that she asked for a copy of the prayers to send to the Princess Royal and the old Emperor himself. This last attempt upon his life seems to have been very bad. But for his helmet he would have been shot dead. His coat-sleeve was riddled with slugs, and he was pouring with blood when the carriage returned to the palace. He is eighty-one. It seems a dastardly thing to shoot an old man; and the Queen evidently takes a very alarming view of the whole state of Germany, which is full of atheists and socialists, ready to break society to pieces.

I had a very long talk with her Majesty on Sunday afternoon, during which, for the first time, she sat down. She made me write on the fly-leaf of my sermon which I sent, "To the Queen, from . . . . . ;" and she was kind and good as usual.

The following account of an event which ruined many households, and made as much misery as a revolution or a great war, was written a little later from a country house in the west of Scotland:—

Oct. 19.—Everybody here is literally appalled by the revelation of the City of Glasgow Bank this morning. There can be no doubt that it is something like a national disgrace, and that it opens up a frightful idea of what may be even the general commercial conditions of Glasgow. I confess I have long had a bad idea of much of the religion, or rather religiosity of Glasgow. Some of the City Bank directors were flaming religionists, and they seem actually to have been engaged in the greatest commercial swindle that has ever disgraced even our time. All the expensive living, fine houses, fine wines, yachts, horses, &c., and the mad devotion of the young commercial brats, west and east, to such things—tokens of a degrading materialism, with a gilding of church-going habits—was sure to show itself in foul disaster of some kind some day, and the day of judgment seems to have come to many of them. Mr S. C., who is here, says that the result will be utter ruin to everybody connected with the bank, and that the Glasgow directors, those of them who are not already off, will probably be in jail without delay. And the thousands of poor confiding women and others ruined is too awful to contemplate. Even I, who cannot realise so much the misery of the business, have been awestruck all morning by it. And men like Lord Rosebery, and others, are havering violent politics all the

same! It is a mad world. . . . Mr B. (the host) is a friend of (Dr) John Brown's; and Mr Ruskin seems to have visited them, and given one of the girls his books, with a very pretty letter in the fly-leaf, exhorting her to be a Sibyl—and a Sibyl, he adds, is a person taught of God.

In August the Principal accompanied his wife to the neighbourhood of Dunkirk, a place to which several friends had been attracted for sea-bathing, and which it was supposed Mrs Tulloch could reach easily and without fatigue by sea. To find a place or a treatment which would benefit her in her now chronic illness was the constant desire of her family; and the sea air, not dissimilar, though so much warmer than St Andrews, and freedom of open-air life, combined with the amusing variety of a foreign watering-place, would, it was hoped, benefit her. The experiment was not very successful; but as she was always ready to be amused, and to respond as much as possibility permitted to every attempt to lighten her burden, there were some pleasant days spent on the broad sands of the seaside suburb of Rosendaal, where a little society of intimates had collected. The unaccustomed humour and novelty pleased for a short time the Principal too.

To Professor Baynes. ROSENDAAL, *August* 23.

This is a pleasant place, and its mild amusements, and groups of French men and women bathing in costume, would amuse you. It is the pleasure resort of the Dunkerquois, about a mile from the town, which in itself is rather an active, bustling, clean place. I bathe in the morning unattended by any group, breakfast, write, and loaf about, and spend the afternoon in any way I can. Next week I go to some of the Belgian and Dutch towns, and then to Paris. The air is very fine here, and Mrs Tulloch keeps pretty well.

Various excursions in the picturesque towns of the Low Country—Bruges, Ghent, &c.—terminating in a week among the towns of Holland, carried out this little programme. We went, I remember, to the Hague, on the eve of a visit from

Prince Henry of Luxembourg, then very recently married, and exceedingly popular, which had crowded that pretty bright little town almost to suffocation; and unable to get rooms at any of the hotels, we were sent on to the quaint and curious little town of Leyden, in its academic quiet, where no such vulgar excitement could ever find a place, and where the Principal found great pleasure—unexpected, for this had not been in the programme—in going over the university buildings, comparing them with the kindred scenes with which he was so familiar. The Hague, to which we returned next day to find it in all the gaiety of a general holiday, with peasants from all quarters in the curious costumes which still exist in the primitive corners of Holland, filling the streets, and universal festivities everywhere, formed a very lively and amusing panorama, notwithstanding a good deal of rain, that spoiler of all northern *fêtes*. I believe he sent an account of it to the 'Scotsman,' equally to his own amusement and that of his readers. The summer holiday ended in Paris, where the Exhibition was then going on, affording an excellent lounging-place in the heat of the brilliant days.

In the following letter her Majesty's spontaneous kindness and sympathy will touch every heart. The Principal's eldest son, the Rev. W. W. Tulloch of Glasgow, had been invited to officiate at Balmoral, and the Queen, with her own hand, without losing a day, sent her congratulations to his father on his appearance. From any hand praise of our children is sweet, and nothing could have been so gratifying to the Principal's paternal heart and pride as this:—

Balmoral Castle, *November* 10, 1878.

The Queen must write Principal Tulloch a line to tell him how much pleased she and all have been with his son's preaching and performance of divine service this day, which had to be in the house. Would Principal Tulloch tell him she would much like to have his sermon, and might she add a wish to have his own, preached here this day fortnight?

Principal Tulloch must not come to Windsor without letting her know. She sends him a letter from Dean Stanley, which, if he can decipher it, will interest him.

The end of the year was signalised by a somewhat remarkable incident in the Principal's experience. Dean Stanley had made the curious innovation of establishing a kind of singular lectureship in the nave of the Abbey of Westminster, at which from time to time various notable persons, not ecclesiastics of the Church of England, had appeared. The idea was, I believe, that a lecture in the nave was a possibility open to any one, even a layman, and that no punctilio of the Church was offended by the appearance there of any public instructor whom the Dean approved. The Principal had been asked in the previous year to be one of these lecturers; but he had disliked the idea of appearing under sufferance, so to speak, in a place where his orders were not acknowledged or his position allowed, solely as a sort of *protégé* of the Dean. These scruples, which seemed to me very legitimate, were overcome, I scarcely know how—probably by the mere persistence of Dean Stanley in the following out of his private crotchet; but it was always with a certain reluctance that the Principal consented.

To his Wife. *December* 1, 1878.

I had a long day yesterday, but it all went off very well upon the whole. I had an uncomfortable feeling, not only as to the strangeness of holding forth in Westminster Abbey, but as to my being an unauthorised person there, speaking simply by the indulgence of the Dean I can always do anything pretty well that I feel I have a right to do; but I dislike being out of place, a difference marked by speaking as Moderator of the General Assembly and in Westminster Abbey. However, all's well that ends well. The Dean thought it was the most effective service there had been on such an occasion—being in the afternoon, immediately after service in the choir—and Mrs O. said I could not have done better. I wrote a new introduction to what I read to you, connecting the subject with the former missionary addresses on the same day. It lasted, with the Dean's short prayer and the singing of the hymn, just an hour altogether.

He adds a half-humorous whimsical glimpse of the venerable house in which he was entertained:—

I did not get back to Dean's Yard, the proper name of the locality, till 11.30, when everybody had gone to bed. I found, however, a beautiful fire in my room (they keep splendid fires, and it is very amusing to see the little Dean always running up, with his coat-tails over his arms, as if they were ornamental, toasting himself). The Dean is very agreeable in his own house—you know how different it is with some people—the simplicities of his character coming out very strongly. He is very vivacious, and talked at no end about America and all his experiences there. He is very full of the subject, and seems to have enjoyed himself, and taken a new supply of health from the voyage. The deanery is a curious old-world place. You go up-stairs and down-stairs in an extraordinary manner, steps everywhere. Anything we have in our house is a joke to it; and there are a great many portraits of the old deans,—altogether a place smelling of the past. It is really a pity Boyd was not in my place. People run out and in, on occasions like these lectures to the deanery, even worse than they did at St Mary's on the occasion of his lecture. The place on Saturday was just like a menagerie of strange animals—black and white, Americans, Nonconformists, and Churchmen, all by way of paying their respects to him or me.

Not less lifelike or more optimist—for a keen little note of observation and criticism is in all his descriptions of this period—is his brief sketch of a flying visit to Windsor in the quick falling darkness of a wintry Sunday afternoon, the evening being spent with Mrs Tarver at Eton.

It was a dismal afternoon, rain and darkness, and the Thames running full and turbid between its banks. . . . The grandchildren met me on the stairs, all looking very well, I thought, and grown. They were very nice, and W. whispered into my ear as he went away to bed that he sent his particular love to "Grannie." The dinner was very good, and a special bottle of claret decanted for me, F. said. It was all very pleasant—a little too much Eton shop as usual. I really hope we don't talk St Andrews shop. All local talk is so very occasional, and so frightfully absurd to others whom it does not concern.

I bought the 'Observer' on my way, and read Gladstone's philippic against the Government. What a man he is! What avenging and concentrated passion and power of hatred at the age of

70! If he gets back to power he will certainly play the devil with something.

The reader will feel that in this respect the Principal was an admirable prophet.

One of his first appearances in the year 1879 was at a meeting of the Glasgow Elders' Association, held in the end of January. (I confess to having been extremely puzzled by the account of that meeting, which is announced as having been held in "the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross." Why the Glasgow elders should have come to Charing Cross to hold a meeting bewildered me not a little, until I discovered that Glasgow itself boasts a Charing Cross and a Grand Hotel in that locality, which is a whimsical coincidence, requiring, I suppose, no explanation to citizens of Glasgow.) The Principal—in some degree as Moderator of the General Assembly, but still more in his own person as one of the best-known men in Scotland—was the most important speaker; and he again returned to the topic of Church Defence, which was at this period the most important of public questions, and the one most in his mind. Neither on this nor on any other occasion did he claim perfection or divine right for the Church—not, that is to say, the divine right of being paramount in Scotland. His argument always was that, unlike the Church of Ireland, for which no such plea could be advanced, the Church of Scotland was, notwithstanding all secessions, in a broad and real sense the Church of the nation, of a large preponderance of the Scottish people. "We believe," he says, "that there are hundreds and thousands who may not be members of the Church, who yet do not desire its discontinuance, but who recognise it as a Christian institution doing an amount of social good in the country, which would not be done if the Church was taken away."

The Church is not an Established Church upon any theory of divine right. The Church of Scotland exists by statute based upon popular assent. That is the foundation of its existence as an

establishment. I am not speaking of it as a spiritual institution. Its existence as an establishment is political: it rests upon a popular basis; and we believe it still rests on such a basis, and we are ready to say to any who challenge this: "Try the issue before the country," but we also say, "Try it as a direct issue." We are not willing to have so grave a question as this, the existence of the old National Church of Scotland, treated as a side issue; it ought to be put fairly to the country. It is perfectly fair of any Liberal candidate—and the great difficulty is first as to the attitude of Liberal candidates in the present day—to say, "I do not approve of the existence of the Established Church; that is my opinion, and my vote will be in accordance therewith." Or again, it is fair to say, "This question has not yet come within the sphere of practical politics; I have no opinion about it; but before I give a vote I will come back here to put the question to you, and the question will be put to the country." All that is fair. But it is not fair for a man to come before a constituency and to evade this question, and then to go to Parliament and allow himself to be numbered by the head as a Church abolitionist and to vote according to the exigencies of party; he having been sent there, in the case, so far as I know, of every Liberal candidate, by hundreds of votes that would never have been given if he had taken up the attitude he in fairness should have done Why, sir, even the Irish Church question was put to the country, and every voter by his vote was able to say whether he approved of the abolition of that Church or not. I and hundreds of others approved of this step. I thought, and still think, it was a fair measure of Liberal policy. I had thought so from the time I could first reason about politics, and I have not changed my opinion. Why? Because it was never a National Church in the true sense of the word, although it was in a legal sense. It never represented anything but a small and extreme section of the Irish people. And it is for the same reason that we now oppose the abolition of the Scotch Church. We believe that this Church still represents a large preponderance of the Scottish people. It is a Presbyterian Church in a Presbyterian country. It is, as the chairman said, and well said, the Church of the poor. It has always made the poor its peculiar care; it has carried the ministry of divine love and divine righteousness to the homes of the poor; it has followed them to their doors; it has worked the parochial system with an energy and faith in its efficacy that no Church that I know of has done in the past. It may be said of other Churches, "Don't they do this? Do not they also minister to the poor?" I do not deny this. I say nothing about the work of other Churches; but I say it is the business of the Church of Scotland to minister to

the poor, and she has been true to this business, and she never was more true to it than she has been in the recent years of her history. I am sure that such a Church—a Church with such a history, a Church which is doing such living and useful work—cannot from the mere fact of her existence be oppressive to any fair-minded man. She must rather appear to him to deserve every support. She interferes with no rights. I do not believe there is a single practical abuse connected with the Church of Scotland that can bulk largely in the mind of any fair and intelligent public man. But if there is any such abuse—I mean if there are any oppressive abuses towards others either in the Church of England or the Church of Scotland—let them be taken away. I as a Liberal raise my voice against any abuse whatever—against any exaction which, even if a part of the legal constitution of the Church, presses with unjust incidence on any individuals or any class. From no side will reformers of this kind receive more assistance than from Liberal Churchmen; but we say, Don't level or destroy old historical institutions for the sake of faction or mere radical theories of equality or denominational jealousy. Let the existence of such institutions rest on their right and usefulness, depend upon their own merits, and I have no fear of the verdict if the issue is put directly before the people.

The immediate importance of this question has passed away for the time. Nobody threatens the Church for the moment; but it never can be prophesied in the uncertain state of the political world when that issue may be reopened, and from this moment to the end of his life the Principal had no more urgent wish than to solidify and strengthen the bases of defence, and to put the case of the Church as clearly as his natural power and great experience could, before the world. His speeches and arguments on this subject provide an arsenal ready to the hand of his successors in case of any reopening of the subject. It is to be hoped that the Church will never lack competent champions; but it is well in all cases to have the strong and faithful pleading of such a man to fall back upon. "I have been a Liberal, which is practically very much of a fault-finder, all my days," he says; and the reader, I hope, has been able to judge for himself how little of the blinding of partiality was in his eyes in review-

ing the Church and her actions and ways. But his strong sense of the historical importance of the Church of Scotland, and of the wonderful vitality inherent in her, which, in his own knowledge, had worked out a recovery and regaining of position after an almost crushing blow, gave him force and confidence more complete perhaps and unshadowed by any uncertainty than in any other question of his life.

The course of that life meantime went on with expanding possibilities. It was in the very beginning of the year that a chance communication of my own with the Messrs Longman touching a literary undertaking which I was desirous of beginning, and in which Principal Tulloch was mentioned as likely to assist, either suggested to them, or stimulated a suggestion previously made, that he would be a fit and likely person to undertake the resurrection of 'Fraser's Mazagine,' an old and once prosperous periodical, which had sunk into partial insignificance. The question, I think, was first asked of me. It was my opinion that Principal Tulloch, with his extreme susceptibility to worry, was the last person in the world to be burdened by a task of this kind; but he did not himself take that view. There are few literary persons indeed who would not be tempted by such a proposal. It is difficult not to believe that the undertaking will flourish in one's own hands, however badly it may have fared in those of others; and the delight of having an organ of opinion at one's command, as well as the power of pushing the fortunes of one's friends while establishing one's own, is irresistible. At the same time, the Principal had recently been released from the labours of the Education Board in Edinburgh, which had completed its work, and the proposal came in just in time to fill up with an occupation much more congenial and agreeable the time thus liberated, and also to make up, what was not unimportant, the vacancy made by the failure of the income attached to the educational appointment. He was from the first, therefore, disposed to accept the proposals made

to him. Mr Norton Longman, representing his firm, paid a short visit to St Mary's early in February, and carried away with him from that friendly and genial house a warm impression of friendliness and kindness such as gave double zest to the new arrangements. The interview was indeed completely successful in establishing mutual confidence between the new associates. I think that the same impression which was in my own mind—that the business was one not entirely adapted for him, and that the inevitable conflict with contributors, the pain of refusing, the responsibility of accepting, the anxieties connected generally with such an undertaking, might prove too much for a mind so sensitive—disturbed also the pleasure of his family in the new enterprise. But he himself did not see these lions in the path. A perception of many of the difficulties involved in raising from natural decay a magazine which had outlived its reputation came only afterwards when he was involved in them. To himself the work was full of hope; and a natural elation in thus finding himself in a moment at the head of a literary undertaking of considerable importance gave him courage. He had wished all through his life to be able to devote himself more entirely to literature, and in the midst of the bustle of outdoor business, had always thought with a sigh, of the superior pleasure of work which could be carried on in his own study far from the contradiction of sinners. The Magazine, it was true, had an element of business in it which might detract a little from the calm of literary pursuits. But no opposing party could interfere, or faction rise against him in that little world, more peaceful than University Courts or Education Boards: and the work seemed in the highest degree congenial and attractive. He undertook it amid warm congratulations and promises of support from many friends. Mr Reeve, the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' from whom the first proposal of the matter, and probably the first suggestion, came, "rejoiced to hear that Norton Longman's journey was

so successful, and that the arrangement for 'Fraser' was completed." "I take great interest in it," adds this gentleman, one of the Principal's oldest friends in literature. Mr Froude, once editor of the Magazine, expressed himself as "heartily glad to hear from Longman that you have undertaken to drive the old coach." But perhaps the letter most gratifying to Tulloch was the following genial and generous note from the editor of 'Blackwood,' his friend and publisher, but now to be more or less his rival in the crowded field.

He had been anxious at once to let Mr Blackwood know of the arrangement, feeling something of the awkwardness of the change of relationship thus succeeding to the most friendly connection of another kind, and had written as soon as permitted to do so in the following terms:—

St Andrews, *March* 22, 1879.

I have intended to write to you for some time about an offer made to me by the Longmans in the beginning of the year to edit 'Fraser's Magazine'—an offer which, after a good deal of negotiation, and Mr T. N. Longman coming here to see me, I have accepted. I asked Mr Longman when he was here to be allowed to communicate the matter to you. . . . Of course I have not been without misgivings in undertaking work of this kind, but I have good hopes that I may be successful. I should have no fears if you could give me some of your editorial tact and skill. And saving, of course, that my literary efforts must now go to 'Fraser,' we shall always continue, I trust, the good friends we have been. I can never think but with the most pleasant feelings of my connection with you.

Mr Blackwood's reply was full of responsive feeling:—

45 George Street,
Edinburgh, *March* 25, 1879.

My dear Principal,—Secrets do not keep in Edinburgh, especially when they concern so big a fish as you, and I heard of your approaching translation to the editorship of 'Fraser's Magazine' in one or two quarters before I got your pleasant letter on Sunday.

I am glad to receive your letter, and most cordially respond

to the feelings expressed in it. Our intercourse has been long, pleasant, and friendly, and nothing of this kind is the least likely to make any change in it. I cannot pretend to wish the success of any Magazine particularly except my own; but I sincerely hope for Mrs Tulloch's sake and yours, that this may prove a happy and congenial occupation for you. St Andrews will soon be as great in editors as in golfers. Will Baynes[1] join in an editorial match?

My nephew has been in London. Curiously, he mentions having met Norton Longman. The wise young representative of the Row did not mention business, but his wife said he had been to St Andrews, and was so delighted with it that she thought they would be back this summer.—Always yours truly,

JOHN BLACKWOOD.

I may add that about this time Principal Tulloch received from Glasgow University the complimentary degree of LL.D. He remarks in his letter to Dr Dickson on this occasion that he was more entitled to, than deserving of, such an honour, and that "ambition of this sort has long since passed from my mind. But it would ill become me to decline your kindness, and I thank you all heartily in anticipation." Business of a very sad description also called him to Glasgow early in the year, when the excitement and pleasure of his new beginning were sadly damped just before his entrance upon the preliminaries of his work by the sudden and quite unexpected death of his son's wife, Mrs William Tulloch—a young and gentle creature, whose sudden loss, leaving behind four little children scarcely more than babies, brought desolation to a happy house, and filled the family in all its branches with gloom. It was with this calamity fresh in his mind that the Principal paid his first visit to Paternoster Row; and he pauses in his daily record of the new incidents of life, before he can say a word of business, to hope that the melancholy house in which he had left his wife, the only possible earthly comforter, had a little recovered calm. "It is hard to realise such a calamity, it is so very dreadful; but now that all is over, there is

[1] Professor Baynes was editor of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

nothing for it but to be as helpful to Willie as we all can. God bless you, darling, and the dear boy," he says, out of his full heart, before he proceeds to tell her of the people he has seen, the partners, each with a little touch of description—the younger men hopeful and even enthusiastic, but the elders, the less known and visible members of the firm, not so sanguine.

To his Wife.

They are extremely pleasant so far to do business with. But it is only well when it ends well, and I have learned too much of the world and its ways to feel over-sanguine of anything. Sufficient for the day is the good as well as the evil. It is better not to look too far ahead, anyway, but to do our duty and leave the issue in higher hands.

The Magazine required a considerable degree of organisation, as it seems to have dropped out of popularity. Interviews of all kinds had to be got through and introductions made. A political article, upon which the proprietors laid great stress, had to be made the subject of a special arrangement with a regular contributor. This was a new feature, I believe, in 'Fraser,' and it was hoped would be a very successful one. Everybody, it was evident, was full of advice, direction, and encouragement. Mr Allingham, the previous editor, entered with much kindness into all the arrangements of the new one, and gave him generously the benefit of his experience. Still, all was not sunshine even in this first beginning.

I see there is some chaff in the 'World' about "the inevitable Scot" and my editorship of 'Fraser.' Poor Allingham is well abused, and I am considered a sort of old-world Scotch creature sure to go wrong, like W. when installed as a London editor. The whole is very pitiful trash. Pigott also writes dolefully on the subject, saying that George Eliot is quite hopeless to get at, and he fears it will be a miracle to revive 'Fraser.' He was always rather sad-minded, delightful as he is. We can only do our best.

In May he laid down with great comfort the ecclesiastical

dignity which it had been a pleasure to assume, but which had hung a little heavy upon him in the later moments of its duration—writing with great satisfaction to his wife that "I am done with my Moderatorship, I am thankful to say." The last act of the retiring Moderator is to preach a sermon to the assembled "Fathers and Brethren." "There was a large congregation, and I fancied I spoke with great deliberation and clearness, but I got excited now and then," he writes to his wife. In the evening he dined at Holyrood, and there received many congratulations, which he repeats to her.

Mr Murray was kind enough to say that so many were obliged to me for lifting up the debates into a higher region,—rather a lofty compliment. The Lord High Commissioner, too, was very complimentary. My great apprehension always is, that speaking, as I have done, quite extemporarily, I get confused at times and use too many words. I never read my speeches in the newspapers, or very seldom, they seem to me so ill composed. However, they can't have been very bad if you liked them, and I hope they read decently.

As soon as the Assembly was over, the Principal hurried to Balmoral to perform his duty there, and received from the Queen a touching memento of a recent loss—that of the Princess Alice—with the following letter:—

Balmoral Castle, *June* 2, 1879.

In sending the fourth volume to Principal Tulloch, the Queen likewise adds a print of her beloved child, and photographs of her two dear grandchildren, all taken by this dreadful illness. It is a melancholy and singular circumstance that these sweet children were born, the one on the Queen's birthday, and the other on her wedding-day, and not one of all her numerous grandchildren were born on any anniversary connected with herself.

He went back from the North to London, notwithstanding the hurry and bustle which, under ordinary circumstances, he hated, and with all the cheerfulness of novelty betook himself to Paternoster Row and to his labours. The first

number of the new series bearing his name was to appear in July.

To his Wife.

39 Paternoster Row,
June 5, 1879.

Here I am in my editorial chair, and by no means an easy one, I assure you. The amount of papers accumulated on the table is enough to make one run away and give up the business. However, I have gone at them patiently, and it is wonderful how one works through them with no interruptions. I have already written many letters to hungry contributors, and put aside many papers to be returned with thanks. So much writing of articles gives one a queer idea of life, and the pressure there is either to write or to get bread for hungry mouths. There are curious stories about ladies coming here with manuscripts of their husbands, saying their families are starving; the wife of a man, amongst others, whose name is not quite unfamiliar, and whose paper on "Good Dinners," poor beggar! I have just gone through, —in some respects, a very bright and interesting paper. God bless me! there is something awful in the idea of a starving man writing a bright and readable paper on good cheer!

The same subject fills a letter to Professor Baynes:—

Athenæum, *June* 4, 1879.

I have no plans; everything is subsidiary to 'Fraser' and the necessities of the first number. It is pretty right by this time, I fancy; but I still expect something important, and I can fix nothing till the July number is in train.

This is a funny place. The old fellows, whenever one goes into the dining-room, weary one. The great philosopher S., gloating with unscientific eyes over his dinner, and then going about the room talking to his friends with the air of a man of the world acquired too late in life.

From the same place, in the midst of these new occupations, he pauses to send sympathetic advice to the lonely and sad young widower.

To his Wife.

I have written to him, recommending him strongly to take up some definite line of study—especially the study of thoughts and ideas—as the best cure for the feelings of loneliness and grief. There is nothing like new or deeper ideas for stirring up the mind and creating new interests when old interests have been taken from us, or have passed away. And, moreover, one is never able

to enter so well into certain great Christian thoughts as when one's mind is quickened by great sorrow or suffering of some kind, if the mental and physical strength remains unimpaired.

The letter to which reference is here made is evidently the following:—

ATHENÆUM, *June* 16, 1879.

I understand all you say in your letter from St Mary's on Saturday. It cannot be but that you should feel deeply all that you have lost; but you have also a "strong consolation" in thinking over the fact that her life, if taken from you, was yet so pure and good and beautiful a life, that it must live for ever; and if you have lost much to cheer and support you in all that is gone with her, you have at least an inspiring and sainted memory, and there are few things so good for a man as this. Many have to mourn for their dead to whom their hearts may have clung, and yet not even this fond idealism has been able to make anything sacred out of the thought of them.

I would strongly recommend you to take quietly, as you have leisure, to the study of some of the great questions of theology. Nothing can still a great sorrow like the study of ideas; and there are certain great thoughts about God and Christ and the world, worth living for and doing something to advance. I am sure such a study would be the best counteraction to your sorrow. Boyd writes very nicely about you and your preaching, which seems to have pleased him. But he also says "a little more theological backbone would still improve it." This is what I felt a little while ago when I recommended you to study some of the old Puritan divines—not that their ideas are any longer serviceable, at least in the style in which they put them, but that they have a grip of spiritual profundities. And although you know I am opposed to mere dogmatic preaching, and how little good I think there is in it, yet there is no adequate inspiration for preaching except an enthusiasm in the ideas which underlie dogma, and can only be reached through the study of dogma. It deepens and gives power to preaching as nothing else does. Uninteresting in point of literary form as such writers as Howe and Baxter are, I am sure you would find not only comfort but strength in studying them, and in going over the outline of Christian thought both dogmatically and historically. I am sure that you will best get out of the circle of your own thoughts by getting into some such circle of great thoughts, and making them more thoroughly your own.

All this has come into my head to-night, as I sat by old Hayward (the Quarterly Reviewer) at dinner, thinking over your letter.

It may seem a strange contradiction of my advice in some respects that I should be here thinking merely of 'Fraser's Magazine' rather than of any theological questions. But there is a time for everything; and 'Fraser' seems very much in the meantime, on many accounts. All the same, I feel that no mere literary interests or wish to make a literary success, for others really more than for myself, would be any compensation for the life of thought which has always been my mainstay, and without which the pressure of ordinary life would probably have beat me long ago.

I omit a hundred details about the Magazine, especially the first number, which he entered into with the greatest minuteness in his communications with his wife, repeating again and again, with deeply underlined earnestness, "*Say what you think of this.*" It is half amusing, half pathetic, to note his anxieties over one paper that nobody should know who had written it, doubtful and fearful of its effect, uncertain whether he ought to publish it at all—then, with a higher tone, feeling it his duty to do so. The article was upon the Society papers of the day, then a comparatively new institution; and after all the Principal's alarms and anxieties, I do not think it fluttered a single dovecot, or had any effect at all. There is a certain quaintness and simplicity in his sense of the importance of his work, in his high anticipations of success, and sense of responsibility, and conviction that something novel and great is about to develop upon the world in his new number, which is exceedingly attractive and interesting. We may be allowed to be but moderately interested about 'Fraser'; but the sight of the new editor in his chair, so determined to succeed, so eager to believe that the articles he has selected are no common magazine articles, but of value enough to startle the world, is another matter. The young men at the Row shared and heightened his excitement, thinking too that this new number was to be something, and do something great; but the elder ones looked on, not enthusiastically, shaking now and then an admonitory head, knowing better. The editor had the satisfaction of

thinking it was the best number published that first of July 1879, when he sent it to press—and awaited the result with a mingled calm of merit, and sense of anxious excitement, aware that "the public is an ass," and often fails to perceive the finest genius, yet in his heart of hearts feeling that it could not be so stupid in this case. I do not remember whether the quality of the first numbers was really as high as he supposed. In all probability they were very little different from other magazines, save for the sublimation of earnest purpose and exultant yet timid hope with which he regarded them.

Very soon, however, it became apparent to the eager new editor that things were not to go so triumphantly as he supposed. Coming to London in October, he found discouragement and disappointment reigning in the Row. The first two numbers—July and August—had shown a tendency to rise in circulation; but the September number, though not less excellent, had fallen like a stone. A few letters, full of perturbation and distress, give a most lively yet heart-rending picture of his excitement and trouble. There had already been worries with impatient friends who had to wait for the publication of their articles, with others whose papers were too long or too short, or with whom the editor disagreed in their special view. All these could be borne so long as the reward of a great success still seemed possible. But when he perceived the disappointment in Paternoster Row, and heard the dismal calculations of loss, so much a-month, and saw every face disheartened and dismayed, his vexation and mortification and disappointment were great. With his usual longing for sympathy, he came to the friends nearest him to be consoled and cheered—shaking his head while we all discussed these disappointing facts, protesting with the most plausible reasons that a little failure was almost necessary —that indeed it was inevitable, even advantageous, that it should be so—yet allowing himself to be persuaded to

brighter views all the same. I fear it was in some cases the mere sophistry of sympathetic feeling which prompted these arguments, and that a great and sudden success, such as he dreamed of, was scarcely believed in by any one except himself. But it is rare that one sees such an event as the sinking circulation of a periodical taken to heart as if it had been a personal grief. The Principal anticipated for a moment that the Magazine was to be at once abandoned, and the sense of failure thus emphasised was intolerable to him. Such a catastrophe, however, was impossible in the nature of things; and the Magazine was carried on, but with none of the elation that had marked its beginning, though on his part with a constant struggle to procure and combine the best materials and an anxious eye for the circulation. If only it would reach a thousand—five hundred—more! if only it could be carried on without loss! His unvarying testimony to the kindness and good feeling of the publishers, and their generous acknowledgment of his exertions, and the fact that this failure was no fault of his, is always warm. But the very look of discouragement in the faces of others was distracting to so sensitive a man. He had neither the coolness nor the self-confidence which fit men to play a losing game.

Notwithstanding these additional labours, he made his usual visit to the Highlands in the autumn, this time in particular to the neighbourhood of the Gairloch in Rossshire, where the Church was in a bad condition, and where he remained for two Sundays, to preach with the view of rousing a better feeling. While here he met one of the sages of our time, whom he describes in his letters home:—

I preached on Sunday to a very good congregation, Dr Martineau and his family among others. He is a very fine old man, and it is worth coming all this way to meet him alone. He is busy on a great book on the 'Foundations of Belief,' which he hopes to finish before he dies. He is now about seventy-two.

These familiar occupations, however, were now secondary in interest to the subject which filled his thoughts, and we find him soon after back in London, telling of a "letter from Baynes":—

To his Wife. ATHENÆUM, *October* 21.

He mentions that there was a first-rate notice of 'Fraser' in the 'Evening Standard,' a Tory paper too, saying that there was not in the October number a weak or poor article. He likes it himself very much, and quite disagrees with the 'Spectator,' which he thinks "carelessly injurious," or some such phrase. All the same, the difficulties of the whole business are immense and annoying, and I cannot say I feel hopeful about it. If it only would add to its circulation, I should not care what one newspaper said. I should be very glad to let Mrs O.[1] try her hand for a year.

I met at the club last night Mark Pattison, the rector of Lincoln College, and one of the ablest men of the day, who came up to me at breakfast. I said jocularly to him, "Won't you give me something for 'Fraser'?" "Oh," he said, "I am getting too old. Ask the young fellows who can write about anything. Don't you notice how they all write in the same style, with the same clever varnish!" Dr Vaughan, the Master of the Temple, writes beside me. I wonder if these fellows have *no home*,—they are always here!

Here is another amusing little incident, rousing one of his half-comic bursts of wrath, in respect to an article in the 'Quarterly,' in which very complimentary mention had been made of his volume on 'Pascal' in the series of Foreign Classics, accompanied by indication of several mistranslations or misquotations, an error to which, in common with many people whose memory for words has lost the crispness of youth, he was liable. The reproach had not vexed him, as such a criticism usually did, because of the fair and flattering remarks by which it was interlined.

Miss —— was calling on Sara as I got home, tired and weary, yesterday. "Have you seen the 'Quarterly'?" she said; "they are very rude to you," referring to the note about the mistranslations, which I have had no time to attend to, but saying nothing of the pleasant aspects of the paper. How pleasant some people

[1] This refers to some supposed over-confidence on my own part as to what could be done.

are! What a gift of saying nice things! No people can say nicer things than women when they like; but men almost never make such wanton assaults as this.

A more pleasant encounter was with the editor of the 'Nineteenth Century,' whom he met in the Grosvenor Gallery.

To his Wife.

I must tell you what he said to me about 'Fraser.' He said I had done wonders. Nobody could know better than he did what pains it involved to edit a magazine as I had done. But an old thing cannot be revived—never has been; so he says. 'Fraser' has been such a disappointment, and so little that is hopeful comes to me about it, that I fancy I was pleased that he should say "nobody could have done more than you have done."

However, I cannot bear the idea of the Longmans losing money by it. Besides that I hate the failure. It takes the spring out of life, and makes one feel one's self an old fogy.

I breakfasted with Matthew Arnold yesterday morning, and we had a long talk about matters. The circulation of the 'Nineteenth Century' and 'Time,' which one never sees in Scotland, is astonishing, he says. He sees "heaps" at the beginning of the month at railway stations—"dwindling heaps." The young fellows, he said, and fathers of families, all fancy they are getting a tincture of literature.

These criticisms of 'Fraser' continued to occupy his mind during this exciting and troublous, yet animated period, above every other interest, along with the painful problem why everybody should applaud but nobody buy, which has troubled the soul of so many men of letters. One of his letters to Professor Baynes is full of remarks upon an article which he had just received for his Magazine from that faithful friend.

St Andrews, *Sept.* 15, 1879.

All this is said, not so much at the impulse of my own critical judgment, as of that idiot the public, even as represented by such organs as the 'Spectator,' which did not deign to notice Sellar's paper, and spoke of the last number of 'Fraser' as "dull"! Skelton, and I don't know how many others, have written to me in the highest terms of it, as readable from beginning to end. Saintsbury, although his own paper was omitted, is quite enthusiastic, and says Froude's paper is the best he has seen in any

magazine for a long time. I have one nearly as good for October, on "Partridges and Politics."

Yesterday was very bright, and F. Tarver and one of his colleagues, Mr Hale, a hearty Liberal, full of modern movement, whom you would like very much, had a long walk to Drumcarrow Crag after being at church in the morning. Hale delighted with A.K.H.B. I had a visit from Jowett on Saturday, and a long chat.

To his Wife. *October* 4, 1879.

I am sorry to say, second edition and all, 'Fraser' still does little in the way of circulation—not only no leap, but little movement. The present number I think is good—as really good as the last; but the public is in a vitiated state with the seasoned meats of Society papers and fashionable controversies about atheism and Mr Mallock. Gather and write to me fully any opinions you hear about 'Fraser.' Is it dull?—or too respectable? which is the same thing—too few swell names? too little or too much of this thing or that thing? I should hate the idea of going in for anything but genuine literature in the old sense.

The romance of the Magazine a little abated as the year went on. The pleasure of the beginning, the dreadful disenchantment of want of success, the momentary expectation of a catastrophe, and bitter confusion of failure, all calmed down into the ordinary routine of an enterprise which was not triumphant nor even successful, yet could not be dropped in a moment, but had to go through a reasonable trial and probation, and to be done the best for that was possible, even though the wings of hope were much damped. In this sobered yet not uncheerful spirit the year 1879 came to a close.

A glimpse such as Tulloch affords into the troubles of an editor, and the anxieties of a losing game, may be not uninstructive; but few men, happily, take anxieties of this description so deeply to heart. All was well, however, in the inner citadels of life during this period. His health continued good, always the first thought of the family, who were so deeply aware of the sufferings he had gone through; and no domestic trouble, save the very sad one previously referred to, touched the now large and flourishing tribe to which St

Mary's was a beloved and delightful centre. The young mothers—each of whom "brought her babe and made her boast," bringing with them many new connections, all harmonious and satisfactory, full of tender pride and admiration for the head of the house—came back from time to time to join the group of younger children still left at home to keep up the traditions of the cheerful family. "The house is sprawling with grandchildren, all very happy," he writes to a friend in the summer of this year; and though he adds, "I shrink from the happiness often into my sanctum, which is carefully preserved against intrusion," the note of this guardianship only gives a more perfect touch to the beauty of the picture, as showing the always vigilant and wakeful love which preserved him from every unnecessary care. Mrs Tulloch's health had indeed been much shaken, and kept an ever-present anxiety in the foreground of the Principal's life; but even that was lulled by habit, and by the growing hope that this most precious existence, though marred by much suffering, was not in any real danger. Thus, whatever troubles were threatening, all was well, unimpaired as yet by the conflicting labours of his life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLACKNESS OF DARKNESS.

THE year 1880 began in the same tranquil fashion, without prognostics of evil. The routine of Tulloch's life was so far changed, that instead of the weekly journeys to Edinburgh, which, during the time of the Education Board, diversified his days with a series of Edinburgh dinner-parties and social dissipations in addition to the work, he had now a series of visits to London, in which his life varied between the Athenæum and Paternoster Row, and dinner-parties more pretentious, if not more amusing, than those in the northern capital. 'Fraser' went on more or less steadily, having a *succès d'estime* if never a commercial success, and his feelings were soothed by applause if not by more substantial advantage. The only excitement was that of public matters; above all, the prospect of Disestablishment for the Church, which, now that Mr Gladstone was about to be brought back to power, seemed to the Principal imminent. It always appeared to him the greatest misfortune that could happen to Scotland, and his anticipations were very gloomy.

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. ST ANDREWS, *April* 3, 1880.

The political prospect looks very grave,—Gladstone will almost certainly be Premier, or at least the governing spirit in the new Government; and my own sober opinion is, that the existence of the Church of Scotland will be before the constituencies before

three, or at the utmost five years, and unless there be a Conservative reaction, that its days are numbered. You somewhere spoke of the number of young men of Conservative leanings in Glasgow and Greenock, but the result of the polls there yesterday shows how little anything of this kind comes to, amidst the powerful political forces of the country. The witness of three such men for Glasgow is very significant, and I have no doubt whatever that Mr Adam and all the official wire-pullers are gradually tightening the cords of strangulation around the old institution. It is a curious Nemesis of the Patronage Act, but exactly one of those revenges that constantly repeat themselves in history. The Tories, and especially Scotch Tories, are hopelessly blinded to all the real influences that are moving the modern world. I am not sorry that since the Liberals—or rather, I fear, they must be called the Liberal-Radicals—are to return to power, they should return with a large majority. They will be able to show their real mind, and bring matters about the Churches and some other things to a crisis. Anything, I believe, is better than the present state of suspense and pretence, of saying one thing and meaning another.

The result of our local contest will not matter much now in the general run; and although Bennett's agents show a clear majority of pledges, it is not unlikely we will be beaten. We had a great meeting in Cupar last night, numbers of the students having gone of their own accord. Crombie (who has acted very kindly in the whole matter) and Col. Grindley went with me. I thought I should not have got a hearing at all for a long time. But I compelled them to hear at last, and never, I believe, spoke better. But, as one of the students said to David this morning, "it was casting pearls before swine." Bennett himself spoke with amazing clearness, force, and point. It is really no matter to me how it ends,—I feel I have done my duty; while the Glasgow Liberal Churchmen, and many others, who pestered Mr Gladstone with their remonstrances in December, have sung small, and I suppose quietly given their votes for men like Middleton and Anderson.

No one is personally less likely to be affected by the revolution than I am. And it is better perhaps for St Mary's and the old college to perish by violence than by a slow and lingering decay.

The allusions above are to the election for the Fife Burghs, in which, for the first time, the Principal took a leading part, feeling, in the face of so great a risk as that which threatened the Church, that her clergy were bound to exercise the duty of public-spirited citizens, as well as those more specially appropriate to their profession, by keeping out her enemies,

and adding to the number of her supporters in the House of Commons. He was naturally attacked with great violence in some of the local papers for taking a part in political agitation; but, unfortunately, his efforts were not successful. On a later occasion, when the popular feeling had changed, the result which he had desired was, however, attained, and a candidate who was on the side of the Church against her assailants was chosen. But it was not so in the election of 1880. He relates the result as follows:—

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. St Andrews University, *April* 7, 1880.

You will see that we have been beaten, and more beaten than we ought to have been. But all the organisation of the Associations was in Williamson's hand, and his agents far cleverer than Bennett's. In fact, nothing has impressed me more than the very clever craft of the Radical Dissenters which has entrapped hundreds of Churchmen into voting on their side. And it is under such influence that the Church will go down. Their organisations will be maintained in great perfection; and opposed to them we have merely a motley lot, belonging to the Church but not caring much about it, and not believing that it can be destroyed till its destruction comes. I have received a great deal of abuse, of course; but I really don't mind much. The only thing one feels is that people at a distance cannot understand all the unfairness that has been practised.

After this burst of political commotion, the year seems to have gone peacefully by. At the time of the meeting of the Assembly in May, Principal Tulloch was presented by a large number of his friends with his portrait—a large full length, in the costume which he had worn as Moderator, painted by Mr Herdman, R.S.A.—a fine picture and a tolerable likeness. After his lifetime and that of his wife it was to pass into the hands of his university as a memorial of him, and there accordingly it now is. The picture was presented to him by Lord Rosslyn, once more Lord High Commissioner, in a very flattering speech. The Principal's own remarks in reply were characteristic. After thanking his friends warmly, he expressed his pleasure in the knowledge that the donors were

not those only who approved his opinions, but those who recognised amid all difference of opinion the desire to do right. It had been his lot, and he considered it a happy one, to mingle a good deal with many classes of his countrymen of all shades of opinion. He had, of course, come into contact with those with whom he had differed, and feeling a deep interest in public questions, he might have expressed himself with keenness or espoused a side disliked by others; but he had never failed to receive, as he hoped he had extended to others, that kind indulgence which came to all public men who acted from sincere motives and a real desire to promote the good of the Church or society. He had never allowed any opposition in the General Assembly or elsewhere to interfere with those private relations of friendship in which it had been his happiness to live with many of those most differing from him in political or ecclesiastical matters. There were few causes worthy of the antagonism which embittered private life, and there was no good cause, he believed, ever advanced by asperity or alienation from those who might not see it in the same light as they did. Whatever might be before them in Scotland politically or ecclesiastically—and it was not for him to touch on such topics there—he might venture perhaps to say that their public life, and especially their public religious life, needed something of that sweetness and light with which a well-known writer had made them familiar. They were all really nearer to each other than they often thought—all public men, he meant, who sought the public good in Church and State, who did not really use party interests to promote their own purposes. If in any respect he had helped, however slightly, to promote a more generous spirit in the discussion of religious questions in Scotland, he should feel that he had done something, not indeed deserving of so much kindness on the part of his friends, but something which they, and his children afterwards, would gladly remember.

No doubt this evidence of much warm friendship and good feeling had an exhilarating and happy effect. He writes to Professor Baynes in September from Balmoral that "I am a good deal in spirits, as I often am. I have reason to thank God that I am well withal, and that we have so many blessings." It is not unusual that an expression of comfort and satisfaction like this should, in our fantastic humanity, so little foreseeing, so ignorant of what is at hand, even when most near it, precede misfortune. The end of the year had not come when the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, came suddenly up upon this serene sky. In a letter to his son, to warn him against the risk of a literary undertaking upon which his heart was set, we have the first indication of approaching trouble.

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch.

I am beginning to feel the effects of having my nose so incessantly at the grindstone, having had during the last fortnight some return of my old discomfort, hyper-consciousness and depression. I have been at pains to get quit of work I had undertaken for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and I feel sorry that I have undertaken the St Giles' lectures in March, and those lectures in Inverness in April, two of which, however, are written. I must ease myself in every possible way and not write anything for the Magazine, and the discomfort, I hope, will pass away. It is not bad, but it is distinctly present. I really think my class-work has something to do with it, thrashing the old theistic straw, and trying to clear up my own ideas as well as the ideas of the students about this, as well as dogma and other things. But we should all be on the watch against any over-strain, and I cannot help saying a word of warning.

The cloud, however, for the moment seemed to disperse; and another letter, a few days later, is altogether buoyant and satisfied. He had during the interval met Mr Gladstone at the house of a mutual friend.

St Andrews, *Dec.* 13, 1880.

I am glad to say that old 'Fraser' begins to move at last. It is not much more than a beginning, but the November number is decidedly better, and Longman writes to-day that the present

number will be better, so far as he can make out, than any previous one. In short he thinks it "not unreasonable to suppose that the Magazine is now on the rise." This is all I have ever expected. . . . Nothing ever succeeds, of course, like the idea of success, and it would really be gratifying if I could pull the old Magazine to the front again.

I found Mr Gladstone very pleasant, particularly about 'Fraser.' He expressed a cordial willingness to write if he could only find time, but spoke a good deal of his engagements to the 'Nineteenth Century' and 'Contemporary.' I could not urge him further at the moment. I did not speak to him about Church matters, as Tennant had been boring him on the subject, and he had distinctly shirked and would say nothing further about it. I do not think he has any reserve in his mind about it, or perhaps any wish to abolish us. But he is an obvious victim of great popular movements, and if the movement were powerful against the Church (which I think he evidently felt it was *not*, as I daresay he had supposed), he would not hesitate to put himself at the head of it. He has certainly no such love for us as would prevent him doing this, so that the possible salvation of the Church is simply its success. I wish I saw more good blood entering into it, and more signs that the future race of clergy will be able to keep to the front.

I took Mrs Gladstone in to dinner one day and got a great deal of political gossip out of her. She has, of course, a very bad opinion of Dizzy, but thinks he is afraid of her husband, if of anybody.

This is almost the last gleam of light in the Principal's life for a long time. The mysterious illness which had assailed him at periodical intervals since the first *accès* in 1863 returned suddenly, and seated itself, like one of the vultures of ancient story, on his brain and heart. These illnesses are features of so much importance in his life, and they are unhappily so much a characteristic of the time, that I think I shall not do wrong in quoting almost in full the singular diary of the ensuing months, the record of a "blackness of darkness" more deep and terrible than any that had previously enveloped him. Its causelessness, to all appearance—the inscrutable character of the malady, which neither doctor nor patient (and the doctors no more than the patient) could

understand—the great suffering involved—the sweet bells jangled out of tune of his whole nature, and those mysterious complications of sense and feeling which made the sufferer half believe himself to be mad, while yet he was so painfully a spectator and critic of himself, more sane and serious than those who pitied and wondered at him—and above all, the fact that so many in the present day have suffered in the same strange way,—fully justify, I think, this publication, all the more that the record was evidently kept with an intention of fathoming, if possible, the terrible malady, against which no order of remedies seemed of any avail. With the omission of a few medical details, I give this document almost as it stands.

Sunday, Dec. 19, 1880.

Commenced the session a little down. Friday, 19th November, had been to London about 'Fraser,' and had two popular lectures to give. Got on, however, well with opening lecture, an old one, which attracted notice in the newspapers, and was hailed by Blackie with a sonnet, "Tulloch, thou speakest well," *apropos* of Creeds; in reference to which subject, and to their subscription, I had also a paper "from a Broad Churchman" in November 'Fraser,' along with a lengthened political article. All this, I suppose, and the lack of a sufficient summer holiday, had worn me down, and my digestive system had been gradually getting out of order. In any case, a touch of the old malady, painful self-consciousness, assailed me in my class while hearing a discourse. Friday 26th.—Thought nothing of it; but unhappily I had to preach twice for Dr Boyd on the following Sunday, 28th, and felt very much exhausted in consequence. Better, however, next day, and doing the work tolerably well, though with the consciousness of the old blunder and confusion coming back upon me. [Here follows a record of day after day partially ill and well, with a side-note—"Out of twenty days since I first distinctly realised that it was the old malady, have had eight and a half bad, eleven good or fairly so."]

Monday, Dec. 20*th.*—Rather weak and suffering; began the opium-pills; but taught my classes without suffering, if not very vigorously. Very well at night after a sleep. More tendency to talk about myself.

21*st.*—Better upon the whole, especially in the afternoon.

22*d.*—Not so good a night. Dismal morning of gloom and

snow; but taught my class vigorously. Have continued opium-pills every twelve hours. Bad morning in bed going over all the possibilities of suffering involved in this state. Christmas holidays began to-day. Went out to dinner to General Briggs; very well during the whole time.

23*d.*—Wonderfully well this morning; excellent sleep. Did a heavy day's work, writing letters and returning MSS. Not so well in the evening; more restlessness and recurrence of thought about the old matter than any positive suffering. Felt last night as if the cloud were to disperse and I was to get better; the old feeling of hopelessness back all day.

24*th.*—Bad day throughout; bad night, and lay in bed till afternoon, very prostrate. Slept before dinner in my chair at the drawing-room fire. Very *done* after dinner, and went to bed immediately. Slept marvellously, nine hours in all.

25*th.*—Felt stronger and quieter all day. Got up about eleven o'clock; took a few turns in the Walk, and then wrote letters and rearranged my lectures generally, but with the terror of the shadow hanging over me.

26*th, Sunday.*—Bad day; very hopeless; thought I must give up all work and go away. Got up in the afternoon. Better at night.

27*th.*—Lay in bed till about twelve; then got up without going out, and have had a quiet day, did some work even. Saw Mr Knight about 'Fraser'; he kindly agreed to assist. Wonderfully well in the evening; comparatively hopeful that I might remain at home, invaliding myself and doing as little work as possible.

28*th.*—Wonderfully good night; also quiet and well comparatively through the day, without the cloud entirely lifting. Willie arrived. Dr Crichton Browne's letter giving a hopeful view of the case. Did some work for 'Fraser'; hopeful of getting through, if not without trouble. God grant me so great a mercy.

29*th.*—Good night, and better throughout the day; but appetite very capricious. Walked with my dear wife in the afternoon. Pretty well at night, but wearied and clouded.

31*st.*—Slept pretty well; took no chloral. Got up in the morning, feeling fresh, and as if the cloud would lift. Well upon the whole all day, especially in the afternoon. Went to club in afternoon, and spent an hour pleasantly. Is the cloud lifting?

1*st. Jan.* 1881.—Cloud down again; very dark day; bad night. Not quite hopeless, but very dark and weary. Most kind letter from C. J. Longman. Baynes at dinner. Broke down very much in the evening.

3*d*.—Better upon the whole to-day. Called on Dr Crombie; walked with him in the afternoon. Saw Baynes and Pagan about my lectures. Cannot make up my mind whether to begin my work on Wednesday or not. Took chloral.

5*th*.—Bad night; took chloral twice. Got up in the morning and lectured. Better in the afternoon; very low in the evening.

10*th*.—Bad night; took chloral twice; got up to my classes; very bad day; went to bed in the afternoon; slept after dinner; very ill. . . .

11*th*.—Night not good; took "Batley" twice in the morning, and better all day. Read part of my lecture to Dr Heddle. Is the cloud lifting? O God, grant so great a mercy.

12*th*.—Bad night, and cloud down again. In the afternoon went to bed and slept a little. Bad, bad; yet taught my class.

13*th*.—Still bad, although a little better at night. Got up in the morning for Greek Testament class, and lay down again after coming in; still bad in the afternoon.

14*th*.—Bad; took chloral; in bed all day.

15*th*.—Bad. . . .

16*th*.—Better a little. Dr Mitchell and Dr Birrell took my classes.

. . . . . .

24*th*.—Bad night; very bad all day; the worst day I have had. God, in Thy mercy, spare me the misery of such another day.

. . . . . .

Feb. 6*th*, 12*th*, 13*th*.—During all these days very much the same. Have been taking opium regularly, two grains a-day, and "Batley" occasionally. Mr Christie has taken my lectures, and I have been getting up about eleven each day. God knows what the end will be.

20*th*.—Continued much the same in the interval. Two grains of opium in the twenty-four hours.

21*st*.—Went out to-day and taught my senior class, after five weeks' absence.

27*th*.—Continue much the same. Taught my class up to Thursday: on the latter day both classes; but suffering very much, and future, ever present, very dark. Appetite better; sleep also better; but mental state not improved.

March 6*th*.—Continued to teach, much in the same state. Dreadful storm again, and wreck, with the loss of eleven lives in front of the Baths. Such things make little impression upon me in comparison with what they would have done in health.

13*th*.—Continued to teach. Went to church for the first time; but still very unwell. Sensible of very little change.

Went also to Senatus on 12th, and transacted business well; but dark and miserable.

20*th.*—Much the same. Everybody says I am looking better, but I cannot say I am feeling better, although I am doing more. May God grant me relief soon. Taught till Tuesday 15th. Mr Wilson of New Abbey began the lectures after that day. Utterly at a loss what to do with myself, and whether to try a change or not.

24*th.*—Finished session; wonderfully good day upon the whole. Mr Wilson of Cramond addressed students. . . . I hope the worst is past. If I could only keep as to-day I could do some work, and perhaps even face General Assembly. God have mercy upon me, and cause Thy face to shine upon me, and give me peace!

April 4*th.*—Much in the same state; up and down still; very dark and useless; some days very weak. Tried to do without opium; very weak; very bad at night.

7*th.*—Still very weak and dark, and at a loss what to do with myself, whether to go away or not. Good night last night, but it brings no improvement during day.

9*th.*—Pretty fair all day; at a loss what to do about going from home; bad week upon the whole.

June 27, 1881.—*Blackness of darkness.* . . .

What may be called the external history of this terrible period may be briefly indicated in one or two letters within his own closest domestic circle.

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. St Andrews, *Feb.* 13, 1881.

I have received all your kind letters, and Fanny's also. If I have not written to either of you it is because I really did not know what to say of myself. I have been very ill, so very much so that I cannot trust myself to speak of my feelings—some days better, of course, some days worse; but no relief from the haunting consciousness of myself, and utterly disabled from all work. I have managed to finish the St Giles' lecture, and Mitchell, Dr Chambers (who has read it), and others think it good, but it seems to myself very poor. There is no chance of my being able to deliver it. Probably Dr Lees may read it in Edinburgh; but I should think they will apply to you to read it in Glasgow.

As to my work here for the remainder of the session, I do not know how I shall manage. Mr Christie has read my lectures during the last week, and he can still remain this week, but must return to Glasgow in the end of it. If I can only manage it at

all, I should myself like to resume and get the session through somehow; but I cannot place any dependence on myself day by day, and my lectures on the Atonement, which I ought to take up next, are beyond my own powers of interpretation in my present state. It is very pitiful and miserable.

My colleagues have been kind beyond measure, all of them. I can never forget so much kindness. Dr Crombie has taken my Greek Testament class, and has been most sympathetic. I feel as if I were incurring obligations I can never repay.

St Andrews, *March* 9, 1881.

I am really quite unable still to say anything definite about myself or my intentions. I am going on with my work in a dull routine way; but under such a load of suffering day by day as I cannot describe. And if the session were over, I feel as if I could not go away until there was some break in the suffering, some tendency in it to clear away. The fact of my teaching and my going about makes everybody, of course, suppose I am better — and probably I am somewhat better than in January. But I cannot realise any betterness.

So far as the lecture is concerned, it is perhaps just as well that Dr Lees should read it in St Giles. It will be enough for you in Glasgow. As to the length of delivery, of course it should not exceed an hour and a quarter, and you must just omit what you like to bring it within this compass. It would have been better that they had got a substitute for me altogether, as I cannot help thinking that the lecture is rather vague and weak, although Dr Chambers wrote to me that he thought highly of it. I hope you feel that you can read it with some interest: I am really no judge of it myself.

April 12, 1881.

I am still unable to do anything, and seem especially unable to tear myself away from home, though miserable at home. I am sleeping better and eating better; but the dismal mental oppression continues without almost any abatement. I can force myself to do almost anything—go to meetings, attend lectures, &c., just as I went to the General Assembly and to Balmoral in 1873: and I do not seem any the worse of excitement of this kind, almost better for the moment. But the darkness just closes in again, and I can hardly tell what is good and what is bad for me. It is a truly miserable state.

I feel all you say about your loneliness, but God will comfort you. And I hope He will "lighten my darkness," and give me some comfort by-and-by, although this unrelieved misery is hard to bear day by day and week by week.

In the same book in which he had broken off with that miserable hiatus recording a mere "blackness of darkness," the story is resumed on the same page, as follows:—

March 27, 1882.—By the mercy of God I have been spared through my last truly terrible illness, and am again quite well I may say; although with an ever-recurring tendency to rheumatism or rheumatic gout.

After last entry, April 9, 1881, nearly a year ago, I left home for Rosneath on a visit to my dear friend Dr Story. I remained there about a fortnight, no worse, sometimes a little better, but making no substantial progress. My dear wife, unhappily, was greatly weakened by one of her very severe asthmatic attacks, and for her sake chiefly, we went, as soon as she was able to move, to Glasgow, to Willie's. I remained there for about a week or ten days; then to Polkemmet, where we remained another fortnight. I got no better but worse, and began to lose flesh rapidly. Lady Baillie's kindness and Sir William's also never to be forgotten. Returned to Glasgow on 17th or 18th May, and then back to St Andrews on Monday 23d May. Mrs Tulloch still very ill, and I myself worse on the whole. We were a pitiful pair as we tried to assist each other from the steamer to the railway station at Burntisland, meeting the members of Assembly on their way to Edinburgh. The journey was something dreadful. Mrs Tulloch got better on our return. There was nearly a fortnight of beautiful sunshine, and I sat out a considerable part of each day, But day by day I got worse, and lost flesh with startling rapidity. My brain state was indescribable, the darkness at times reaching a horror of madness, in which suicide presented itself as a welcome relief. The idea was at times constantly present with me, and yet I thank God I never deliberately entertained it or attempted it. But death would have been sweetness itself to the life I was leading. I gradually, amid all the sunshine and growth of summer, got worse and worse, till my friends and my wife got thoroughly alarmed. Baynes was kindness itself, as he had ever been; but Prof. Knight was also kind as any brother. He brought Dr Martineau to see me. I was very ill, and looked, I suppose, the picture of despair I felt; but I nerved myself to go down the College Walk with them, and tried to speak to Dr Martineau about some theological projects. I remember he said something of Jowett hoping to write a life of Our Lord in a very different manner from any of the attempts which had been made in England. Dr M. was greatly concerned about me, as I learned afterwards, and communicated with Dean Stanley as to the necessity

of my leaving home, seeing Dr Andrew Clark in London, and taking a long and thorough change of scene and air. In the meantime, Dr Heron Watson had seen me. But Dr Pettigrew, in correspondence with Dr Crichton Browne (whose great kindness and interest in my case continued), had arranged for an interview with Dr Andrew Clark in London, and Mrs Tulloch and I went off suddenly there the 27th June. On the previous day, Sunday 26th, I had crawled to church, almost more dead than alive, and joined in Holy Communion, where I had so often addressed the communicants. It was pitiable and sad beyond measure, and I can hardly say I had much comfort in the blessed sacrament. Afterwards I was irritable and restless, and angry with Dr P., as I had often been. Not till the last moment did I know whether I would go to church, and not till the last next morning did I resolve to leave home. But I steeled myself and went, and stayed in the Edinburgh Hotel all night. Jack and Willie came from Glasgow in the evening. Dreadful night in hotel, but next morning was fairly composed. Met Lord Shand on my way to the train at Waverley Bridge, who said a few words of comfort to me. Stood the journey marvellously well. Dr Crichton Browne waiting us with unbounded kindness at King's Cross. Bad night. Saw Dr Clark next morning along with Dr Browne. Dr Clark examined me most carefully, said every organ in my body was crying out for food, and that the case was bad but not hopeless, if I would intrust myself to him and Dr B., and follow their advice without fail. The advice was to go away, Dr Browne suggested to Torquay, and live with a medical friend there, alone. Went back in the evening and dined, or feigned to dine with Dr Clark, Dr Browne being present. Although unable to eat anything, and suffering indescribably, I joined in their talk, especially on philosophical subjects, which I fancy they discussed with some purpose of rousing and testing me. Saw points with singular clearness, and explained Mr H. Spencer's point of view as against both of them, as Dr B. and my wife said, as lucidly as possible. I was not struck with the abilities of either in philosophical matters (but then I was, all through my illness, savagely critical at times of both men and things). Had a dreadful night again at the hotel, the Great Northern, where everything, however, was very comfortable, if I could have enjoyed any comfort. Remained there all Tuesday and Wednesday, till Dr B. heard from Dr Ramsay of Torquay, to whom he had telegraphed. On Thursday morning Dr B. came to say Dr Ramsay was willing to receive me. And then I had rather a sad scene in consenting to go away. In the afternoon went to Eton: very ill there: dreadful night and dreadful morning before I left, I with Jack. . . . Almost intolerable journey with suffering and

hot sun. Severe with Jack, as the only one with whom I could talk on the journey. Train crowded, people not nice, and heat tropical. Took servant with me, rather a fine pretentious fellow. He left us after a few days, and another came of less pretensions and more sense, although still with annoying conventional ways. Very ill for four or five weeks at Torquay; but from the first I seemed to get some good from the place, appetite gradually but slowly returned, began to gain in weight, whereas I had been losing at the rate of three pounds a-week. August 24, I left Torquay in company with my daughter Sara. She and her husband, Frank Tarver, had been kind beyond measure in selecting Westward Ho for their holiday instead of St Andrews as usual, on my account, and in coming to see me. I was glad to leave Torquay, and yet I had many friends there—notwithstanding my illness, and for some weeks my utter indisposition to see anybody —especially ladies. The Miss Kemys Tynte, next-door neighbours, and Mr Vivian, and Mrs Bolton, and the Miss Dennistouns. I must not forget also Dr Ramsay's much kindness during the time I was an inmate of his house. But I was glad to leave, though still far from well.

This strange and touching narrative must speak for itself. Whether from overwork or mental strain or hereditary predisposition, it is the story more or less of many sufferers in our day, whose lives we see arrested and all their mental activities destroyed by something which it is impossible to characterise, which is not madness any more than it is fever or recognisable bodily disease, but verges painfully, dangerously upon the edge of calamity, and swallows up all the activities and interests of life. The sufferer, keen to perceive, even at the worst of his illness, that the two doctors talking philosophy to draw him out, were far from strong in that subject, yet even then checking his own impatience by the reflection that his illness made him savagely critical, is a kind of patient whom the most enlightened science must find it difficult to treat. The strange and all-absorbing "self-consciousness," as the Principal calls it, which gradually sweeps everything outside from the mind, yet never entirely takes from it the power of rallying, and of forcing mental attention and even a "singular clearness," is the most inexpli-

cable of complaints. The spectator, looking on to watch that strange jumble of strength and weakness, that wonderful self-absorption, which at the same time makes the patient almost more alive, more susceptible to all sentiments of friendship and affection, more grateful and sympathetic than at any other time, is at a loss, not only to find words, but to explain to himself on any comprehensible theory what this mysterious infliction can be. In the earlier stages of the malady it was hard not to smile, though with the tears in one's eyes, at the strong man's weakness, the piteous appealing looks, the craving for sympathy, the overwhelming sense of suffering and need, with which he flung himself upon the support and kindness of his friends, while still retaining the appearance of robust health and all the splendour of his fine physical development. But during the last and worst of these attacks, all temptation to smile was gone. The inscrutable evil had at last, as it appeared, touched the very seat of life. There are few things more pitiful than the sight of a large frame such as his, shrunken in all its ample lines by the wasting of mysterious malady. This outward sign of suffering appeals to every one. It marked a deeper and more alarming danger than any he had yet passed through.

The parcel of letters from Torquay are little more than utterances of misery. To see the man in the depths of his distress apologising to his wife and to his sons for the troubled words he may have spoken, for his fits of irritation and despair, complaining piteously of his enforced loneliness, repeating again and again, "Oh that I had but died quietly at home!" is at once too heart-rending and too sacred for the common eye. These letters are but repetitions over and over again of the outcry of his misery, of his longings for the companion of his life, of the strange solitude around him—without her, without books, without any of the occupations habitual to him,—a drive with the doctor his only relaxation, and dull misery oppressing his brain. In all

of them there is pain; in not one of them a word which expresses anything but perfect sanity—a spirit troubled to the last degree, miserable, out of gear with all things, but never betrayed into a phrase which could indicate unsettled reason or a mind diseased. Nothing can be more plain than this or more clearly to be insisted upon. No physical suffering perhaps could have reduced a patient to such a condition, to the ceaseless wretchedness of which he complains; yet with all this, his most familiar and unrestrained utterances show not the slightest derangement or weakening of any mental faculty. No wandering, no suspicion of a delusion.

To an unprofessional looker-on, the means taken for the cure of this extraordinary malady would seem singularly ill adapted for the purpose; "left almost to myself all day, with a bit of a garden and a gloomy room to mope about in," the patient complains in one of his letters to his wife. And he was unprovided with books, and absolutely without occupation—left, as the ignorant might think, to brood over those spiritual troubles which it had been the object of everybody around him to make him forget. But science knew best, as the result proved. He had scarcely been a week in Torquay when he began to improve in weight—a curiously material sign that the tide had turned, although it was some time later before he felt the reaction in his perturbed being, as the following letter will show.—

To Rev. Dr Story.

DUNCAN HOUSE, TORQUAY,
July 29, 1881.

MY DEAR STORY,—Your kind letter has reached me here. I wish that I could give you any good accounts of myself; but I am really very much the same as I was, if not weaker physically. I had run down so much before coming here. I do not know what is to become of me and all my public work by-and-by, if I do not get some relief soon. The London doctors sent me here, alarmed at my rapid loss of weight, and that I have picked up a little; but the improvement does not tell in any increase of healthy consciousness, and God knows when that will come. My appetite is very uncertain, and my sleep much disturbed. I haven't the

heart to say any more to you; but I could not leave your kind letter without a word of reply. Stanley's death has been a great blow, and Watson's too. One of Stanley's last acts of kindness was to send a message here to Dr Ramsay about me.

The next letters, however, show a decided though half-reluctant change of tone.

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. TORQUAY, *August* 13, 1881.

I trust that I am beginning at last to mend. I continue to add to my weight, and the mental discomfort at times during the past week, and particularly to-day, has been very much mitigated. People have been very kind here, and I have been out once or twice to dinner and afternoon parties. Dr Ramsay evidently thinks that I am almost "entirely cured," as he says. I do not know that this is the case, and I almost dread to hope that I shall soon be quite well again, the experience through which I have passed has been so very terrible. But if I go on as I am doing for another week, I trust I may really get a clean bill of health, and be able ere long to return to my old life.

TORBAY AND SOUTH DEVON CLUB,
August 18.

I hope that I did not give too flattering an account of myself in my letter on Saturday night. I had rather a dreary Sunday, the following day. All the same I went twice to church—in the forenoon to the parish church; nice service from a very pleasant man, who called on me this week, and whom I have met once or twice. In the evening I went down to the Scotch Church, which is very good here, with a thoughtful earnest minister, Mr Mackay, who told me he remembered me at Tübingen in 1864.

I have seen a great deal of the better sort of people here by Dr Ramsay's kindness, and some of them have been very kind. There is a very nice family (Welsh) of the name of Kemys Tynte, the doctor's neighbours, with a fine library, who have sent me books. I do not know what I should have done without them; and the girls are very clever and charming. I have been, as I said to your mamma to-day, doing everything that any other body would do, especially going out and seeing people, and coming down to the club here, where my name has been put down for the last few days. But I am still by no means right. I awaken in the grip of the old enemy, and am always more or less fighting against him; and even when he goes away, as on Saturday last, when I wrote to you, he comes back again. But I must have patience, and specially try and go on doing things, if I should

continue for some time to suffer. The oppression must surely disperse altogether by-and-by. Dr Ramsay looks upon me as quite cured, and he has of course written to Dr Browne about my going to Westward Ho. I expect Sara to-morrow, and my intention is to go with her on Tuesday. . . . Dr Ramsay considers me perfectly well. He even insisted, after I mentioned the matter to him, on my writing to Sir H. Ponsonby about the office of Historiographer [an office in her Majesty's household in Scotland, vacant by the death of Dr Hill Burton]. There is a salary attached to the office, and unless it is given on grounds of merit to a man like Mr Skene, whose volumes on early Scottish history are so valuable, I believe I have as much claim for it as anybody. It is a pure sinecure, but it would enable me, if I recovered fully my capacity of work again, as to which no doctor has any doubt, to carry out my intention of writing the history of Modern Scotland since 1745. After a good deal of reluctance I did write to Ponsonby. Of course all this about the office of Historiographer is in confidence, to be mentioned to no one. The Radicals may wish to abolish the salary of the office, which is under £200 a-year.

The next extract I shall make shows another stage in recovery, and return to the surface of natural life. The death of Dean Stanley was a blow which had fallen with dulled force upon Principal Tulloch in the midst of his own personal sufferings; but he felt more and more deeply the loss that he, along with the Dean's many friends, had sustained, as his mind recovered its natural tone.

To Mrs Drummond of Megginch.

Union Club,
Westward Ho, Bideford.

My dear Mrs Drummond,—Allow me to thank you very heartily for the "remembrance of the deanery," which you have sent to St Mary's. My wife writes to me regarding it. I need not say to you, what I was able only to say to Canon Pearson at the time, how much I felt the loss of our very dear friend. It was a painful incident of my long and severe illness that I was unable to attend as a mourner at Westminster in token of all my love and admiration of one whose kindness I had known in many ways. Among his very last acts of sympathetic brotherliness was his sending a message to Dr Ramsay regarding me when I went to Torquay in the beginning of July. You may be sure that I will always treasure his memory, and the volumes you have sent will not fail often to bring him before my mind, and also his connection with St Mary's College and our old University.

I am thankful to say that I am almost quite well again, having gradually gained ground during the last three weeks at Torquay, and improved still more since coming here last week. I shall still spend some time in this beautiful country, and then work my way northward as strong as ever, I hope, and as fit for my duties, which have suffered a grievous interruption. I have much reason to be thankful to our heavenly Father for all His goodness to me. It was a little before this that I was with the Dean and Canon Pearson at dear Megginch last year. What changes since then!— Always, dear Mrs Drummond, yours very faithfully,

JOHN TULLOCH.

The Principal remained at Westward Ho till the beginning of September, with a full enjoyment of everything — the bathing, the golf, the reunion with those he loved. His daughter and son-in-law, Mr and Mrs Frank Tarver, had gone to Westward Ho with their children, in order that he might be able to feel in his seclusion that some one was near him — a delicate piece of affectionate consideration which went very much to his heart. He writes in all the warmth of convalescence from the links and shore which reminded him of the favourite summer pursuits of his home, and expanded and improved daily. And in September he began his progress homeward, making a little excursion to Lynton, where he and Mr Tarver made a happy pause of a few nights in the holiday home of Mr Cornish, their kind Eton friend.

To his Wife.

LYNTON, NORTH DEVON,
THE CHOUGH'S NEST, *Sept.* 5, 1881.

We had a lovely afternoon yesterday, a long walk over the hills and down the exquisitely wooded valleys, or "combes" as they call them here, through which the East and West Lynn rush to the sea, their waters meeting at a beautiful spot a little above its head. We found in an upland village, service going on in the quaint old church, with a quaint old clergyman, and a parish clerk saying "Amen," an institution which has nearly disappeared. Mr Cornish and I joined the worshippers, although we were very late, and I enjoyed what remained of the service and the brief little sensible sermon. It was as like as possible to a Scotch country church and congregation, with the heather about, and smell of peat in the air. I felt as if I would have liked to

preach to the people. Nature plainly intended me to live in the country, and to minister to plain country folks, as A. K. H. B. would say. I thought to myself, Why should I not be ordained in the English Church while still remaining a minister of the Scotch Church? I know of no law to prevent such a thing; and I confess the service grows upon me the more I am accustomed to it. It is so large-thoughted (for the most part) and so restful, so dignified and touching, and far more to me when well read than with any choral or ritualistic nonsense.

This aspiration he repeats to several correspondents. If it could but have been interchangeable to the north and to the south—the ministry to one church, the priesthood in the other—so that a man might take his turn of service in warm and genial Devon when the breezes of the North were too keen, and find refuge from all polemics in the appointed service, which was "so restful," and find plain country folks to listen to his exhortations as well in the combes as in the glens! It was a devout imagination, such as had crossed his mind in the quiet of the flower-decorated church at Clewer. Whether he would really have found the atmosphere more congenial is a very different thing. But the wish of his convalescent spirit to stand up among those humble folks and preach to them—of God's goodness, who can doubt, and the thankfulness of the delivered soul?—is very touching and very natural. "This is a long story," he adds to his son, to whom he repeats the record of this day, "but it may interest you when you have time to read it. I have felt so thankful and quiet and peaceful all day, with the thought of God's great goodness in saving me from my misery in my head: and at such times the wish to minister to a plain quiet people, with no necessity to be popular, comes upon me. I never was happier than as a country minister." There is something in all his words and thoughts, during this happy period of recovery, which reminds one of the exquisite words of the old Scriptural chronicler, when he speaks of the noble leper, whose flesh came again "like the flesh of a little child."

Like the spirit of a child the restored soul came back again in all the freshness and buoyancy of another spring. Humanity has perhaps no feeling so exquisite as the relief from suffering; and to his large and simple nature the peace was hallowed—with a touch of awe in it, and the most exquisite sense of horror and misery escaped. "I am not only more cheerful," he writes, "but very happy—by God's blessing, peacefully and thankfully happy—with my brain clear, and, as it seems to myself, more peaceful than it has been for some time." And not only was the present so blessed, but there were comforting prognostics for the time to come. "I am advised," he writes to Dr Story, "to be very tender with myself for some time, with the comforting assurance that if I observe certain precautions as to my work I shall never again have such a turn." The following project, with all its enthusiasm, sprang out of the elevated sentiments of this time of convalescence. He had been visiting Winchester Cathedral, and had just before been at Salisbury. The sight of such buildings always filled him with warm and reverential admiration, just touched with an affectionate envy and regret that his own country had no such glories to boast of.

To his Wife.

My visits to these cathedrals have revived within me very strongly the idea of having a chapel at St Mary's, which I have often projected. But now I think I will really set about it, and raise money both for a chapel and dining-hall, with which the long-designed improvements in the Principal's house could be conjoined. I will give £100 myself, poor as I am. I will look to my sons and sons-in-law (who will soon apparently be more in number than our sons) for another £100 amongst them; I shall probably get £100 from the Queen; and even £1 each from old students of St Mary's would bring something like £500. The University would give something, and I will easily raise anything more that might be wanted by personal application, and by publishing by subscription, which I have long designed, some lectures, many of which are written illustrating the history of St Mary's College,

and at the same time the development of theological opinion in Scotland; this would cost me little work.

All this is no fancy, but a real project, which I feel in a measure bound to carry out in token of God's goodness to me in sparing me through all the miseries of the past year. I truly feel grateful,—I do not think, after all the questionings of my frightful darkness, that I have ever realised the love of God as I have done during the last few weeks. It has come forth from the darkness as a light encompassing my life, unworthy as it has been. And it seems to me that men are just as much bound as of old to show their gratitude by tangible works. And my position in St Mary's seems to make the work I have indicated the fitting work for me to do. If I can only get my colleagues to enter into the project, I shall certainly set about it.

I do not know that anything practical ever came of this scheme. It was the warm suggestion of gratitude to God and tender regard for man, and was often begun and developed in imagination; but though it is painful to think of this in the moment of such a renewal of life and hope, his time was now short, and life left him little leisure for carrying any such project out.

The Principal's wanderings ended in a short visit to Guernsey, where his friend Mr Boyd Kinnear was living, and had kindly invited him. A week or ten days amid the luxurious vegetation of these sunny islands, a pilgrimage to the little church in Jersey of happy memory, where he had been married, and then he turned his face homewards. To describe what the homecoming was would be impossible. He had gone away bowed down with misery, he came home in all the force and vigour of health and hope. The trouble had gone like a tale that is told: all the natural buoyancy and cheerfulness of his nature, enhanced by every motive which could make a man grateful, had returned to him. It seemed as if there was nothing he could not do, no difficulty that he could not surmount, in the sense as of a giant refreshed, and a strong man rejoicing to run his race, with which he came back. He was now fifty-

eight, but still in the fullest force of manhood, and all his sensations would seem to have been those not only of strength, but of something like youth restored.

The reader will have remarked that the undertaking which had cost him so many thoughts, the magazine which he had so fondly hoped to make successful and famous, and with which for a long time every letter was filled, had now dropped completely out of the record. It fell from his hands at the beginning of his illness, when he was no longer capable of giving his attention to it. His anxiety and care on this subject stopped suddenly with the other occupations of his life: a vague mention of it occurs once or twice later on, a resolution not to take it up again, a friendly word in respect to the always friendly, always kind members of the firm to whom it belonged, and of whom he never had other than the most cordial appreciation. But I don't think there ever was really any question, or desire on one side or the other, that the editorship should be resumed. The battle was bravely fought out, but fortune was not favourable, and there was no more to be said. As a proof of the cordial and generous friendship of the Messrs Longman, I may add that the Principal's allowance as editor of 'Fraser' was continued for some time after he had ceased to be capable of any work for that magazine.

In October he went to the Highlands, to Braemar, always a favourite place with him, the doctors being of opinion that a draught of Highland air would be for his advantage before the winter came on. There he remained for a short time alone, wrapped in the beatitude of convalescence, walking about the Highland roads and over the moors, and by Deeside in the hazy autumn weather. "The water and the trees and the hills were enchanting," he writes, "and seemed to breathe health into every pore of one's body and soul,"—and he repeats the sentiment which at this period was so constantly on his lips. "There can be little doubt that I was

intended to live in the country, in the constant face of nature; the beauty and quietness and even the solitude have always been good for me,"—"so unlike the academic shop and even the Club-talk," he adds. While enjoying these mountain sights and sounds, and the silence of the hills, the Queen, who had heard that he was in the neighbourhood, and whose gracious sympathy with him in his sufferings had always been great, sent for him to Balmoral. But he returned straight home from this visit, so that we have no record of it. He had taken up with warm interest and hope the idea of being appointed to the post of Historiographer, to which reference has already been made. He did not for a moment deny the superior claims of Mr Skene, whose original work he estimated highly, as every one must do; but his opinion was that Mr Skene, as a wealthy man, would not care for the little sinecure with its little income, which would have come in not inappropriately in his own case to replace other sources of income lost, and to give leisure for the historical work he had begun to contemplate. This idea occupied his mind during all the autumn. He was pleased to think that the Queen herself was favourable to his suit, and no doubt the expectation helped, along with many other things, to elevate his spirits and foster his growing strength, though it had no more practical result.

In October, after all these wanderings, and the long enforced leisure of illness and convalescence, he began again to gather in the broken threads of so many suspended undertakings and projects, and return to active life. It is difficult to keep up the rapture of returning strength when the light of common day comes back after the extraordinary new dawning of recovery and restored health and hope. But he made his new beginning with much cheerfulness and a sense of established health, slightly broken by a legacy of headache which his dreadful illness had left behind, but which he was assured would in its turn disappear. Some of his earliest

letters were on the subject, which he had warmly at heart, of a proposed memorial to Dean Stanley, whose death in the midst of his own deepest gloom and misery had been an additional blow to him. Both to his son in Glasgow and to Dr Story at Rosneath he wrote upon this subject, proposing to call a meeting in Edinburgh and organise a committee, "many people, laymen as well as clergymen," being anxious to erect a memorial of a man whom Scotland held, I can scarcely tell why, in very special honour. This movement resulted, I believe, in the erection of the medallion in the newly restored Cathedral Church of St Giles in Edinburgh.

Another subject of much greater importance, however, began once more to occupy all his thoughts: the great public question to which he had already devoted himself, and which was to absorb every energy for the remaining portion of his life.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR CHURCH AND COUNTRY.

THE agitation which arose in Scotland when Mr Gladstone came once more to power,—for what seemed in those days a new and prolonged lease of almost absolute supremacy over the fortunes of the country,—on the question of the existence of the Church of Scotland as a national Establishment, was naturally of a still more fervent character than that which had attended the beginning of the political campaign which ended in such a victory. The Principal had no faith in that statesman, so far at least as his dealings with Scotland were concerned: and there was an overwhelming influence of hero-worship in Scotland, a country always prone to such influences, which almost deified the Premier, and blinded the country—in a way very surprising to those even whose interests and wishes were less affected—to the nature of the measures which were likely to suggest themselves to a man so much disposed to heroic treatment of everything that seemed to him an evil. The statesman who had destroyed the Irish Church with reason, listened, from the first, to proposals to destroy in its turn the Scottish Church without reason, with that zest which the rising passion of iconoclasm seems apt to give. And for a period, what with the vehemence of Dissenting organs, and the force of mis-

representation, and the tendency of the country to allow itself to be carried away by anything that found favour in the eyes of the idol of the moment, the question of disestablishment seemed a mere matter of time. The Principal, I think, always took upon this subject a pessimistic view. He was revolted by the hero-worship, he was disgusted by the complacent indifference of public opinion in England, and ignorance of Scottish affairs,—and something like a terror of the misdirected enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen, and their extraordinary incapacity to share his alarm, or see the approaching danger, seized him. The pledge which had been given—the only one which could be extracted from the new Government—that no hand should be laid upon the Church, unless the opinion of the country should distinctly pronounce against it, gave him little confidence: for the head of the country was plainly turned by Mr Gladstone's all-preponderating influence; and it seemed impossible to imagine that Scotland in her enthusiasm, lulled by the voice of the charmer, would not accept any suggestion which came from him.

In these circumstances Tulloch became still more eager to rouse the country out of her dream, and convince her of peril at hand, and returned with great warmth to the first idea of an effective defence, which should consist in calling together the more enlightened and influential members of the Church —of all the different shades of politics—to form an association for this purpose. That a strong motive might completely justify even the warmest politicians in sinking for a time their lesser differences for one great common object, it is unnecessary, especially at the present crisis of affairs, when that principle has been so remarkably adopted, to say. The idea had been for some time floating in the air, as has been already mentioned; but was probably now brought forward as a definite proposal for the first time. The following letter shows that the original plan had never been abandoned:—

To Rev. Dr Phin.

I hope we may manage to do something—Liberals, I mean, as well as Conservatives. I have been in correspondence with Sir Robert Anstruther and Sir Alexander Kinloch, and I know that strong representations have been made, with the approval of the Duke of Argyll, who saw the letter sent to Lord Richard Grosvenor, the Liberal whip, about the impolicy of the Government having anything to do with the present vile agitation. I really think the result is very much in the hands of the Conservatives. If the managers of the party in Edinburgh will let men like Maclagan (Linlithgowshire) alone this year, some Church Liberals will be got to leave certain Conservative seats alone. There should be no practical difficulty in agreeing about the matter; and a basis of this kind, which will leave men on both sides of politics true to their convictions, and able to act for their party when a Disestablishment candidate is not in the field, seems to me the only practical basis of agreement. It would be fatal to the Church itself [if one were] obliged to become a Conservative to defend it.

Before entering, however, more fully on this subject, which came into full prominence at the next meeting of Assembly, it may be well to continue the ordinary record of Tulloch's life and occupations.

Another of the many crises continually recurring in respect to the Scotch Universities claimed his attention at this period. It would almost seem as if a commission had been always sitting, or about to sit, upon these affairs—endless inquiries and investigations, abortive bills and proposals, going on for ever. I find a long and elaborate paper on these subjects, setting forth in great detail, and with much force, the necessity of various revisions in the programme and arrangements of St Andrews, in respect to the amalgamation of the colleges, the increase of the endowments connected with the different chairs, and the necessity in general of putting the affairs of the University on a better footing, among the records of the year. The paper in question was evidently intended to be read to the Senatus, which met on the 30th November 1881, "for the special purpose of giving instructions to the deputation ap-

pointed to wait on Lord Rosebery and the Lord Advocate, on the subject of an Education Commission for the Universities of Scotland," in which instructions most of the Principal's suggestions were embodied. One of the points discussed was whether the colleges—(*i.e.*, the United Colleges of St Salvator and St Leonard, and the College of St Mary's)—should be united under one Principal, a change specially recommended by the last University Commission, and which was in theory approved by all concerned. At a later period, on the death of Principal Shairp, there was a strong feeling in favour of this change; but it has apparently been difficult for any Government to deprive itself of such an opportunity of rewarding a supporter or securing a partisan—and, notwithstanding the force of opinion on the subject, both offices are still retained. Even the Senatus could not make up its mind on this subject at the period to which we have now come, and it was accordingly left for further consideration. A cognate question had been much thought of and discussed. The position of the two Principals in St Andrews was an anomalous one. Both were considered Principals of the University, Scotch custom being altogether against the English rule of a number of separate colleges, each with its individual head. They were equal in rank and in authority; but Principal Tulloch, who had been for a very long time Senior Principal, performed all the functions of the virtual head of the University—just as the Principals of Edinburgh and Glasgow, sole officials each in his own sphere, fulfilled them—but still with only the small stipend attached to the Principalship of St Mary's, to which he had succeeded when the other position was held by a much older man. After long acceptance of these duties without any remark or claim, he had recently been roused to a sense of the wrong done, not only to himself but to all subsequent Principals upon whom the same weight might devolve,

by this burden of unremunerated and unconsidered labour, and his feelings on the subject are at last embodied in the "instructions" above referred to. He explained and illustrated his position still more clearly, in a letter written some time later—evidently in the midst of continued discussions upon the subject. Notwithstanding the deputation from the Senatus, and the clear case made out, no change of any kind was ever effected.

To Professor Baynes. *January* 12, 1882.

I send you the volume of University minutes, having marked the pages containing the chief motions about an allowance to the Senior Principal. What is particularly deserving of notice is, that these minutes clearly show the view originally taken of the office of Senior Principal by the Senatus, and their unanimous opinion that the duties imposed upon him were deserving of remuneration out of the University funds. The question of an allowance never arose during the short time that Sir David Brewster held the office, for the obvious reason that Sir David never undertook the office even to the extent of regularly presiding at the meetings of the Senatus; so that in point of fact, and in reference to all the University duties attaching to the office, this position is one which has never been held by any one but myself. There can be no doubt that, however the office may be defined, the duties attaching to it are practically identical with those belonging to the office of Principal in the other universities, and that these duties have devolved upon me since 1861 without any remuneration being given for their performance. It may be concluded that the duty of presiding at the Senatus being a statutory duty, is one for which I am not entitled to any remuneration, and no doubt the Commissioners of 1858-63 took this view. They probably considered the presidency of the Senatus as an honorary function which it was easy for any one to discharge, and which involved no special labour. I do not myself agree with this view, and it is opposed to the views generally held as to the chairmanship of constituted bodies or corporations when there is any real business to be done by such bodies. The conduct of all real business necessarily devolves upon the chairman; and not merely the conduct of business at meetings (which is comparatively light work), but the direction of all the means of carrying out the business afterwards, the gathering together of all threads of detail, and bringing them to any practical result. All this no less devolves upon the chairman. Even if we had a secretary, no

secretary could relieve the chairman of this sort of work, as every one knows who has had experience of board meetings, to which the meetings of Senatus closely correspond. The real responsibility of all business devolves upon the chairman, or some one who is his substitute.

Taking the narrowest view of the office of Senior Principal, therefore, it appears to me to have been a mistake from the first not to have attached a special allowance to it. . . . Probably he is not bound to undertake the work. It cannot certainly be held to be a part of his statutory duty. As Senior Principal he might decline to do it; but what good would come of this? Somebody must do it; and the mere instinct which leads any presiding member of a body to see that its interests are not neglected, would lead most men in such a position to undertake it. But surely the fact of willingness to do work for the Senatus is no reason why the work should not be remunerated, and remunerated out of University funds. The work which thus falls session after session in increasing measure to the Senior Principal is only not regarded as special, because it is habitual. It goes on continuously, and comes to be looked upon as part of his official duty. This is the natural way in which I explain the fact that the Senatus has for so many years made no movement for the endowment of the office of Senior Principal. I do not blame any member of the Senatus for this; but I think the Senatus itself was bound to see that its own work was paid for, and that it would really have been paid for long ago, had it not been that members failed to realise that *it was not paid for;* that an office had been created, and a cluster of duties gathered around it [since 1861], for which no allowance whatever is made.

The main reason why the Commissioners did not make a special grant to the Senior Principal from the University funds, may be held to be what they themselves state—viz., that the funds at that time did not admit of such a grant being made. The funds are now much more largely burdened than at that time; but they have also greatly increased. About £9000 in 1861, they now amount to nearly £24,000, and with due economy they can afford the proposed grant.

The last reference as to the state of the University funds requires some explanation. The Colleges individually were poor, and becoming poorer every day, in consequence of agricultural distress, and the decrease in value of the farms which were their chief source of revenue. So much so that a memorial had lately been presented to Government praying

for a grant in increase of the salaries attached to several of the chairs. The University, however, was not so badly off, having had various sources of income, such as the granting of medical degrees, in which St Andrews had driven a very brisk trade until the practice was abolished, or at least very much limited, by the commission of 1858. It was from the funds of the University, and probably in consequence of the representation above, with a view also of stimulating Government to add to the Principal's official income, as had been done in the cases of Edinburgh and Glasgow, that a grant was made by the Senatus shortly after of £100 a-year in special acknowledgment of the services above described. The distracting nature of the business by which the Principal was interrupted at every turn, and which was often of a quite trifling character, was a thing of which he constantly complained.

One of the first public events in the new year was the marriage of the Duke of Albany, which once more called the Principal to England. His account of the ceremony and the assistants is very lively and graphic.

To his Wife. *April* 26, 1882.

The marriage was a very brilliant affair yesterday. Whether I was placed better this time, or whether I have forgotten, the Princess Louise's wedding does not seem in my recollection to have been so grand a pageant. Nothing could have been more imposing than the scene yesterday. I was so near as to see and hear everything. . . . The Archbishop looked rather *tottery*, but he went through the whole service (not *all* in the Prayer-book) himself. The Queen looked well—more dignified than anybody there, as all confessed. Mr and Mrs Gladstone were not far from me, and after the ceremony he came and shook hands, and asked very kindly after you. He did not recognise me at first, but his wife, who has all her eyes open, had made a courteous sign of recognition before. I had a talk with the Archbishop afterwards, who seems concerned there should be any row about our Church and disestablishment. I had some conversation also at luncheon with Mr Forster. I said to him that I hoped he was not to allow these Irish creatures to beat him. "Oh no," he said; "but it had been an awful business, and he would not go through it again." Gladstone

looked like a pale prophet. There was a funny contrast between his uniform and his thoughtful face. Bright looked,—like one's self, I suppose,—older and thinner, less burly, and John Bull-like. He had no uniform, a short single-breasted coat, his face also very pale. Mr Chamberlain, a dapper-looking, by no means formidable-like little Radical, with his glass stuck in his eye, and his uniform seemed somehow out of place. I wonder if he was thinking how grand it would be for the Radicals to sack the whole concern! The Queen looked very gracious when she came in before luncheon, and walked up and down the room. Dr Reid made me wait with Campbell of Crathie in his rooms till the young pair went off. It was good fun. The servants, Brown, Beatoun, and others, peppered the poor Prince dreadfully with rice; he got repeated mouthfuls, and looked for a moment as if he might resent it; a tall old servant banged slippers at him: altogether they went on very much like other people. I got a bit of bride-cake all beautifully tied up, with my name.

A short time after, the Principal had a piece of news to communicate, of which no one has yet forgotten the shock and horror—the Phœnix Park murders. "Did you hear yesterday" (May 7, 1882), he says, "the appalling news from Ireland?"

It came to Eton at mid-day, just as we were coming out of chapel. Professor Knight had come down from town, bringing an 'Observer' with the dreadful announcement. Everybody was excited beyond measure. There is something diabolical in the business, and you may imagine the state in which London has been and still is. It will cover the end of Gladstone's career with disastrous disgrace, and I should think break to pieces the Liberal party. The sooner, in fact, this is done the better. The first article in the 'Times' expresses my views about the matter better than anything I have seen elsewhere. They may say what they like about the 'Times,' it rises to a great occasion, and I have seen no writing on the subject at once so justly indignant and yet so controlled. Of course the Government acted for the best; but nothing can excuse their course in breaking with Mr Forster, and if the result was brought about, as the best informed here believe, by a Radical intrigue within the Cabinet, it could only end in disgraceful ruin, as it has done. W. E. G. is no doubt a great man, but he is both perilously facile and self-willed, which is a disastrous combination of qualities for a statesman; and that his star should sink, as I have little doubt it must,

in such a miserable and awful collapse, is pitiful indeed. And yet who can take his place? The whole party business has worked itself out, and what the country needs is a combination of wise and sensible men on both sides, which the Radicals, of course, would do their best to prevent.

These words seem curiously prophetical. I may quote on the same subject another letter written a day or two before the preceding one, in which the political situation is reviewed under a light less keen than that which had blazed from the Irish knives. It is dated just before the great crime above referred to. It is addressed to his son, then absent on what proved to be a stormy and dangerous voyage.

ATHENÆUM, *5th May* 1882.

Your mother has sent me your few lines "off Waterford," and they have been a great relief to me—because, although the gale was at its height here about that time, I hope it was spent somewhat so far west, and that you got safely out of it. I could not help feeling very anxious. May God have you and Jack and Jeanie and all with you in His good keeping! Wherever we are we are all equally near Him, if only we can feel His presence. . . .

We are in the midst of a Government crisis here. Mr Gladstone has gone over to the Parnellites, and Mr Forster resigned. I am glad the honest old fellow has resigned. I had a talk with him at the luncheon at Windsor last Thursday. He had had a terrible time of it, he said, which he would not go through again; but he seemed very jolly all the same. The "new departure" will either be an unexpected success or a frightful failure, involving the Liberal party and the country itself in serious disaster. God knows. Gladstone is a great but really unknown force, with all the time he has been before the public. Nobody can tell what he may not do.

The Assembly of this year was again very much occupied by the question of Church defence. Matters were somewhat complicated by the choice as Lord High Commissioner of Lord Aberdeen, who had previously committed himself to the Disestablishment agitation, and therefore came with evil auguries, as the representative of the Sovereign, to the

threatened Church. The first entertainment given at Holyrood made this incongruity all the more apparent.

To his Wife.

The dinner-party last night, instead of being a quiet private affair, as it used to be, was a regular mob of men and women, Churchmen and Dissenters, Principal Rainy and his wife among others. I had some talk with him, and he introduced me to his wife. Story (he and I went together) was greatly disgusted, having sat opposite to a flaming Dissenter, a man who many years ago assailed me for some of my lectures or addresses. He was very amusing coming home about his disgust in finding himself in company with fellows "steeped to the lips in treason against the Church;" and the whole idea of mixing up different parties in this manner seems a weak and absurd one. It was the Queen's birthday, and of course before the Assembly met, and this is the excuse for it, I believe. If this sort of thing were to be continued, I should not certainly put myself to the trouble of coming over specially to dine with "my Lord High!"

This social mistake, however, was soon forgotten as the work of the Assembly began.

To his Wife. *June* 2, 1882.

I have had a long speech to make to-day about Disestablishment. I do not know how it may read, but it was well received. I was very calm upon the whole—I mean little excited—and spoke deliberately for about three-quarters of an hour from merely a few notes, although I had previously written a good deal on the subject. I cannot even myself tell whether I said at all clearly what I had written or not. I did not feel the speech, and am not tired now, and have no headache, thank God, to-day. But it was very trying waiting all through the weary business and confusion of the previous forenoon, and the bad management of the accessories of the discussion, although there was after all no discussion, and my motion was at length adopted unanimously. Lord Aberdeen came back, I suppose, to hear the speech; but I am more concerned as to how it may read than anything else.

June 3.

I had not a thought of my birthday (1st June). It is terrible how old one is getting; but in my case I have reason to be thankful when I think of everything, and how I have come through this last year. God is indeed good. We have had an evening meeting of the Assembly again. Lord —— is a bother; I have told him, of course, that it is nonsense saying that marrying a

deceased wife's sister is against the law of God. But on one hand I have no particular sympathy with people who, with so many women in the world, marry their deceased wife's sister; while on the other hand I do not wish to punish them. Cannot they marry some one else? Speaking of marriage, get Trollope's new novel 'Marion Fay.' It is very Trollopy here and there, but also in parts very touching.

New Hailes, Musselburgh,
Sunday, 4th June.

It has been a most lovely day, and I have done nothing but sit out on the terrace, hardly even reading. I needed all the rest I could get, and I have been very fortunate in both Sundays being so beautiful. I was very hot and tired at the Assembly; and as I had made ten shillings unexpectedly by *dissents* (every man who dissents from a motion carried has to give one shilling to the clerk on doing so) on a motion of my own, I indulged in an open cab all the way down here, and the drive was very pleasant, with the fresh wind from the sea. The day has been one of unbroken quiet, and the mere sitting in the open air is delightful.

The speech to which reference is here made was printed and circulated largely in the form of a pamphlet. The motion "carried unanimously" was as follows:—

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in the view of the fact that proposals may be introduced into Parliament, and statements made seriously affecting the position and welfare of the Church, resolve to appoint a committee to watch over, and take any steps they may think necessary and advisable in regard to, any questions or measures which may be brought before the Legislature affecting the interests of the Church.

And the General Assembly—considering that the Church has in past years, through its General Assembly, exhibited the most brotherly feelings towards all Christian communions in Scotland, and especially towards the Presbyterian Churches which have sprung from it, and that the Church earnestly desires to maintain the same brotherly feelings towards these Churches, and especially to show their sympathy with all belonging to these Churches, who are defending the cause of national religion—instruct the Committee, should suitable opportunity arise, to aid by active goodwill and co-operation in any movement which may have for its object the promotion of this cause, and the interests of the true Protestant religion in Scotland.

The General Assembly further resolve, while deprecating political agitation of a controversial nature on behalf of the Church

as injurious to the cause of Christian peace and charity, that it is highly advisable that all prudent means should be used to keep its people duly informed as to the national position and principles of the Church. The General Assembly resolve with this view to issue a pastoral letter to the members of the Church, instructing them in its principles, and reminding them of the many blessings which, under Divine Providence, the Church of Scotland, as by law established, has conferred on this land, and the duty under which all its members lie of being faithful and loyal to an institution which God has so blessed to the people of Scotland, and of transmitting it unimpaired in its lawful privileges and means of usefulness to future generations.

It appeared to me at first [the Principal said], as to many others, that it might have been advisable if possible to maintain the same attitude of passive resistance that the Church has hitherto with such dignity maintained. . . . But there are limits to this forbearance. The special circumstances in which the Church is placed calls for a special agency to watch over its interests. It is literally true, as is pointed out in the motion, that statements are being constantly made which seriously affect the position and welfare of the Church. These statements are sometimes made in recognised quarters, and when made in such quarters they can be met, exposed, and refuted. But there are also many statements affecting the Church forged in secret and circulated assiduously by secret agencies. A special literature, as is well known, is devoted to the Disestablishment agitation. I have had occasion to look into this literature, and while there are many species of literature which are not very savoury,—as there is a foil to everything that is excellent in this world—to what is good in literature as in other things,—I have seldom seen any class of publications animated by a craftier, and, in some respects, more unworthy spirit, than those which deal with this subject. This literature must be met in its own field by those who are competent to do so. But the statements made in the tracts and other publications of the Liberation Society by-and-by become commonplaces in newspapers influential with politicians; they are put in circulation by paid agents, whose business it is to manufacture a public opinion hostile to the Church. This artifice has considerable effect in some cases. We have to bear in mind that politicians in these days are men busy and sometimes up to the ears in work. The old idea is, I am afraid, no longer well founded, that all who seek to guide public opinion and legislation look carefully for themselves into questions of this kind and statements made to them. The fact is, there is no class of men in the country, according to

my experience, more dependent on the information communicated to them than our current politicians. It is quite common for them to be "crammed" on special subjects, and to derive almost all their information from the "cram" thus administered to them. This process has been assiduously going on, and statements are not only circulated in public prints, to meet with the ordinary fate of literature—to be contradicted and refuted, or accepted, according to its value—but circulated as authoritative data conveyed to influential public men with the view of operating upon their political conduct. There was a letter only the other day in one of the Edinburgh newspapers from Brighton, which was a very good specimen of this sort of thing—a letter originally addressed to the 'Echo' in London, where, and in England generally, the grossest exaggerations are circulated about the Church. The literature of the Liberation Society is particularly influential in England, and exercises there perhaps a more direct influence than in Scotland. Now I think it evident that we must have some authoritative body with discretion to correct misstatements of fact as to the history, constitution, and prosperity of the Church. The Church, of course, has nothing to do with newspapers; but she cannot allow allegations to pass uncontradicted as to her position, and the conditions both of her legal existence and spiritual vitality, which she knows to be alike false and injurious. She would not be true to herself if she did. So much was this felt, as members of Assembly know, that a little time ago an important statement was issued on this very subject—a statement carefully prepared by two eminent laymen—and authenticated by the imprimatur of the agent of the Church. It was felt, in preparing this statement, that it was a pity there was no authoritative body to issue it with due sanction. Here is a clear reason, therefore, why this committee is necessary. Although we may despise many things, we cannot despise systematic misrepresentation as to the character and measures and standing of the Church. . . .

But the Church has duties not only of defence; it has further duties. It is bound as a national Church not only to maintain its privileges, but also to show, especially in these days, that it holds its privileges not for itself,—not as giving to it—the idea is one which never enters into the head of a good Churchman—any superiority or advantage over other Churches,—but that it holds its position and privileges for the people of Scotland. The Church must not only realise its mere statutory advantages, but its national power for good; and as a national Church we are not entitled to put away from us any proposals whatever—I allude to no movement—which may be brought before us which would have the effect of extending the popular influence of the Church of Scot-

land, and proving that it is established, as we believe, not only by law, but in the hearts of the people of Scotland. As a Church we cherish, as the motion states and we have repeatedly shown, the most "brotherly feelings" towards all Christian communions in Scotland, and especially towards the Presbyterian Churches which have sprung from it. I think I may say without doubt that this has been the attitude of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for many years—and I must claim to extend this sympathy and brotherly interest beyond the pale of Presbyterianism. I am not one of those who have been jealous of our Episcopalian brethren, and of the large amount of good, especially amongst the influential classes, which the Episcopal Church is doing in Scotland. I recognise, on the contrary, that the Episcopal Church has a certain historic root and genuine tradition in Scotland—although a limited one—and the Church of Scotland has no warmer friends than many who adorn the Episcopal Church of this country. It would little become us, therefore, to look with coldness on the Christian work they are doing, or refuse them the same brotherly sympathy in this work we willingly extend to others. But we are bound to extend our sympathy especially to the members of the two great Presbyterian Churches that have sprung from our bosom; and there is no minister in the Church of Scotland, no member of the Church of Scotland, who has anything but the utmost friendliness towards the members of these two important Churches. If they make themselves enemies to us, we have no right to make ourselves enemies to them. It is true we cannot yield to them on this great question. We have a duty of antagonism where principles are at stake, as well as a duty of friendliness; and it is a vain hope to overcome our opposition on this question—an opposition which we must vigorously and determinedly maintain. It is said by some that they are not seeking our harm, but our good, by this agitation. This is the dream of a wild imagination, which, having been thwarted in other directions, has cut an unwonted channel for itself in the sphere of ecclesiastical politics. But although we are simple-minded, we are not fools altogether. We must be allowed to be the best judges of our own national position and rights, and opportunities of doing good. So far as this fond dream is the result not only of a romantic fancy but of a good nature, which wishes to extend to us the blessings of Voluntaryism, we are thankful for it; but we are not to be misled by it. We must, I think, let all who are carrying on this agitation, and who are subsidiary to it, clearly understand that it is not possible to overcome our opposition here; that it is out of the very strength of our Christian feeling—out of the very strength of our Christian

patriotism—we feel bound to stand firm on this great question. But while we must be opponents here, we have nothing but friendly feelings towards them, in so far as they are doing good. There is much work to do in Scotland, as every one knows, in the way of Church extension and the Christian improvement of society; and so far as these Churches are engaged in this work, we have nothing but goodwill to them. I am sure no one in the General Assembly can put his hand to his heart and say we have not over and over again manifested this goodwill, in circumstances often very trying, and that if there has been sectarian bitterness in the country, this has not been on the side of the Church of Scotland. I have had the conviction for many years that the Church of Scotland, during the last ten years particularly, is reaping, in the increase of its membership and its widely extending influence, under the blessing of God, the fruit of its long forbearance,—of its calmness under evil words so often spoken against it, of its dignity under insults, and of its attitude of quiet pursuit of duty under opprobriums such as have seldom fallen to a Christian institution.

But the motion not merely contemplates brotherly relations to the other Presbyterian Churches; it proposes to instruct the Committee especially to show special sympathy with all belonging to these Churches who hold with ourselves the principles of national religion. I am aware that here I approach delicate ground, and I hope I shall speak with delicacy and caution. It is our clear duty as a national Church to hold out a willing hand of co-operation to all who are at one with us in the great principles of an Establishment. But we are bound to open our doors to all willing to adopt these principles, and who can consistently work with us; and we have done so. The various Presbyterian bodies have gone from us. They have not been driven forth from the Church, at least in our time. They have gone forth from us willingly, bearing a testimony which they believed to be more valuable than the special privileges that they resigned. Well, we welcome them back. We have gained in course of time what they struggled for; and we have opened our doors to receive them. Some think we have done too much. I have never thought so. I am responsible for having moved our Act of Eligibility some years ago. I hold the same views now that I held then; and whatever may be the practical results of the working of this Act, I hold that it expresses the only true attitude we can take up as a national institution. We are willing, therefore, to entertain any proposals that may be made to us from any side. But it must be borne in mind that no comprehension of the Church of Scotland—or of any Church—can be based on a spirit of narrow-

ness; and if overtures are made to us, they must be made in no spirit of bigotry, but in the same catholic temper that we cherish in reference to the other Presbyterian Churches in Scotland.

This full and dignified statement of the position of the Church—of which all who are acquainted with the work and attitude of the Church of Scotland since the period which we have ventured to call her Renaissance, some thirty years ago, will acknowledge the truth—concluded with a touching description and appeal, and a recognition which from the time of Elijah downwards it has been so difficult for the best of men to make, of the "seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal," the multitude of the faithful and humble who are always in silent accord, however on the surface the voices of contention may rave.

It appears to me that a great responsibility—I should not like to try to estimate the responsibility—lies on those who are forwarding this agitation. The hope was beginning to be cherished that the Churches in Scotland were at length to have a time of peace, and that the fair fruits of Christian science and forms of Christian life, hitherto but rare among us, were about to spring from a soil purged of the dross of past contentions—nay, more, that the long-nipped blossoms of charity and Christian courtesy, which ought to guide the intercourse of all Christian men, were to flourish—that there was to be a time of quiet development for the sweeter graces of the Christian character—such graces as adorned the man whom many of us here, in common with our Presbyterian brethren of other Churches, laid in an honoured grave a few days ago.[1] As I stood beside that grave, with the calmness, the beauty, and the peace of glorious nature around us, I could not but think how miserably unworthy are those contentions in which Scottish ecclesiastics often spend their lives. If we had only more of the Spirit of Christ, how possible it would be to build up once more the old Church of Scotland, which has been such a blessing to many generations! I am sure there are many hundreds, both in the Free Church and in the United Presbyterian Church, who lament the prospect of a new era of ecclesiastical bitterness. I hope that these considerations will still have some weight; and I am sure that they will,—if only ecclesiastical leaders will listen to the voice of Christian patriotism instead of the voice of sectarianism.

[1] The Rev. Dr Hanna.

After this important address, and the fervour of feeling which it aroused in his audience—an elevated and generous fervour, not the heat of polemics—none of his hearers could grudge the Principal his Sabbath rest upon the terrace at New Hailes, the quietude in which he could scarcely even read, but only breathe in the influences of summer air and sky, the refreshment of the grateful dews and the silence of nature. The warfare of his early days had been for freedom, a struggle to maintain the independence of thought and the exercise of a philosophical judgment. In a great measure he had gained that plea. But now in his later years another phase of many-sided but always harmonious truth was his chief inspiration—the right and duty of preserving the fair but homely integrity of his Father's house, the old historical Church so deeply concerned in all that had been best in Scotland, the great educator, regulator, inspirer of the Scotch character and virtues. The balance of freedom and of faith, the right of thinking, the duty of obeying, the wholesome order of national standards and centres, which no man was less disposed to make into means of bondage, could scarcely have been exemplified in a happier way.

It was only in this year, I think, that the picturesque sinecure of the "Historiographer" in Scotland, which had been one of the lights of his convalescence in the previous year, and which he had a great desire for—a desire especially for the little graceful distinction which would have indicated the scope of his future labours—was given to Mr Skene, who was, indeed, universally allowed to have the best right to it so far as original research went. It had, however, been Tulloch's opinion that the elder historian would not care to accept it, and he had the feeling that his own appointment would be personally agreeable to the Queen. It was, it cannot be denied, a considerable disappointment to him when he heard that Mr Skene had been definitely appointed to, and

had accepted, the post. "I have one feeling of thankfulness," he cries in his first prick of mortification, "I shall be relieved from any feeling of indebtedness to that blessed Liberal party which I have served so long." At the same time it half amused, half annoyed him to think that he himself had been partly the cause of this disappointment, by his generosity in "emphasising Skene's claims," acknowledging, as he did, to statesmen very probably not much acquainted with Scotch historical work (if, indeed, it is safe to suppose that Mr Gladstone is unacquainted with anything), that so far as antiquarian research was concerned, he had himself no claim in comparison. Tulloch's disappointment, however, in this respect was pleasantly neutralised by a favour coming direct and in the most gracious way from the Queen's own hand. The intimation of this appointment was conveyed to him by her Majesty herself in an autograph letter.

BALMORAL CASTLE, *June* 4, 1882.

The office of Dean of the Chapel Royal and Dean of the Order of the Thistle having become vacant by the death of Dr John Macleod of Morven, the Queen is desirous of offering it to Principal Tulloch as a mark of her high esteem and regard for him, and she trusts that he will accept it. No one could be more worthy of such a distinction than himself.

It is very difficult to trace an intelligible way through the repeated and continued discussions with Government officials upon University affairs which year by year led Tulloch, sometimes with other members of the academic body, sometimes alone, to London, to explain, and urge, and wait upon the decisions of one functionary and another. The address of the Senatus to Lord Rosebery, referred to in a previous page, which particularly urged the claims of certain

specially impoverished chairs, asking a temporary grant for their relief, "a policy of which in present circumstances," the Principal adds, "I have grave doubts," was conveyed to that minister by a deputation from the University in the summer of 1882. "Something," Tulloch continues, "has to be added to the petition, or 'Memorial,' as Lord Rosebery wishes it to be called, and the doing of this has of course been left in my hands." Whether the Memorial was successful, however, there seems no information. I presume it was added to endless memorials and representations on the same subject, put aside by successive Governments for after consideration.

A deputation from the Church of Scotland, to present an address to the Queen on her escape from the attempt made upon her life by the maniac Maclean at Windsor, apparently performed its mission at the same time. This was the subject of a correspondence and inquiry into the right of access of the Church of Scotland to her Majesty's presence, and the forms and ceremonies to be observed in its reception, which trembles on the verge between the sublime and ridiculous. The clergymen and elders who formed the deputation finally went with dignified solemnity to Windsor, and met with the usual gracious welcome. The Principal humorously describes himself as seated writing in the morning in "*two* pairs of *breeks!*—my knee-breeches and a thin pair over," as he had people to see just before his start, and could not appear before the ordinary world in his Court costume. On the previous evening the deputation had been entertained by Lord Aberdeen at dinner, where they met the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr Gladstone, and Lord Shaftesbury. "So that you see we had good company."

"I had a talk with Mr Gladstone about the Oxford movement and Cardinal Newman, a book as to which, by Mr Mozley, has just appeared. He is 'a wonderful old man.' He talked all night about everything under the sun,—Irving-

ism, Presbyterianism, Dean Stanley, the Oxford movement,—just as if Ireland did not exist. Then I went down to the House of Commons for a little, and there he was explaining and speaking. The whole look of the House of Commons has become rowdy, very unlike what it used to be."

In August the Principal set out with Sir William and Lady Baillie and their party to the Engadine, where he spent a few weeks with considerable benefit, taking the waters at Schuls, one of the smaller baths in that district. He had been subject, ever since his recovery from his last long illness, to painful headaches, by some of his doctors supposed to be the dregs of his severe nervous sufferings, by others called neuralgic, but however named, always a cause of considerable pain and oppression. He thought that the waters were of material advantage to him, and there could be no doubt that the mountain air, and pleasant change and rest, and cheerful company, were so. He describes the routine of the life, the early water-drinking, the morning walks in the still sunshine, the quaint discipline of hours and meals, to which the most independent submit themselves in such a place, in pleasant detail. The following incident made a little break in that monotonous but cheerful routine.

To his Wife. SCHULS, *August* 21, 1882.

We very nearly had a dreadful accident on Saturday. Don't be alarmed. As Sir W. and Lady Baillie, Miss S., Miss C., and myself were driving slowly up the long hill to Fetton, a village about 1200 feet higher than this, where I told you I had driven the other night, one of the horses began to back. We were going very slowly, the driver off his perch, with the whip in his hand, and very foolishly the reins tied in front, where Sir William was sitting. The horses are the quietest and most docile creatures in the world. What made one of them restive and the other dis-

posed to back I don't know. But immediately the position became alarming; the horses swerved as if to turn, and I saw that unless some one got them by the head it would be all over with us. I was out of the carriage in a moment—Miss S. said she never saw anybody do anything so quickly—and got the horses by the head just as they were turning round, with the carriage back upon the posts, which were the only protection from the abyss below. Just as I caught them the pole of the carriage fortunately broke, and this enabled me and the driver, who by this time also had hold of them, to swerve them easily round to the road again. But it was really an awfully near business, and I was filled with horror of the thought. I should have been safe, of course, as I had jumped out, and was in front of the horses; but everybody in the carriage, and Sir William especially on the box, where he was helpless, and could not get down, would probably have been smashed to pieces. Just as we got the carriage round, Lady Baillie and Miss S. got out at opposite sides; but if the horses had been at all wild, the carriage would have been over before they could have got out. The whole thing occurred and was over in three minutes, I daresay, but, as you may imagine, we could not get over it for some time. I walked with Miss C. all the way to the top; but after the pole had been tied with ropes, the rest got into the carriage and ascended to the village, where they had to wait a long time till the pole was mended. I walked down about three miles. It was a lovely evening; the glory of the dying light upon the mountains was very touching, and one's heart was also touched to think how near one had been to destruction, and how mercifully preserved. The carriage was long in following us, and we felt anxious about their return; but they arrived all safely. . . . I do not think Lady B. will ascend many more hills in carriages; the height and the narrowness of the roads are truly awful.

He hastened home from this expedition in order to officiate at the marriage of a daughter of his old friend Professor Sellar, of which he writes a little later:—

To Professor Baynes.

I spent a pleasant time in the Engadine, not quite idle; and the Tarasp waters have done me good, I think—a result which I infer as much as anything else from my being able to stand three days' festivity with Sellar, something on the old scale, on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, which was a very pretty business, with an enthusiastic village, triumphal arches, and young maidens strewing flowers, and an epithalamium, or *aubade*, as it is called, on the occasion by a favourite student,—Mackail, Ireland Scholar, and I don't know all what. I came over in the Calais-Douvres with Jowett.

In September he was once more in Balmoral, from which he sent to his wife a letter full of the experience of the Royal family in respect to the Egyptian war, the presence of the Duke of Connaught with the army having brought home to the Queen with double force those tremors shared by so many mothers who have sons in the field. "The Queen sent me a number of letters to read," the Principal says.

To his Wife.

The letters were from Prince Arthur in Egypt to her Majesty and to his wife, giving an account of the campaign as far as he had to do with it. They showed that, although not actually engaged, which he wished very much to be, he had suffered a good deal of hardship, marching with his men in the terrible heat, the men falling out of the ranks, "lying on the ground groaning and vomiting." The heat was terrible, he says, and he had sometimes "nothing but a dry

biscuit for twenty-four hours;" the "swarms of flies drove him out of his tent;" and they were "disputing in thousands for the possession of his letter as he wrote."

In the end of 1882 there are traces of a great deal of depression and discouragement in respect to public matters, in the Principal's mind. His movement for Church defence irrespective of political parties did not succeed as he had hoped. The grave movement which he had predicted, the breaking up of ordinary party limitations and the union of good men upon points of more vital importance to the country than any party policy could be, had not yet begun. I find tokens of an inclination to give up the struggle, to consent to a dismemberment, towards which all the signs of the time seemed to point, and with an aching heart to allow that the days of the Church of Scotland were numbered, as the winter with its dreary influences closed down. The difficulty of united action, the slowness of the people in general to awaken to the danger, irritated at once and depressed him; but these are scarcely enough to account for some of the letters of this period. A more intimate and deeply reaching discouragement was in his mind. The reader may recollect that for many successive years Tulloch had made something like an episcopal visitation in the Highlands, accompanied in earlier years by Dr Smith, in later by Dr Story and other friends, and the discoveries made on these visits had been very painful to him. The Church in the Highlands had never occupied the same position as in other parts of Scotland. The revival of energy and life, which had been so conspicuous in the country generally, could not be said to have affected some of the mountain districts at all. The Church remained in the condition in which it had been left at the Disruption, a "residuary" Establishment, with the pretence rather than the reality of active life. The religious conditions of the Northern Highlands have always been

peculiar. I can scarcely venture from my own inadequate knowledge to describe these conditions. They were much sterner, more gloomy and rigid in Celtic intensity, than anything of which the broader Anglo-Saxon mind is capable. The "Men," not clergymen, but lay[1] functionaries much more tyrannical than any priest, held the people in such subjection as a number of despots can enforce, not so complete as the sway of one despot, but more exasperating and minute. They surrounded the sacraments of the Church with terror, and carried Calvinism to what is perhaps its logical conclusion, but a conclusion seldom reached by any ordinary human community. The hasty observations of tourists and sportsmen have indeed identified this curious state of things as the general condition of Scotland—a mistake too palpable to need contradiction to any who know Scotland, though very satisfactory to the ignorant, as such sweeping generalisations always are. As a matter of fact, that terrible religious economy is as mysterious and as little known by the greater part of Scotland as by any other country in the world.

The "Men," with the ministers, who were scarcely less cruelly subject to them than the people, "went out" almost entirely with the Free Church, and the consequence is, that in these regions the Established Church is really a very small minority, a sort of persecuted remnant, occupying a position not unlike that which the Church of Ireland once held before its disestablishment, in the Roman Catholic community. The minister of each parish holds possession of church and manse — often represented by a poor little chapel and an equally poor dwelling—with a mere handful of church-goers; while the Free Church close by has control over the greater part of the people. Here and

[1] I use the word "lay" in the popular conception of its meaning. I presume that the "Men" were usually "elders," and ordained to their offices, which separated them more or less from the ordinary lay element. Still they were laymen in the ordinary acceptation of the word.

there occurs a district where the Gaelic inhabitants are all Roman Catholics—even in a few rare instances there is a majority of native Episcopalians. These circumstances altogether are not apt to produce a high type of clergymen in the Established Church; and the Principal had lamented often with a troubled heart the defects and failures of this portion of the Church. The reports must have been very unsatisfactory, and himself in very low spirits about this real internal defect, so much more poignant than any kind of trouble out of doors, when he wrote the following letter:—

To Rev. Dr Story. *October* 31.

In some respects really the state of the Church in the Highlands gets worse instead of better, and I am gradually being driven to recognise that it is hopeless as things are. I fear there is no alternative in the face of all the influences moving against the Church, but some reconstruction of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland. I have been thinking over this a great deal, and will probably write something about it in the course of the winter. What an opportunity there is for such a man as the Duke of Argyll, if his patriotism were a little more active! I believe there would not be much difficulty in saving the parochial system and the teinds, as belonging to the people of the parish, whatever be the type of their Presbyterianism; or even if there were any parishes predominantly Episcopal, why should they not have them for ecclesiastical use? To maintain, as we are now doing, a garrison of incompetent ecclesiastical "crofters," as you say, in the Highlands, is a state of things which nobody can defend, and the civil incorporation of the Church is dearly purchased at such a price.

I do not myself much believe in "leaflets," although I am taking means to get some prepared.

It may be worth while quoting in this connection a letter which the Principal addressed to a young Highland minister about to settle in the very heart of the district governed by the "Men" in Ross-shire.

What is wanted more than anything is a resident clergyman of good sense, and living an earnest Christian life among the people, entering into their affairs, and giving them advice and assistance in every way. I would maintain the most friendly Christian re-

lations with all; especially on no account take offence, or quarrel with any one whatever. And I have no doubt that in a year you will find yourself with a real and even happy sphere of operations. I have the most perfect confidence in good sense and earnest Christian activity succeeding everywhere, even in the Highlands, where, I am sorry to say, they are specially lacking.

I hope you will excuse my saying so much. I would go to P—— if I were you, to represent the Church there *thoroughly well;* and by God's blessing I am sure there will be good results.

This drawback to his warm confidence in the recovered position and admirable work of the Church was no doubt only occasionally present to his mind; but when brought before him it was a grievous one, taking much hope and comfort out of his thoughts. He was not, perhaps, without a touch of that sharp prejudice against the Celtic portion of the community, which many old-fashioned Scotsmen entertained before fashionable folly made the tartan the emblem of Scotland generally. There were at the same time many committees and meetings of Commissions, &c., in which this and other matters were discussed, which added to the irritation and despondency. Here is a *mot* launched out of the midst of one of these exasperating assemblies.

There was a great deal of irrelevant and stupid talk, to which I suppose I contributed. I get wearied with the absurdities of committees, and *hack* into them at times with a direct force of language more edifying to an outsider than to the speakers themselves.

Another subject of discouragement was, as has been said, the failure of the attempt to establish a society of men of all political opinions in defence of the Church. Scotland, always very warm in political feeling, was still almost unanimous in those days in its devotion to Mr Gladstone; and the newspapers began to blow trumpets of alarm when this attempt to disturb the integrity of party became known. Notwithstanding Principal Tulloch's well-known Liberal antecedents, and the entire disposition of his mind towards liberality of thought and feeling, the scheme was denounced

as a political intrigue to beguile the Church people of Scotland into Toryism. This frightened the timid, and led many who were not fully awakened to the danger to hang back. Tulloch comments with much indignation on the weakness of the men who were afraid to commit themselves, or run any risk of popular reproach as deserters from their political standards. On one occasion he met a band of delegates from Glasgow, from whose energy he had hoped much. "I never heard any men maunder and seesaw, and blow hot and cold as they did!" he cries.

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. *December* 12, 1882.

The truth is that the Church, as a national institution, is, I fear, dying out of the consciousness of the West. The absence of all high ideas in the clergy, and the level of congregationalism or sectarianism to which many of them seem disposed to sink, make one wonder if the Church is worth fighting for. And then, again, the persistent blindness with which many Church Liberals look upon the fact of one Liberal candidate after another becoming pledged against the Church, is very discouraging. Sir A. Kinloch has just been here with a letter from Lord Stair full of this blindness. Should the National Church Society fail, I will never meddle with this subject again. That the Church will certainly go at next election, supposing the Liberals to come back to power, if there is no organisation in the meantime, I have no doubt, unless some great political question emerges. This, of course, is always possible.

The National Church Society did not succeed; but the Principal *did* meddle with the subject again, never laying it aside, in fact, as long as his hands could hold up that standard. But also a great political question did emerge, and once more "the gates of hell," though I allow the metaphor is too strong, did not prevail.

The following letter, addressed to the then member for St Andrews, gives his view of the question as taken in its broadest phase:—

December 19, 1882.

Dear Mr Williamson,—I am not going out at present to night meetings, being obliged to take care of myself for my winter work;

but you will not suppose that I wish to stand aloof. Apart from the Church question, I have not only no fault to find with your action as member for St Andrews, but think that you are entitled to credit for the interest you have taken in the Endowed Schools Bill, which not a few Liberal members so strangely menaced, and which I believe one of the most rational Liberal measures ever passed for Scotland.

As to the Church question, my views are so well known that I need hardly say anything, commenting only on a misapprehension constantly repeated. It is said (was said as recently as in a letter in the 'Scotsman' of last Monday, the 11th) that I and other Church Liberals are "opposed to disestablishment under any circumstances; whereas the will of the people of Scotland having established the Church, the same will, when expressed to that effect, may disestablish it." Now I have never taken up that position, and I do not know any Liberal Churchman who does. I cannot imagine any Liberal, or even any rational politician, holding a different view; and my objection to the position taken up by you and others is just that it seems to me to contravene this truly Liberal principle, inasmuch as you have committed yourselves against the Church on theoretical grounds before the question has in any sense been put to the people of Scotland. Mr Dick Peddie's motion contains a series of assertions as to which the opinions of the people of Scotland have never been invited: not only so, but a certain section of Liberals have plainly shown a willingness to take a catch-vote against the Church, rather than to give it the "fair trial" which Mr Gladstone said distinctly it should have. No Liberal politician can shrink from putting the question of Establishment or Disestablishment to the people of Scotland, and abiding by the national verdict (however he may regret it); but every Liberal politician, in my opinion, is equally bound to see that the question is fairly put, and the verdict fairly given, before committing himself, especially on the negative side—because the mere existence of an institution for so many years is surely always something in its favour. I have thought it right to say so much, because nothing is more important than that parties should clearly understand each other on so grave a question.—Yours very truly, JOHN TULLOCH.

One of Principal Tulloch's first occupations in the beginning of 1883 was a visit to Inverness, where he delivered a short course of lectures on the "Literary and Intellectual Revival of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." "I have added a third," he writes to his son, "about the earlier

Scottish literature in its stages of development, which I have had great pleasure in preparing." He seems to have preached "without any harm," as he writes to his anxious wife, dating from the Highland Club, Inverness, with a breathing of gratitude: "What a blessing a club always is to strangers! if for nothing else but enabling one to sit quietly without being bothered by any one." The beginning of this year was, however, darkened and made sadly memorable by the first shock of bereavement in the second generation of the wide-spreading and much-extended family, the death of the eldest grandchild, the first of the band of children now springing up on every side. An early visit to London made in April on certain matters of University business was partly spent in the Isle of Wight with his daughter, and his letters are full of tender records of the extreme and touching grief of the young mother whose happy life had been thus crossed suddenly and terribly by the inevitable shadow, and who, like Rachel, refused to be comforted. Public matters faded into a secondary place in comparison with this individual grief, which clouded the whole world to one of his children, and filled himself with anxious wishes to find something to say to lull that ever-wakeful pain. Part of the Easter holidays were spent thus in endeavouring to divert sorrowful thoughts from dwelling too much upon the sad memories of death and its mystery, and that selection of one among many, which to the mourner often seems so strangely capricious and cruel—an endeavour which he felt to be but little successful, as all such efforts must be on the edge of a newly filled grave.

The period in other ways was grave enough. Another University Bill—or the same with alterations—was again looming in the distance, and this time many of Tulloch's colleagues, if not himself, were seriously alarmed. The colleges of St Andrews were admitted to be in an unsatisfactory state. The numbers fluctuated, generally in a dimin-

ishing scale. Agricultural troubles had lessened the value of land, from which the University drew the chief part of its revenues, and the stipends of the professors, always inadequate, were now more inadequate than ever. It seems to have occurred to Government that the best way to dispose of the claims of the ancient but small and poor institution might be, if that were found practicable, to get rid of it altogether. So great and near was the change, that a clause was actually inserted in the bill, now once more in the Lord Advocate's hands, after all the "memorials" and deputations, in which the academical body in St Andrews was threatened with dissolution. The Principal would not have seemed on this occasion to have shared the fears of his colleagues, or believed such an extreme step to be possible. "I have no fear that they will suppress St Andrews," he writes in one of his letters from Inverness; but these very words show how threatening was the aspect of affairs and how far the matter had gone. There is nothing about this question in his letters from London in the spring, his mind being chiefly occupied by his sorrowful daughter and her grief. But in June we find him again about the House of Commons, waiting upon official personages and intent upon the bill and its provisions. Perhaps the extreme step suggested had never really been decided upon, at all events the Principal does not seem to have had much trouble in turning away the threatened calamity.

To his Wife.

You will, I daresay, see from the Scotch papers to-day that we succeeded in getting the Lord Advocate yesterday *to say* that the "dissolving" clause about St Andrews would be withdrawn from the University Bill. The clause is well away, whether the bill goes on or not. I fancy there is not much chance of its going on now. I met Sir George C. at the door of the Athenæum yesterday, where he roared out, "What do you think of the idea of abolishing St Andrews?" I said I thought that was all over. He then said, as a polite joke, I suppose, "Oh, but I am in favour

of abolishing St Mary's Hall." I just laughed in his face, and left him. However, I could not help making a point of this idiotic speech when addressing the Lord Advocate yesterday.

The satisfaction of having thus averted evil from the University was, however, modified by the fact that the loss of the bill thus virtually nullified, took away every shadow of a hope of further endowment for the colleges, and consequently of any addition to the Principal's very limited income.

Between the two visits to London thus noted occurred the General Assembly, of which I find this year no special record except in the published report of a speech made by Principal Tulloch in giving in the Report of the Church Interests Committee, appointed, as the reader may remember, by his own motion, to watch over the Disestablishment agitation, both before Parliament and throughout the country, with the special view of furnishing true information in refutation of false statements, and keeping the Church and people cognisant of the true tendency of affairs. It would be difficult to find a finer statement of the true value of a national Church than the following pages, of which Dr Story says, "This was, I think, the finest speech he ever made in the Assembly."

It is to be feared that many have inadequate notions of what constitutes a National Church, and of all the good to the country that is involved in its maintenance. It seems to be thought by many that the possession of endowments is the chief thing that distinguishes a National Church from other Churches in the land, and that, after all, the loss of these endowments would not be such a great matter, considering the wealth of Churchmen.

I by no means undervalue endowments, properly understood. They are, in fact, an essential part of a National Church Establishment. Nor would it be possible to replace them by the mere wealth of individual Churchmen or congregations. There would be no lack in towns of maintaining popular and earnest ministers. The incomes of such ministers in all Churches are largely dependent on their congregations; and there is not only no harm,

but good in this. It is a small matter for those to whom God has given wealth, to give some share of it to those who minister to them in spiritual things. But no voluntary liberality of this kind touches the question of endowment, still less of establishment. The true value of endowments is, that they *belong to parishes*—that they exist for the sake of *the people* in those parishes, where there may be no local wealth, and where, supposing there were such wealth, it would be far harder for the minister to be dependent upon it than it can ever be for a minister to depend upon his congregation in a town. The endowments of a country parish are drawn from the land in the parish. They belong legally to all its inhabitants. Every one has a right to see that they are applied to the spiritual good of the parish. The minister is their mere temporary custodier. They really subsist for the higher spiritual education of the people, who have a legal claim upon their beneficial religious use, and every one—Dissenter or Churchman—has an equal right to the enjoyment of this use. Every parish church is thus in theory, whatever it may be in fact, a religious home to which the poorest parishioner may look with a rightful interest. It is no matter whether he does this or not; the parish church subsists for his good. It is national and not denominational; and as an inmate of the parish and a member of the nation, he has a right to avail himself of its instruction and worship. The wit of man has never devised anything so good for a country as parish churches (parish schools have not been more valuable in the national life of Scotland); and all the good that has come from them will never be known until perhaps they are destroyed, if such an unhappy event should ever come. No denominational zeal can ever make a parish church. It cannot even make self-supporting centres of religious worship in rural districts. The mere fact that the whole ecclesiastical machinery of the Free Church in Scotland, embracing no fewer than 1056 congregations, is really dependent pecuniarily upon 230 or 240 congregations, speaks volumes on this subject. It may be safely said that no better or more skilfully adjusted ecclesiastical machinery will ever be devised than that of the Free Church. It has attained a success which none is ever likely to attain again; and yet so little has it been able to develop self-supporting centres of religious worship—in other words, to approach to the ideal of parish churches—that upwards of 700 congregations really exist only by virtue of others wealthier than themselves. What an untold weakness is this! What a bondage of dependence, involving consequences as to freedom of action and freedom of opinion that can only be understood by those who suffer from them!

It would be well for those who talk glibly of giving up endow-

ments to ponder these facts,—to consider how entirely the parish church rests upon its own resources, separate and independent—the latter sustaining and alone preserving the former. To speak of giving up endowments is to speak of giving up parishes in the ecclesiastical sense. And where will the religious life of the country be without the parish church and the parish minister? It is easy to smile at such a question; but no man with the slightest historical or religious imagination will smile at it. A stipendiary minister in Ross-shire, or Perthshire, or Roxburghshire, one-half of whose income is gathered from the contributions of the wealthy in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and doled out to him by a Sustentation Committee, can never live among his people with the intelligent independence and helpfulness which naturally belong to a parish minister. . . .

But after all, valuable as endowments are, from a right point of view, it is not endowments merely that make a National Church. Every Church more or less has endowments—even those who most repudiate them. In other words, there is no Church without some property. Its mere existence implies some degree of property, which in its use and distribution is as truly subject to the law of the land as the property of an Established Church. The distinction between the National Churches and Dissenting Churches is not in the fact of property, but in the nature of the property in each case—a distinction which is all on the side of the National Churches, inasmuch as their endowments are really *national* and for *the people*, and not merely ecclesiastical and for the Church. To admit this, it may be said, is to give up the whole question; for if the revenues of the Churches of England and Scotland belong to the people, the people may surely do with them what they like. This may seem a very clever retort; but it is essentially an immoral one. No doubt the people may *do what they like* with the Church revenues—or, for that part of the matter, with any other revenues in the country. The people, so far as mere *power* is concerned, might appropriate the whole national wealth, and reduce its present possessors to the level of paupers. It may come to that some day, if Radical Disestablishmentarians gain their way, and succeed in teaching the people that the only measure of their *right* is their *power*—that property may be taken from its ancient usage and applied to save the pockets of ratepayers. But happily, politics in this country are not divorced from morality; and the *true people*—not the sectarian classes which have hitherto mainly occupied themselves with this question, but the genuine democracy—may yet show that they prize, more than robbery, ancient institutions established for their good and for their children's good, and which they could never

replace if once destroyed or taken away. There are reasons to think that the people estimate at their true value the sectarian assaults upon the National Churches, and that they feel they have a beneficial interest in these Churches, while possibly desiring to enlarge and modify them to meet the larger spiritual necessities of the time.

But to all thinking minds a National Church is, as I have already said, far more than a mere aggregation of endowed churches. It is an organisation of the spiritual life of the nation,—an institution created by the nation and existing for its sake, embodying the great thought that religion is not merely a private but a public concern—that the civil aspect of society is merely one aspect of our national life inextricably intertwined with the higher religious aspect, which deserves recognition, organisation, and support, no less than the other. This alone makes a National Church in the true sense, and is the idea which really lies at the root both of the Church of England and of the Church of Scotland. It is the converse of the sectarian idea upon which Dissenting churches are built. It is higher than any mere principle of endowment, and alone clothes that principle with life and dignity. Divorced from their national function and usefulness, tithes or teinds would become indefensible. They would become the privilege of a party, and not the benefit and blessing of the nation. Every truly national institution rests on an ideal, and not a merely material basis. It is the embodiment of some higher thought which has established itself in our national history, because it has first dominated and inspired our national intelligence. In this sense alone are National Churches absolutely defensible; and their maintenance or their dissolution in the end will depend upon the conflict between the idea which they represent and the idea represented by dogmatic Voluntaryism (something entirely distinct from practical Christian Voluntaryism)—viz., that religion is a purely private concern, having no connection with our organised national life, and which ought to be entirely severed from the forms of that life.

Is our national life to be Christian or not? Is the State a moral and not merely a secular reality? These are the real questions that underlie Establishment or Disestablishment. . . .

If there is a "national righteousness" at all, a National Church cannot be repudiated as indefensible. It is, or it ought to be, the organisation of this righteousness. . . . No "chaos of sects" fighting for their own shibboleth, can ever be a substitute for the organisation of the religious life of the country. There is an essential catholicity in the very idea of a National Church, as the embodiment not merely of one side of religious thought and feel-

ing, but of many sides of both. No separate ecclesiastical organisation by its very nature can possess this catholicity. It has cut itself off from the common religious life, and become in the main the expression of some favourite tenet or set of opinions. It lives for its own rather than for the public good. But a National Communion based on the parish is for the parish. All have a right to it. Nothing can be more erroneous, or less consistent with the true idea of a National Church, than the notion of some Churchmen that Dissenters have nothing to do with the parish church. They have everything to do with it, save in so far as they themselves reject it; and practical Dissenters at many times have been wise and good friends of national religion, and have only wished, as they believed, to make it purer and better—a perfectly legitimate object of patriotic effort. For any party to identify a national institution with their own views, and unchurch others, is to make of themselves a sect within the National Church. Self-will alone can alienate the right of any member of the nation to belong to the Church of the nation. The good of the parish, and therefore of the people, and not of the mere congregation or any accidental combination of persons, is the end of the parish church; and there is no phase of Christian thought, and no activity of Christian self-sacrifice or devotion, that may not find a home in it, if only they will not make themselves enemies to it.

His literary work did not make much appearance among these agitations, but it was, nevertheless, carried on through all. The year had begun with the appearance of an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on "Kant," of which he writes that "Reeve thinks the 'Kant' quite a *chef-d'œuvre*. I hope he is right." He was continually employed, more or less, in the composition of lectures chiefly on historical and biographical subjects; and "I have been very busy with my 'History of Scotland since 1745,' for which I have been so long preparing," he wrote to his son towards the end of the summer. He enters more fully into literary projects in the following letter:—

To Rev. Dr Dickson. ST ANDREWS, *August* 16, 1882.

I am thinking of a new edition of the 'Leaders of the Reformation,' or rather 'Luther and the other Leaders.' A new edition was arranged for about ten years ago, but I could not be bothered

with it at the time, and the book has been out of print about twenty years. This centenary business has suggested the idea now. You once said, if I mistake not, that you had *marked down* in your copy or somewhere some corrections to make. If you remember anything about them, kindly let me have the corrections. I shall perhaps add a little to the 'Luther'—give some more of his table-talk, &c.; but I shall not otherwise meddle with the volume much.

I have been very busy with a book I have long had in contemplation, and for which I have made many preparations, 'The History of Scotland since the close of the Rebellion of 1745.' I take up the business just where Burton leaves off, as the first volume he published was "From the Revolution to 1748." I enjoy the work immensely; and as I mean to retire from all public work, preaching, &c., entirely, or almost entirely, I hope to finish the first two volumes in the course of eighteen months or so. I have got some of the most difficult parts already written—an elaborate sketch of the state of Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the *political* history after the Rebellion, which I have found very interesting, and will make interesting to others, I believe. The second volume will be entirely a historical review of literature, philosophy, and science. I need hardly speak of more than two just now, but I have *five* sketched out to 1843.

A few months later he acknowledges his obligation to the same friend in respect to the publication of his new edition. "It is such an advantage," he says, "to have your eyes through the whole,—one pair of eyes, or at least eyes like mine, are so apt to slip over things." This was always, as has been frequently stated, one of his dangers, and he never seems to have mastered wholly the minute but mechanical art of correcting the press. The new edition of 'Luther' was published in a pretty volume, dedicated with a touching inscription to his wife, in 1883.

University affairs seem to have presented an aspect more cheerful in the beginning of the winter session. "We have a very good set of fellows this winter," he writes; "twenty-five, eighteen of whom are M.A." The following, however, does not say much for the higher education of Scotland:—

To Rev. Dr Dickson.

Four were rejected; and I hear a good many, and even two M.A.'s, at Edinburgh. This is an extraordinary fact, that a Master of Arts should be rejected because unable to read a simple passage in the Greek Gospel. What does Ramsay say to that? I hope your benches are full, and that they are of good quality.

I may say that M.A. in the Scotch universities is equivalent to the bachelor's degree of the English, and that the professional aim of the majority of Scotch students makes it more wonderful for them than it might be in an accomplished Hellenist to stumble at the Greek of the New Testament.

During the autumn, he made a number of visits in the Highlands, partly to private friends, partly on Church business, preaching here and there in lonely little churches among the wilds, chiefly no doubt to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country houses — sometimes including the highest and most influential names—who came out in bands to hear him. Once he found himself in the same house with a member of the Cabinet, of whom he writes to his wife that, had he good sense enough to talk to the Minister of his own limited income and that allowance to the senior Principal of St Andrews, which had been asked for in vain, it might perhaps be settled in a few minutes. But though he could confront the world for his Church, or for the freedom that was so dear to him, that representation to Mr Childers was more than the Principal felt equal to. Perhaps it might not have been effectual even had he found the courage to make a personal statement. There was a whimsical bond between the two large men thus brought together, in the fact that they had been taken for each other, on the ground of some supposed resemblance; but even this fact (not perhaps quite relished by Tulloch, who hoped he was not quite so bulky as the Chancellor of the Exchequer) did not encourage him to put forth his individual claim. He occupied himself during he course of these visits—though once persuaded to go out

deer-stalking, notwithstanding his protest that he had not touched a rifle for twenty years, and that "loafing" was more in his way—with the corrections of his 'Luther,' of which he writes from among the pleasant hospitalities of Invergarry, a house which he always delighted to visit.

September 4, 1883.

I have been preparing to add to my 'Luther,' getting the different periods of his life into my head with the books I brought with me, so that when I get home I will have little trouble in filling up the gaps I have sketched in, in my mind, and improving the book by adding some thirty or forty pages to it. The volume altogether reads very well, though I say it that should not. It should never have been out of print, which it has been, I fancy, for twenty years; the second edition was published in 1860. I am getting awfully old, as the young ladies say, and must do soon whatsoever my hand findeth to do. I should like to be spared to finish my history. Six years I think would do it, and then I might get old, and draw a pension like Matthew Arnold perhaps. I need not be ashamed to take it now, I think, after him.

These visits concluded with Balmoral, from whence he sends the following very interesting account of a conversation with the Queen:—

To his Wife. *October* 7, 1883.

My sermon seemed to touch her Majesty, and she spoke about it in a long interview with her I had this afternoon. I do not remember when she talked so long and heartily, and a great deal about religion and the mysteries of life, and those who had been taken away from her, and the impossibility, she thought, of any one who had strong affections and formed strong attachments *not* believing in a future life. Also of the mysterious manner in which, on two occasions, lives that were so important to herself had been taken away. The only meaning she could see in the Prince's death, was that he was spared much that would have been very painful to him . . . and yet . . .

The Queen continued talking a long time with interest and spirit, although very gravely. Nothing could be wiser or more sober-minded than her talk.

In the spring of 1884, the Principal came to London to

officiate at the opening of the new church in Pont Street, in connection with the Church of Scotland. The first service held in it upon the 28th March, or rather Principal Tulloch's name as the preacher, seems to have attracted many unusual worshippers in a Presbyterian Church.

To his Wife.

We had a great congregation yesterday. The Dean of Westminster, Canon Fleming, and many others as well. It was really a very interesting service. All went well, I think; a fine church, fine organ, and great heartiness. I somehow was not quite at ease preaching,—all the flurry puts me out. But I preached a College Church sermon, and it was well received, I think. I was not very tired afterwards, but I don't feel very bright to-day. The gloom and cold of the weather are dreadful. As we were leaving the church we met a newsman flourishing his black-bordered paper about in great excitement [containing "the terrible news of Prince Leopold's death," already referred to in the letter]. It seems to have been sadly sudden. I am sorry, not only for the poor Queen and his wife, now a widow, but for Dr Royle his physician. He will be in an awful state, poor man.

A day or two after, he adds on this sad subject: "Poor Queen, how many blows she has had! I have had a sad but very nice letter from Lady Ely, to whom I wrote on Saturday. She says she gave my letter to the Queen, who thanks me very much for kind expressions of sympathy. I see they talk of the Prince's funeral being on Saturday, and I may probably, while at Eton, have an opportunity of offering to the poor young fellow the last tribute of respect." A week after he had that melancholy satisfaction.

ETON, *April* 5, 1884.

The service, I need not say, was solemn and beautiful; but the most touching thing was the sight of the Queen herself, as she came in leaning on the arm of the Princess of Wales. She seemed quite tearless and composed throughout; and I daresay it is true what Duckworth said to me afterwards as we went to the Castle for luncheon, it was what she had been facing for thirty years. The only astonishing thing to most people is that his life had been spared so long.

Notwithstanding this sad interruption, he had various social notes to send, as usual, of all he did and saw.

On the Sunday after the opening of the Pont Street Church, he preached once more, again to a very large assembly, "the church crowded beyond measure." "I said a few words about the poor Prince, which I see are fully reported in the 'Times' this morning." A large collection and generally favourable impression of the new church and its "heartiness" seem to have given him pleasure in the discharge of his duty, notwithstanding the "flurry" which always put him out. But his views of London society in general were as usual not very satisfactory.

To his Wife.

It is a curious place. It never seems to be of any consequence whether you see anybody or not, unless you have really business to do, or "*something to get out of us.*" So I should not stop and dine with Mr —— if I did not wish to see Reeve, to suggest to him giving me M.'s book to do for the 'Edinburgh.' That is the kind of thing London people understand. Any sentiment about the pleasantness of seeing people and making friends seems to them all nonsense. Of course I do not allude to such plain Scotch people as the C.'s, who have really been very unfeignedly and unostentatiously kind.

Matthew Arnold has just come across to say, "Oh, you make me break one of my very strictest rules—never to look at anything of my own once it is printed and off my hands; but I see something of yours beside my paper in the 'Nineteenth Century,' and of course I must read you."

"This is mere bunkum imported from America perhaps," says the Principal, doubting; yet he adds, with something of the fondness of an author, "I daresay he may take a look at the 'Luther'—the paper in question being an article upon the Reformer.

The Principal returned from London just in time for the great festivities and ceremonies attending the celebration of the tercentenary of Edinburgh University. It was complicated for him as usual with various forms of business, one of them apparently an examination of ladies for the new

degree lately instituted at St Andrews for women.[1] He had held a similar examination in London in the previous month, in one of the rooms of the London University, of which he wrote that "there have been about twenty-five would-be girl graduates here to-day," though only nine remained before the close of the examination. "I have a companion—one of Mr Knight's ladies who superintend examinations—who is very agreeable." He then added, "There is one young creature among the candidates before me now about Amy's age; but generally they are neither young nor pretty." Whether the

[1] The question of the higher education for women seems to have been taken up in St Andrews before any other University had thought of doing anything but resist and condemn that movement. The beginning, I am informed, of this was in 1862, when a lady presented herself among the students who came to matriculate, in the beginning of the session, without any warning to the authorities or preliminary elevation of a feminine banner, in all quietness and discreetness, asking admission to the medical classes. "The learned authorities then ruling were completely at a loss," says the record from which I quote, a little volume lately published in St Andrews. "The difficulty threatened to be serious, until Dr Day, the Professor of Anatomy and Medicine, generously volunteered to give private instruction to the lady." This first student—one of those quiet women who attain their object without that blowing of trumpets which is supposed to accompany feminine efforts—was, I believe, the first female physician who has ever practised in England—Mrs Garrett Anderson. Work so serious and genuine as hers probably acted with good effect in impressing upon the small University the fact that the movement was really serious, and not one of the inexhaustible vagaries of fashion; and a few years later, various series of lectures for women were set on foot in St Andrews by the different professors, and a St Andrews Educational Institute came into being. In 1877, the University, "seeing the readiness with which all over the country women availed themselves of their new educational opportunities," came forward, and, first of all the Universities, set the example of giving a diploma to women by founding the L.L.A. degree. "Between 1877 and 1886," continues the little history from which I quote, "11,059 have entered for the various examinations, of whom a large proportion have passed and many have taken honours." What the meaning of those "somewhat mystic letters" may be, I do not pretend to say. The large and flourishing girls' school at St Andrews, now called St Leonard's School, in which the Principal always took a great interest, acting as the chairman of the council which undertook its management, and giving much personal care and thought to its work, was also founded in 1877. It has since that time more than doubled its numbers, and taken an important place among the new institutions for the education of girls.

Edinburgh ladies were better than the London ones in this respect we are not informed; but in the records of the busy day of the tercentenary celebration, he writes, "Ladies at 10, service in St Giles's at 11, luncheon with Judicial Faculty at 1.30," and so on, showing how full of occupations his time was.

> The service at St Giles's was very grand and impressive; but of Dr Flint's sermon I did not hear a word from where I was sitting, with the other Queen's chaplains as clergy of the Cathedral. . . . The conversazione last night was a fearful crush; but the torch-light processions very fine. . . . I have just come from Professor M.'s, where I was asked to meet Browning and Count Saffi. The state of crowding in the room was frightful, and I saw Browning merely as I see him constantly at the Athenæum. I came away as soon as I could. What is the use of asking twice as many people—three times as many—as the rooms will hold!

Here, again, the "flurry" disturbed Principal Tulloch's mind. He always felt himself out of place in it, and a sort of uneasy sense of forming part of a pageant that was exotic, and did not belong either to the habits or the temper of the place, was no doubt in his mind all the time,—for the Queen's chaplains, though most dignified and excellent in their national and very different way, were not, of course, "clergy of the Cathedral," and in their black Geneva gowns would not be so successful even in an artistic point of view as the canons in their white surplices would have been.

He writes on the same subject a few days later, that the "graduation was a splendid affair. Both Caird and I were well received; but M. Pasteur, a famous microscopist, and M. de Lesseps, the Suez Canal man, and some other foreigners received a wonderful ovation." I forget whether it was at the same period that he met in Edinburgh Mr John Morley, about whom there is an amusing note. "John Morley is very pleasant," he writes, "and as little like an atheist and Radical as possible: rather like a Dissenting minister." I fear that right honourable gentleman will scarcely admire the classification. The Principal repeats in another letter the

information that "Caird and I were particularly well received," which is pleasant at any rate. But there was "much hurry and a constant crowd," which never failed to fret him. "I have been obliged to snatch an hour here to go on with my proof," he writes; "the misery of such work in the midst of bustle no tongue can tell."

In addition to his other occupations, he had now a certain amount of additional work as one of the lecturers at St Giles's, where, according to a recent institution, a series of lectures by the most eminent men in the Church, upon religio-historical subjects, had lately been instituted, to be delivered upon Sunday afternoons. "If Sunday were over and the following Sunday at Dundee, I shall have rest and peace for a little," he writes, in respect to these lectures, some of which were repeated in different towns. There is an evident increase from this time in the longing that was always in his mind for rest and peace. He pauses continually in his letters from various places to say something of the heavenly quiet of the country, to repeat his conviction that it was for a rural life he was intended, and to speculate whether, all strain of work over, he might not retire somewhere, now to Dunkeld, now to some mild upland near Eton, now to a wilder hillside in the Highlands, or the top of a Devonshire combe, with his wife, he and she alone, or with the dear "Henny," the youngest child, growing up like a flower beside them, who was not to be learned, or too clever, or think of Girton, but only grow up cheerful and bright, to be the joy of her parents' later years. Perhaps at sixty, when the reality of age has been touched, without as yet much consciousness of its infirmities, nothing is more delightful, while still a little amusing and pleasantly unreal, than such a dream.

In summer the Principal was in London once more, and again busied with another reproduction of the everlasting University Bill, which was at once the faint hope and the

perpetual nightmare of the Scotch Universities. Various annoyances and contrarieties in respect to the constitution and statements of an unusually large deputation seem to have complicated matters; and he breathes with a sigh the anxious but not very sanguine aspiration, "I hope the bill may get through, and bring matters to some better state." This, however, was not to be in his time; the long debate is going on still, and does not yet, so far as I am aware, show any signs of speedy settlement.

I may take this opportunity to sum up the points upon which the Principal was specially interested, and which he had several times put forth over again in the course of this latter year. The great need of a preliminary or matriculation examination; the expediency of a general Court and common examination for degrees, so that graduation should have "a distinctly national rather than a provincial significance;" and such rearrangement of the Theological Faculties as should permit the appointment of professors not necessarily belonging to the Established Church,—such a proposal as I suppose no Churchman ever made before,—had been the subject of his College addresses and other public discourses on various occasions. In 1882 he delivered at St Mary's an address, going fully into the question of Scottish education, with a review of the changes effected by the Education Bill of 1872, and the subsequent work of the board of which he had been a member—and a full statement of the satisfactory conditions of the public schools of Scotland at the latter date. This fundamental basis had been, in the Principal's opinion, successfully relaid: but the secondary schools of Scotland had never been in an equally satisfactory condition, and the link between school and university training thus left always imperfect.

Our public schools being fully organised, and our secondary schools about to be organised, it seems to follow as a matter of course that our university system must undergo changes adapted

to the new order of things. Every one knows that the want of adequate secondary instruction has been long pled as a reason for our universities continuing to give such instruction, even in its rudiments. I do not myself recognise the force of the plea, at least to the extent to which it has been urged. Our universities, I think, should long have rid themselves of the discreditable imputation of teaching lads the rudiments of learning; and strangely enough, I found, in going over Bower's 'History of the University of Edinburgh' for another purpose lately, that the imputation was made against them so long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century. Our universities, in my opinion, have never been properly or even necessarily employed in secondary school work. On the contrary, the history of Scottish education would show that they have largely usurped this work, against the urgent remonstrance, in many cases, of our grammar-school masters. But with the immediate prospect now before us, there can be no further excuse for continuing a task which they should never have undertaken; and I cannot doubt that before a few years are past we will find the teaching in the junior classes of our universities more clearly marked off than at present from grammar-school teaching, and no student allowed to enter on a regular curriculum in Arts with a view to graduation without being found qualified to do so. There may at length be said to be practical unanimity on this point; and the discussions of last year have undoubtedly contributed to force opinion on this question in quarters where it most needed ripening.

This standing evil in the constitution of the Scotch universities, leading to overgrown classes, crowded with incompetent students, to whom it was impossible that any professor could supply alone anything like efficient instruction; the "frequency with which many of our most distinguished graduates pass to the English universities to begin over again their academic studies," involving a "lack of attractive force on the part of our own universities;" and other defects in the Scotch system as applied to modern wants, Principal Tulloch enters into with much force and clearness. But he concludes that "the means for securing in any adequate measure" a reform of their defects could "only come from an executive commission dealing comprehensively with the whole subject." The point upon which he insists last, and

with most energy, is that which specially concerns his own sphere.

There are many things, besides, urgently needing reorganisation —such as enlarging and diversifying the courses for the degree in Arts, upon which I dwelt last year; a definite organisation of summer work in all our universities; some combination and re-arrangement at least of the Divinity Faculties. I could say much on this latter subject, which more immediately comes within my province; but the subject is one which would require a lecture in itself, and I cannot take it up now. I need only say that I adhere to the views which I expressed so far back as 1858, in a letter addressed to the University Commissioners of that time, that the theological chairs in our universities should be opened up to all Protestant denominations in Scotland. Had they been taken up at an earlier period, they would in some respects have been found more practicable than now. As a step of liberal reform, they were really more called for then. For the progress of the scientific spirit in theology, as in everything else, has been so steady during the last twenty years, that the question of denomination can hardly be said to have any bearing upon it. If I could say in 1858 that, "so far as my own teaching was concerned," a student of any denomination would receive whatever was good in it without his denominational consciousness being touched at any point, I can say this still more completely now. I have myself in the study of theology so entirely outgrown all denominational interests, that I hardly know what they mean in connection with the subject. Everything of the kind disappears before the scientific spirit, which grows year by year in every professor who continues a living worker in his subject. It is only the identification of the sphere of what is called "orthodoxy," or party opinion, with the sphere of science, that has given rise to so much confusion on this subject. The scientific theologian has no more to do with parties in theology than the scientific chemist or naturalist has to do with parties in chemistry or in natural history. Both may examine, and are bound to examine, rival theories or hypotheses presented to them, and adjudicate between them if they think right; but the great facts and verified generalisations of the science of theology remain often as untouched by conflicting theories as the truths of any other science.

The conclusion of this address, which may be taken as the Principal's last words on a subject which had occupied so much of his thoughts for the greater part of his life, is very

dignified and touching. He was a man still unimpaired in any faculty by age, and with every appearance of many years of work still before him. But in fact the end of his course was near. The address from which I have quoted is dated 1882; he lived only to fulfil two additional sessions of his work at St Mary's, falling in the midst of his last winter's work like a soldier on the field of battle.

And I may say this with the more clear and unprejudiced intelligence, that one whose connection with these Faculties has now extended to near the full period for which our universities can well demand the services of any worker, can have no personal interest in changes here or elsewhere. University reform in any direction must be very impersonal to any such one. But this can make no difference in the deep convictions with which I urge now, as I have always urged, that our universities should be placed on a footing more worthy of their ancient name, and more fitted to extend their reputation and usefulness.

Of our special interests in St Andrews I have not spoken, because all has been said on this subject already that could well be said wisely. Our case is now fully before the Government and the country. And it is matter of sincere congratulation, that whatever individual professors may have suffered in the sort of crisis in which we have been, the University, as a teaching institute, has not suffered in its efficiency. It is as full of educational life and health as it ever was; and now, drawing to the close of the fifth century of its existence, it is at present as much as ever "incontestably doing a national work in many ways."

It seems unnecessary to add anything after this conclusion, but I may say that in the course of the year 1883 the Principal reprinted a letter addressed by him to the University Commissioners in 1858, shortly after his appointment to St Mary's, as very "applicable to the new crisis which has arisen regarding the Theological Faculties," and once more, with much earnestness, repeated his recommendation that the theological, like the other chairs in the Scotch universities, should be released from all religious tests, and appointments made in them, as in all other cases, from the best men wheresoever found. I confess that my own mind does not

quite attain to the height of his argument in this respect; but it is indispensable that a conviction which was so strong in his mind, and so often repeated, held with equal warmth in 1883 and in 1858, after an interval of twenty-five years spent in the study and teaching of theology, should be fully stated here.

I need quote little from the autumn round of visits which the Principal began to make with less zest than usual, only brightening up, as has been said, to think of some house upon a wind-swept hill which might be good for his wife's asthma, or village manse, or rural parsonage, in which it might be sweet to end their days together. In the Highlands there was nothing to be heard of but Mr Gladstone's triumphal progress, and the fictitious devotion of the people everywhere. That such a cheap enthusiasm should make the Queen "less careful of the notice and applause of the multitudes" was what the Principal feared; while he was himself much irritated and annoyed to hear that the Premier, who encouraged and accepted these demonstrations "as never Premier did before," had, contrary to his pledge not to hear one side without hearing the other, received a deputation from the Disestablishment party. "It was *mean* of him," says the disgusted champion of the Church, who thought the *quasi* royal progress "very vulgar-minded," as well as in very bad taste. When he was brought into direct contact with the hero of these ovations some days later, his commentary was no doubt sharpened by these causes of offence.

September 17, 1884.

"The weather is perfectly lovely here to-day, and Mr Gladstone has been planting a tree—not cutting one down. It is really amusing the kind of incense offered to him. It does not excite respect, although I daresay it is genuine. I had a talk with him last night, and this morning I had the amusement of sitting next Mrs ——, who can hardly say a dozen words without introducing his name. There is really an absurd simplicity or want of humour

about it. "He is so simple," this is the "noble feature of his character." *Sancta simplicitas!* is all one can say. If he is simple, who is double? But really I must not mock.

The winter session again opened with larger numbers in the classes than usual, which gave Principal Tulloch pleasure. "I have more students than I have had for seventeen years," he wrote to Dr Dickson,—"not many, after all, as you reckon —thirty-one; but I am thankful, and hardly wish for more." He adds that the multiplication of papers to correct, "which is the only part of my work which I dislike," is the drawback to this encouraging influx. "What fellows like Ramsay do, with three or four hundred students, passes all my comprehension." There had been various interchanges of controversy on this subject for some time. Classes of three or four hundred might indeed strike any beholder with amazement and wonder, as to how many could be really instructed, or in what degree; and the Principal had perhaps a little feeling against the vigorous and prosperous "University in the West," which had, with a sentiment more akin to a noisy, bustling, and rich community, such as that amid which it was placed, than to the homes of reflection in the philosophical retirement of St Andrews, opposed many of his principles, and afforded what he thought a lukewarm support to many of his schemes both for the Church and for the university system of Scotland. It was not, perhaps, wonderful, that the sense of wealth, which sometimes is a little overbearing, and the sense of numbers, which is more overbearing still, should have piqued a little the ancient, poor, and limited University, which had to carry on a struggle for life between restricted means on one hand, and small numbers on the other. But, as a matter of fact, there can be little doubt that if the St Andrews classes were small, the enormous congregations of young men who multiply fees, and make professorships at Edinburgh and Glasgow a temptation to scholars, who come to the northern universities as to a pro-

fitable exile, to be escaped from as soon as possible, were a good deal too large for the advantage of the students. This beholding, the Principal's heart was apt to burn within him, and not altogether without cause.

During this year the Principal was busy with the preparation of various chapters in literary history, some intended for the St Giles' Lectures, and delivered within the walls of that fine old church; some published in magazines and reviews. During the holiday season, which at this time I was almost invariably in the habit of spending in St Andrews, it was pleasant to meet him of a morning in those fresh cool summer days of the North, strolling about the court of his old College, with a volume of Coleridge under his arm—and easy to divine by that, and by the return of that subject from time to time in his conversation, that the long summer vacation was to be occupied by some study of the poet-philosopher, for whom he had always entertained a great veneration. None of the hurry of modern criticism was about this pleasant work. Everything in the Principal's air and always delightful talk was full of leisure and pleasant thoughtfulness, and that long musing over a congenial subject which belonged rather to the past than the present methods of work and life. His very step, large, soft, and stately, as he crossed the little quadrangle—perhaps to sit in the sun under the mossed apple-trees of the old garden, perhaps to take a meditative turn along the Walk, not without some leisurely observation in the midst of his thoughts of the growth of the trees he had planted, perhaps to go up to the College library and consult some authority there—had in it something of the leisure of the long summer holiday, disturbed by no compulsory work, and leaving room for those gentle studies of predilection which are more recreative than any amusement. It was such work as the imagination would wish to see a beloved friend engaged in, making sweet the last of his vacations. The train of thought thus begun grew, according to the construction of

the Principal's mind and intellectual habits, into a series of studies, in which, starting from Coleridge, he followed the influences and system of the new philosophy through all the varieties of tendency which new and individual thinkers imparted to it, till the cycle was more or less complete, and a new beginning threw that school of reflective theologians into the shade. He was never more in his element than in tracing out the progress of those streams and rivulets of thought. In this period there was to him a special charm; for the men of whom he had to treat were men who had influenced his own early development, and helped to shape the intellect which now found a delightful and congenial work in describing and analysing theirs. His understanding and sympathies were at one in the theme, as he unfolded before his hearers the dreamy breadth of thinking—a great and stately river fertilising an entire country—of the Highgate philosopher; and placed before their eyes the venerable figure of Erskine, the rugged force of Carlyle, the men of the High Church and the Broad, Newman and Maurice, Mill and Kingsley, the most widely differing, the sacerdotalist and the secularist. Work of so high a tone is seldom put before a popular audience.

This last series, afterwards completed and published under the title of 'Movements of Religious Thought,' contains some of his finest and most thoughtful work, and the mellowed and gentle tone which was more or less in all his productions is even more remarkable here: a perfect tolerance, a mild justice undisturbed by any mental disagreement, breathes through every page. To myself there is a special interest in the little volume and all its associations, which the reader, I am sure, will understand. Some floating thread of association with former times had led the Principal to think of conversations long past, in which his kind imagination allotted to me a larger share than my own memory can claim or believe in. But though his interlocutor had probably done little more

than assent to what he himself said in that deeply prized and delightful intercourse, it was no less touching that his mind had recurred to the early records of a long and faithful friendship at such a moment. That he should have thought of dedicating this beautiful little book, which was to be his last, to me, was in itself a singular and surprising pleasure; and though the honour was not felt to be deserved, it was all the more valuable as due to the better name of a brotherly kindness. This was the subject of the last letters which passed between us, the end of a correspondence full of an almost domestic closeness of sympathy, which had made for years the children of one family almost like members of the other, and united the elders in memories of pleasure and of sorrow more strong and enduring than even the ties of blood.

The digression has been a long one, but I hope may be pardoned. The Principal came over from his home and College work with some reluctance in the dark wintry days, when the crossing of the gloomy Firth could no longer call from him dithyrambs of morning gladness and freshness, to deliver now and then one of these St Giles's Lectures. Here is his description of one of them:—

EDINBURGH, *November* 16.

I have got my first lecture over—a very hard task of an hour and a quarter, without drawing breath, except to sip a little water, and yet I omitted a good deal. I had a very good, and, in quality, brilliant audience—Sir A. Grant, &c., &c., including Dr Hatch, a great Oxford divine of the Liberal school. The lecture was interesting, I think, and the people seemed to attend all the time, which is certainly a strain upon the attention. I once thought I caught a glimpse of a good old lady asleep, or seemingly so. And no wonder. What could she care for Coleridge and his school? I had happily a long walk in the country from twelve o'clock to nearly two, which put me in good fettle for the lecture. It has been a most lovely day here for November.

Very shortly after the period of this lecture at which he is named as being present, Sir Alexander Grant, the Principal

of Edinburgh University, died very suddenly, leaving universal regret behind him. The post which was thus left vacant was not one which it was easy to fill. It was more prominent in the eye of the world, more important and influential, as being at the head of a much larger university than the similar post in St Andrews, and many of Principal Tulloch's friends were anxious to see him transferred to the metropolis, where his personal influence and power might be exercised in a larger sphere, and without the contracting limits of a small community. Proposals were accordingly made to him from several quarters, of which he gives an account as follows:—

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. St Andrews, *December* 6, 1884.

A great many people, from Phin to Sir Lyon Playfair, Professor Laurie, Dr Honey, &c., have been at me about Edinburgh; but I do not intend to do anything at present at least. There are a good many sides to the question, even if the place were in my power. I have no wish to leave St Andrews, and nobody at St Mary's has any wish to do so. I know the worst as well as the best of my work here; and teaching has always been, when I am well, a pleasure even when I am most busy with other things. It is hard work during the winters, that is all. My income is now enough for my wants, and I would certainly not be richer in Edinburgh even with the additional income there. The position is a great one, no doubt; but it has great responsibilities, and no one can fill it in some respects as well as Grant did. Poor man! I walked up with him and Lady Grant to my first lecture at St Giles's, and he was so nice, and spoke so nicely about the service at St Giles's. I do not know when I had a greater shock than hearing of his death. His illness had been kept very quiet, and no one knew of it. He was a good friend in the old days here, and I had seen much of him when we were members of the Education Board together. If Sir Lyon Playfair or Sir W. Thomson would have taken the position, I fancy the curators would have been glad to get either of them; but neither will think of it. I shall wait. If my friend Lord Kinnear or any other of the curators should hint the propriety of my coming forward, I may come—not otherwise. I should require, in a more real sense than M—— of Greenock, to have *something of a call*, before I should consent to leave St Andrews.

There are several letters on the same subject to Dr Phin, who was one of those who urged this step most warmly upon Principal Tulloch.

University, St Andrews,
December 10, 1884.

My thoughts have been very mixed about Edinburgh. Of course I should go, and I should apply, if I felt at all sure that my application would be likely to be successful. But honestly, I have little or no wish to go, for my own comfort or advantage, and none of my family care for it. We have been so long accustomed to this place, that they never think of any other as their home. And with all that has been said of Grant, it will not be easy to supply his place. More than all, however, I have the feeling that if a satisfactory layman should turn up—Sir Francis Sandford is the last I have heard mentioned—he will be the man, and "no cleric need apply" will be virtually the decision of the curators, I have a strong conviction. But probably on Monday next, when I am in Edinburgh, I shall see my old friend the Provost, and have a talk with him on the subject. I think it is better to see him than any of the curators representing the University, as he is more likely to know whether the feeling for a layman is likely to be irresistible. It was natural for many of my friends to think of me at first (you would be astonished at the number of kind communications I have had on the subject); but somehow I cannot help thinking that even with men like our friend T. G. Murray, the feeling for a layman will grow, unless it prove impossible to get one, and I shall on no account "enter the lists," as the 'Courant' talks of, merely to be set aside as a clergyman. I am sure you will sympathise with this feeling.

The negotiation went on for some time longer, and I find the Principal, on the 30th December, so far moved as to take notice of the charge of being "impetuous and high-handed" in the St Andrews Senatus, which some unfriend had suggested. "I have no doubt had at times to govern with a somewhat *high* hand," he says, "otherwise there would have been no government at all, owing to the great lack of business habits and the curious intrigues that have sometimes prevailed;" but he refers his correspondent to various gentlemen, members of the University Court, who can prove the real incorrectness of such a suggestion. This is the only little spark of sentiment elicited by the matter,

and it died away without ever coming to any practical issue —the Principal's feeling on the subject never being more than that of a man who sees a higher position open to him which it is a kind of duty to aspire to, but for which he has no wish. He was too completely associated with St Andrews to make any transplantation possible.

The appointment was still undecided, and held a certain doubtfulness in the air when he was again in Edinburgh in January of the new year, 1885. He had passed the previous evening, he says, "not unpleasantly" among "a company of students and maidens" got together by his friend Dr Phin, and on New Year's Day preached in the old cathedral, with all its new restorations and decorations, "embarrassed a little by want of light, and by the strangeness of all the St Giles's arrangements and ceremonies."

"I was a little tired afterwards, not having slept very well, but *not* having my headache," he adds, significantly. He had, ever since his recovery from his severe illness in 1881, suffered, as has been noted, from headaches, which were sometimes pronounced neuralgic and sometimes bilious, but which no medical ministrations seemed able to put away. By the beginning of this year it had become "my headache," a persistent and wearing accompaniment to his life.

The last of the fifth series of the St Giles's Lectures was delivered in the end of March. They had attracted the greatest interest in Edinburgh, and had throughout been a labour of love to himself. "Glad yet sorry to be done," he writes, after the last was over:—

EDINBURGH, *March* 29, 1885.

The lectures seemed to have attracted many people; and they listened to-day to all about F. Robertson more intently than ever. The last about Bishop Ewing, &c., was a little of a drag after Robertson.

Blackie was dining with us last night, and singing Jenny Geddes and what she did with her stool, *with a row dow dow*, to the great amusement of the boys. He is a wonderful old cock.

The conclusion of this series was but one of the many windings-up of this year. Without knowing it, he had begun his preparation for the rest that awaited him. The constant reference to "my headache," which grew more oppressive instead of lightening, continues through all his letters: to be for a day free from it was much—it made the world appear a different thing. Though there is no evidence that he considered it a sign of any approaching danger, or indeed that he thought of any disease at all except that deeply afflictive and mysterious one from which he had already suffered, he yet felt his strength, or rather his inclination, less and less for his work, and wandered off whenever he could to the country,—to Polkemmet, where his kind friends were always glad to see him, to the Highland manses and castles. His letters are no longer full of the throb and movement of actual life; even from the table of the General Assembly, though the bulletins of progress were still sent, there was little in them of public work or excitement. Though he was still in the heat and impetus of a great national struggle of which he was almost the most prominent leader, the fire no longer blazed as of old in his heart. Longings for home and quiet break in continually; an ever-growing desire for country life and all its tranquil pleasures. Without being aware of it himself, he seems to have begun to break one by one the threads of the many undertakings that bound him to the world. It was Dr Chalmers, I think, who called the decade between sixty and seventy the Sabbath of life, and hoped for himself that he might be able to enjoy it at rest from work, and amid tranquillity and peace. Tulloch, too, seems to have felt, though he did not speak of, a desire for the calm of this sabbatical period. He had worked much and long, and he was weary. And desire began to fail. Ambition and the love to please, which had been so strong in him, and the sense of leadership and power, and even the impulses of literary work, all seemed to give

way to the longing for rest. Such passages as the following occur continually in the records of this last year. It was written from Corrie, in the island of Arran, whither he had gone more for the health of a daughter than for his own:—

> I feel a different being to-day—the soft sweet air of this place having apparently driven my headache away; but I must not boast till I am out of the wood. . . . I have seen a great many sites for a cottage, of course, and planned the whole thing in my head; but I do this wherever I go: the amusement is innocent enough. The air is certainly sweet beyond description, and one feels a new creature in such a sweet-scented atmosphere, with the great hills behind, and the grass so soft and flowery, and the fishermen so utterly lazy. Nobody seems to do anything — as idle as the clubmen at St Andrews, which is saying a good deal. F. and I have been loafing about all morning, and we mean to drive to Loch Ranza—although, as the old Highlanders say, "it will be showers"; but the rain is as soft here as the air, and does no harm.

There was, however, one supreme effort to make before the longed-for quiet could be allowed, if ever, to settle down upon the waning life. The General Assembly of 1885 was one of great importance to the Church. The dangers surrounding her from her many assailants had gradually become more and more apparent to the perceptions of Scotch Churchmen—perhaps in consequence of the violence of controversy on the other side, and the constant and exasperating misstatements of her position which were repeated on all hands. For some years, as has been seen, the Church herself had been awakening to the necessity of self-defence; and the Church Interests Committee in her own bosom, of which Principal Tulloch was, according to Scotch phraseology, convener, and in every respect the leading spirit, had been carrying on its work, keeping a vigilant watch over all steps taken by the supporters of Disestablishment, and at the same time taking the field on its own side in various spirited

literary efforts. The attempt to form a general association of laymen to make a stand, politically, against any attack, had not, as yet, been equally successful; but a strong feeling had been raised on the subject. And when Mr Dick Peddie's bill, after long threatening, was finally brought forward in Parliament, the Church Interests Committee, exasperated by the perpetual attempts to stigmatise the Church of Scotland as the Church of the minority, made a bold and sudden effort to enlighten public opinion on this point. The thing was done so promptly and effectively that both friends and foes were taken by surprise. The Committee issued an address to all the parishes, recommending the immediate preparation everywhere of petitions against the bill. The time was short, and the country unexpectant of any such call; but it was so generally and rapidly obeyed, that within a period of six weeks as many as 1192 petitions, with 649,881 signatures, were sent from Scotland to the House of Commons. An answering effort promoted by the opposition party produced but 92 petitions, with 1655 signatures; so that this partial and imperfect plebiscite (as I find it called in the newspapers of the day) had been very decisive as to the general opinion of Scotland on this important question. So strong a step upon both sides had naturally called forth much excitement in the country, and the meeting of the Assembly (or of the Assemblies, for it is the evil fortune of Scotland to have two ecclesiastical parliaments sitting at the same time in her capital) was regarded with much eager expectation and curiosity. I may quote, on this point, the remarks of the 'Scotsman,' long the leading paper among Scotch newspapers—a vigorous and powerful if sometimes slightly rough and overbearing organ of public opinion. Its habit of treating ecclesiastical matters (the importance of which no Scotch newspaper can ignore) with a harsh condescension or burly arrogance, the traditional manner of the old Whig towards the Church, will not escape the reader.

In the issue of May 21, 1885, the 'Scotsman' approached the subject with the jaunty disdain of its usual accost — inquiring what would be the temper in which the General Assemblies might be expected to meet: "Are they to be stormy or peaceful? Will fierce blasts of clerical and ecclesiastical bitterness rage through them, or will they show that even in the government of the Presbyterian Church brotherly love and toleration can prevail?" and adding the usual counsel which the layman, from the superiority of his good sense and calmer judgment, is so fond of affording to the Church: "Let them keep their eyes steadfastly upon their proper work, that which has for its object to comfort the sick, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, &c." The following statement, however, may suffice to show what, in the judgment of men of the world, was the aspect of the crisis:—

> This caution is all the more necessary, because there has been of late a severe attack in the Churches of what may be called political blood-poisoning. The virus has been injected by several hands, and it has produced symptoms akin to madness. It is scarcely necessary to say that the poison comes from Disestablishment proposals. Mr Dick Peddie's bill has been the immediate cause of the mischief. He congratulates himself that, although there is not now a chance of his bill getting a hearing in the House of Commons this session, it has made Disestablishment a test question at the next general election. The wish is doubtless father to the thought; but Mr Peddie will be right if the General Assemblies push Disestablishment to the front. It need not be questioned that Mr Peddie has had, so far, even more success than he could have hoped for. Established Churchmen have rushed into action because of his bill, and they have had a success which seems to have surprised them. Why should it have had such an effect? The slightest observation must have convinced any one that the policy and procedure of the Free Church Disestablishers and their allies during the last few years were making Disestablishment offensive to the great mass of the public. We have ventured to assert that this would be, and was, the case, and we have been stoned for making the assertion. Yet the fact is now plain enough. Disestablishment could not be made acceptable to the people when it was presented, not as a wise and safe political principle, but as

a shabby ecclesiastical expedient. Honest men do not care to associate themselves with a movement which looks like an attempt on the part of one whose business is failing to pull down another whose business is prospering exceedingly. Whatever else the Church petitions have shown, they have demonstrated that these views have influenced the great majority of the people. It is all very well to sneer at the petitions—to say that they have been manufactured, and that signatures have been got by false pretences. These are the sins of all petitions: those who make the accusations have had a good deal of experience in petition-making; they know the tricks of the trade. But they will not persuade people of common-sense that the petitions are worthless as evidence of the hold which the Church has upon the country. Nor can they hide from themselves the plain fact that their movement for Disestablishment has had much to do with that state of things. But just in proportion as the defenders of the Church ought to have known what is the true state of matters, they ought to have been careful not to take a step which could push their institution into the arena of politics. They have forgotten this, and in their eagerness to demonstrate their strength they have overlooked the fact that they have challenged examination of their position on other grounds than those of the Rainy crusade. This is not a result which those of us who believe in the desirableness of Disestablishment on political grounds have any reason to regret, but it is a result which ardent and honest Churchmen cannot have desired.

The Church of Scotland did not take the advice of the 'Scotsman,' but the 'Scotsman's' account of the position of affairs is better than any statement that could come from the Church, as being beyond any suspicion of partiality. The Assembly was, no doubt, exhilarated by the confidence which such a position naturally brings, and in the satisfaction of knowing that the sympathies of the people were once more fully on the side of the Church, felt that nothing was so expedient or so important as to establish this fact beyond the reach of controversy. The allusions that occur now and then in the speeches of the ecclesiastical parliament to certain leaders of their opponents, or to the spirit in which these opponents acted, were few considering the heat of the controversy: and nothing could be less uncharitable or intol-

erant than the general tone of the discussion which arose when Principal Tulloch laid the report of his Committee on the table, and described to the Assembly the recent events in which it had been the chief actor. The house had filled in every part to hear his speech. Not only was the matter of the highest importance, and the orator one of the first of living Scotsmen, but there was something in the thrill of a general triumph, and the sense of a great national occasion, which inspired everybody and produced just that necessary sympathy in the audience which is the life of the speaker. In that Assembly Tulloch had been contradicted, opposed, and blamed for many a day; but the expression of popular feeling, which showed how entirely the old Church had righted herself and recovered her national position, was at the same time the highest expression of approval and enthusiasm for those who had manfully worked for this end through all discouragement and opprobrium. The verdict which pronounced for the Church above all competitors, pronounced also triumphantly for Tulloch and the new methods, for the party led by him, and the movements which he had helped to inspire and direct. The revived sentiment of faithfulness, the renewed honour and approbation with which the nation acknowledged its spiritual leaders, were owing perhaps more to him than to any other living individual. His most famous brethren who had worked with him were gone, but he remained; and the triumph of the Church was for him more than any other man a personal triumph. Whether there was any prevision in the minds of the large and enthusiastic assembly that this might be for him the last time, I cannot tell. Such previsions are in the air, they are not said, they belong to those impressions of which we never speak till they are proved true or false. And there was no dying fall in the utterances which filled the Assembly Hall with enthusiasm and encouragement. But it was at the same time the last public effort of Principal Tulloch's life.

He rose to present his report amid a welcoming uproar of applause. The Assembly is a grave one, but there are many young men and many enthusiasts in its ranks, and the cheers are as hearty as in any secular gathering. His speech opened with some comments upon the contents of the paper on the table, and "the unexampled success" with which the effort of the Church Interests Committee had been attended—a success which they themselves had hardly anticipated. "It was impossible," he added, "to say too strongly how spontaneous, and how prompt and how ready the response had been to the invitation of the Committee. In many cases where there was hesitation on the part of the minister and kirk-session, the people took the matter up themselves, and some of the largest petitions sent up against the bill had come from those places. This was not a clerical movement in any sense. It had not been owing to the action of the clergy; but the petitions, signed practically by 650,000 people, had been laid on the table of the House of Commons under an impulse of as spontaneous, I would say democratic, a movement as ever took place in this country." The Principal then proceeded, after these explanations, to comment upon the objections raised against the defensive attitude, and to set forth the position and policy of the Church.

It is the boast of the Church of Scotland—and it is true of the Church of Scotland, whatever may be said to the contrary—that it knows no party political distinctions. It is largely composed of Liberals as well as Conservatives; and not only so, but especially of late years men who are known in the world of politics as Liberals are among the most enthusiastic, not only in their devotion to the Church, but in their active interest in and participation of the work of the Church. Of all the misstatements deliberately circulated, there is none less true than that the Church of Scotland is merely an agency on the side of Conservatism. There may have been a time when it was this—a time in which some of those who are amongst the most active opponents of the Church now were in their hey-day, and men who are now blatant on Disestablishment platforms were parliamentary candidates in the Conservative interest. I am not speaking of the past. I am

speaking of the Church of Scotland as it is now; and I venture to say that there are not more intelligent or even influential Liberals (if they chose to exert their influence) in Scotland than many who belong to the Church of Scotland and are warmly attached to it. It is not only the instinct, but it has appeared to be the duty of such Liberal Churchmen, to let the question of the Church alone. They have no wish to stir it—they never have had any such wish. If they have moved at all, they have moved, not from any wish to move, but because they have been assailed, and the Church which they love has been assailed, by poisoned weapons—by the most gross and continued misrepresentations, exposed over and over again, but still repeated. I am perfectly sure of this, that there is nothing all Liberal Churchmen desire more than that the Church question be let alone as a factor in politics; and that if it be true, as we are constantly told, that what is called "religious equality," and the consequent abolition of National Churches, be a necessary outcome of Liberal principles, time shall be given to show this. If Disestablishment be a true child of Liberalism, it has been a late child, and quite unexpected by the great fathers of Liberal thought in this country. I hope it may not prove to be the child of its old age. But if it be a true child at all, surely it should be allowed time for growth and development. It is not fair to such a weakling to intrude it upon the world, and make it the arbiter of national destinies, before it has grown, and people have been able to recognise its paternity. . . . If we do not move to the front we shall soon be moved from behind. In every case in which the Church has spoken out or taken active steps on its own behalf, it has been in answer to definite aggression. And this aggression has now become so marked, it is moved so persistently by wires stretching towards a common centre, great not in intelligence but in that blind motive power that comes from sectarian ambition, that it is impossible in my opinion merely to say that we do not care for it. So long as aggression is merely intellectual or moral, it may be let alone or merely met in the field of fair argument. But when it calls, as we believe, unrighteous force into the field, and seems resolved to have a great question settled, not on its merits, but by party manœuvres, it seems to me that the time for a policy of inaction is gone. But what of a policy of conciliation? If there were much to say for a policy of inaction so long as circumstances admitted of it, a policy of conciliation has attractions surely for all good men who mourn over the divisions of Presbyterian Scotland. I do not envy the mind to which such a policy has no attraction; and many I know, perhaps the most really Christian people, everywhere mourn that it should seem so difficult to bring Christian

people—Christian Churches—together that seem so little separated in principle and government. I mourn myself deeply over the difficulty. I wonder at it; and although I cannot say, like Lord Salisbury, I do not understand, yet I confess it must be difficult of understanding to any who have not grown up in a Scottish atmosphere, and gathered by experience some real perception of the long-inherited differences that have lain on Scottish Presbyterianism from the first. There can be no doubt, therefore, that in the abstract a policy of conciliation is a good policy. Not only so; but it is a policy, I am bound to say, that the Church has not been slow to recognise. It is long since the Church has held out a flag of truce as to our Presbyterian divisions. Nay, it is remarkable, and deserves to be here emphasised, that this was one of the very first things the Church did when, ten years ago, it began to realise its strength, and how largely the affections of the people of Scotland were once more turning towards it. Justice has not been done to the Church in this respect. For long after '43 it could do little but attend to the breaches in its walls. For two decades, I may say, it was subject to continuous assaults of slanderous reproaches such as hardly ever assailed any other Church. It bore all, for the most part, quietly, and God had mercy on its day of weakness, and has honoured its quietness by making it grow into strength. One of the first uses it made of its recovered prosperity was to ask others to share it. The committee for promoting the reunion of Churches having a common origin lasted several years. It was a subject of free criticism, as all important matters are, on the floor of this House, as many besides myself will remember. A "policy of conciliation," therefore, is no new policy of the Church. The olive-branch has been held forth by the Church for at least the period I have mentioned. But there can be no policy of the Church—no policy, at least, that can ever come to any good—which is not consistent with the foundation-principles of the Church. The Church of Scotland is an Established Church. Because it is so it is a witness for the great principle of a Christian State, and of the maintenance of national religion, and it cannot forego that principle. It would forego its very existence if it did. It would forego all for which many hold it dear—nay, for which all who intelligently belong to it must hold it dear. We must stand somewhere. We stand here. We cannot give up the principle of national religion, or parley with assaults on that principle. Presbyterianism is dear to us, and all that is grand and heroic in its traditions. It is the natural form which the national religion of Scotland takes, and we value it deeply; but it is not more valuable, or more a principle to the historic Church of Scotland, than that of

national religion—that the God whom we serve is Head and King of nations as well as of Churches, as that a National Church is the only true expression of the homage which nations owe to one Supreme Head, and of the manner in which Christianity should pervade all national life and society. I do not see how we can go further in that direction than we have done. I would shut no door to Presbyterian union. Nay, I would open it as wide as possible. But there would be no use of doors at all, open or shut, if the citadel is surrendered; and to hope to strengthen Presbyterianism in Scotland by surrendering that which has been its central principle from the first—national religion—is to me a dream as wild, and a hope as impracticable of realisation, as ever entered into political imagination.

A policy of resistance, therefore — righteous resistance, conducted in a Christian spirit, but still resolved and determined to face all danger — seems to me the policy forced upon the Church. When our very life is assailed, we must repel the assault. It is possible to do this and yet not lose Christian regard for those who assail us. The very fact that we do not enter upon the course willingly, that it is not we who have chosen it, but others who have left us no other choice, is the very reason why we should follow it in a calm yet determined manner. It is with deep sorrow that I urgently feel compelled to come to this decision. If there is anything in the world I hate it is ecclesiastical or political strife. I believe I have been accused—if I can say accused in such a connection—of having in most things too much of a spirit of conciliation. I remember that in this very House a very able man,—once one of the greatest debaters in this House or in any assembly, who, to my great regret, saw it to be his duty to leave the Church which his great abilities adorned,—used humorously to reproach me with my inclination to bring parties together—or, as he said humorously, to "claw everybody down." If there was any truth in this accusation I do not repel it. I shall never be sorry that I have been on many occasions an active advocate of conciliation. But there are limits to all compromise and conciliation. I do not say that the Church has reached these limits. I should be sorry to say so. But I feel in my own mind that these limits have been reached; that while the idea of union among Presbyterian Churches in Scotland is a fair idea, and one which the Church will never disown, it has become an impracticable idea—impracticable, not because disowned by the Church, but because deliberately put beyond the reach of the Church by those who have ends of their own to serve, and who will rather see the Church destroyed than their own ends not carried out.

But, Moderator, we are not destroyed yet, nor yet, I believe, on the eve of destruction. We were never more living, more intelligent, more powerful. We have resources at our command that we have only not employed because we ourselves have been the very last to admit that our existence is threatened. But if we are driven to bring all our forces into the field we shall do so, and we shall do so, I believe, unanimously, whatever may be our political party, Conservative or Liberal; and if "wreck" comes to either political party in the conflict, and this old country is torn by ecclesiastical contention once more, we shall have the satisfaction at least of thinking that the contention was not one of our seeking, that we have done what we could to avoid it, and that if we must fight, whether we lose or win, we have been contending for a good cause, and for principles which are dearer to us than our own comfort or lives. It can matter little in a personal sense—to some of us very little—what the end may be; but the issue, in my mind, is a mighty one for the country; and I hope that our younger Churchmen, as well as older Churchmen like myself, with whom the fight in this as in many other matters is nearly over, may realise this, and bear themselves well for the Church that they love and that they have sworn to defend.

This speech was interrupted from beginning to end with "loud and long-continued" applause. The listeners were well aware that the warm impulse of grateful recognition of the Church's claims which had swept over Scotland, was given, above all others, by the speaker himself; and his heart was so clearly in the cause of which he had constituted himself the champion, and for which he pleaded with all the eloquence of countenance and tone, the flush of earnest purpose, the tremor of emotion habitual to him when speaking of themes so noble and so dear, that every heart was moved by the thrill of sympathy which filled the place. When he set forth the position of the Church as "a witness for the great principle of a Christian State and the maintenance of national religion," adding, with all the brevity and simplicity of great feeling, "We must stand somewhere. We stand here," —the walls rang with the shout of response. No one had defined the position more clearly, no one had stood for it

more boldly. When he resumed his seat, not without a word which quickly following events endued with the most solemn meaning, of the little personal importance which the question might possess to some present, the impression, half lost amid the repeated burst of cheers, ran through all hearts. The speakers who followed took up the thread with an evident sense of inadequacy and inferiority, which was at once natural and impressive. They spoke, as men speak on exciting and interesting subjects, to the best of their ability and with all the power they possessed; but after that swell and strain of impassioned yet sober utterance, the other voices could not but fall a little flat on excited ears. A sort of apology for coming after him, for restating what he had stated so powerfully, was in each new speaker. The audience melted away, something as it does in the House of Commons after the speech of the occasion has been made.

This was the last time that Tulloch was to raise his voice in the court which had so often rung with its utterances. His wise counsel was ended, his opinion delivered, his last word said, though no one guessed it, not even himself. A more fit climax could not have been, nor a moment of more dignified withdrawal from the scenes in which he had been conspicuous so long.

The following letter, written from London in May, again gives his view of the state of affairs in respect to the special question of the day:—

To Rev. Dr Phin. *May* 14, 1885.

I have no doubt that the election in November will form a turning-point in the fate of the Church. The idea is universal that the extreme Liberal party will urge the question forward in any way they can, and if a decided majority of members of Parliament in favour of Disestablishment are returned, that any Liberal Government (supposing the election to go for the Liberals) will be driven to take up the question. There is still the House of Lords, of course, which might put itself in a strong position by insisting that a people's question, like the Church, should be put

directly as a political issue to the constituencies before being disposed of; and if the people of our parishes remained true to the Church, all would go right. But save the people themselves, I don't think any party support would be of use.

D——, who has evidently been talking with Mr Gladstone lately on the subject, thinks that no reliance can be placed upon him; that he had plainly the idea that it would not be a difficult matter to disestablish the Scotch Church. I have heard before that he had said that.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE RECORD.

"I HAVE not been very well, quite overdone by the Assembly work," was the report Tulloch gave of himself to Dr Dickson immediately after the conclusion of that work, in a letter which is full of the depression which follows over-excitement. He had given way to a burst of impatience while making a speech at the "Moderator's dinner," one of the closing ceremonies of the ecclesiastical parliament, "using strong language regarding the obstruction in the west," which meant, according to his friend's explanation, an attack upon the Glasgow University, which had opposed certain proposals of the University Bill then before the House of Commons, and thus obstructed its progress,—a matter which was of vital importance to the poor and overweighted University in the east. "I really was half in banter at the Moderator's dinner," the Principal adds, with something of the abashed tone of a man who feels himself in the wrong; "the speaking was of such a long-winded, lugubrious type, that I thought I would stir the atmosphere a little. All the same, the matter is one of life or death for us here,"—he continues with deep discouragement.

To Rev. Dr Dickson. *June* 8, 1885.

Anything that may come to me now cannot do much good, unless by enabling me to retire to some quiet spot far from the

strife of tongues. One is sick of the whole business, as of many things else, and I ask for nothing more than leisure to do some work, yet worth doing, before one goes hence.

The following letter is the only comment I find from himself upon his great, and, as it turned out, his last Assembly speech. It introduces at the same time the political aspect of the question, which he now felt it necessary to take up strongly.

To Professor Baynes. *May* 30, 1885.

I roused the Assembly a good deal, I believe, by my speech about the Church question; but of course it is easy to do that to an assembly of Churchmen. I fear stirring days are at hand, and the temporary break-up of the Liberal party in Scotland. I have seen it coming long, so that it does not take me by surprise, and anything is better than the present veiled assaults upon the Church in the name of what I cannot consider Liberalism.

I have been obliged to oppose Leng, and of course the Radicals are raging. If all Church Liberals in the east of Fife do not vote for the Conservative candidate, Mr Gilmour—unless we can get a Church Liberal, which seems unlikely at present—it will not be my fault. We have reached a crisis when nothing will impress men like Leng and our old friend Kinnear but the exhibition of power in our hands if we choose to exert it.

Mr Leng, here alluded to, was a candidate for the Fife burghs, and a supporter of Mr Dick Peddie's bill for the Disestablishment of the Church. A correspondence on this subject, published in the newspapers, had passed between him and Principal Tulloch a short time before. Another letter, some months later, returns to the political question, with special reference to the candidature of Dr Erichsen as representative in Parliament of the Universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews, and the attitude which he ought to assume. The Principal's sympathies were with this gentleman politically, and his advice was that the candidate should give no pledge on the subject, but indeed ignore it altogether, "as being a question of party polemics with which he had no concern—certainly no concern until the question has been

raised by a responsible Government into the sphere of possible legislation."

July 11, 1885.

If he were quite firm, and gave some such answer, he would not only take up a strong position, but save himself no end of trouble. Should he give way on this question, of course he must expect to lose not only my vote, which is of little consequence, but to lose many votes.

I am, as I have always said to you, more liberal in every right sense of the word as I understand it than I ever was, but I feel that my relations with the Liberal *party* are becoming sufficiently strained, and if the Liberalism dominant after the next elections be of the Chamberlain type, I may feel it to be my duty to declare off altogether. I have served them without fee or reward, and I do not now expect fee or reward anywhere; but I feel more and more a sort of moral loathing at men like Chamberlain on one side and Randolph Churchill on the other. If politics is to become the sort of game these men play, I would rather be done with it altogether.

These incursions into the stormy yet petty sphere of local politics, however, were always distasteful to him. He was roughly assailed, as every one is who enters that arena, and he was never in any way at his ease in it. In one of the many letters of congratulation and sympathy which he received after his great speech, is one, dated from the "Shotts Iron Works," in which a stranger, describing himself as "a quiet but earnestly attached member of 'the Auld Kirk,'" thanks him for that manly address. "Like yourself," says this gentleman, "I am a Liberal in politics, but had quietly made up my mind that if a noisy section of the party is to be allowed to drag the Disestablishment question to the front in the way they have been doing of late, then my duty would be to give my vote to the other side."

This conclusion is better understood now than it was at that time. So far as Scotland is concerned, Principal Tulloch was one of the first to see the necessity of sacrificing party, and all its prepossessions and traditions, to a higher imperative patriotic duty.

I have alluded to a tone of depression which followed the great exertions of this Assembly: it had not, however, he was always thankful to acknowledge, anything of the character of his previous attacks of melancholy self-consciousness. But he never shook off an undercurrent of physical suffering and *malaise*, which becomes more and more marked from this period. "Tormented by constant headaches," he reports himself, notwithstanding "something of a holiday" which he had enjoyed in the north; but there appears to have been at first no foreboding that these headaches were of any serious importance. All his apprehensions of illness were confined to the great and mysterious ailment which had already so often darkened his being. Apart from that, he had no alarms about his own state, and indeed, even to an advanced period of his illness, seems almost to have caressed and welcomed the signs of bodily suffering as a most welcome alternative to the other troubles from which he had suffered so piteously in the past.

In the meantime the absorption of all other political affairs in the great Irish question, and the sweep of the current which was carrying Mr Gladstone and his party into the fatal circle of a political maelstrom, had stilled the apprehensions of Scotch Churchmen, and brought the agitations of Church defence to a temporary lull. While Lord Salisbury was in office all immediate danger for the Church was, of course, at an end. This suspension of his public labours in one direction, however, only left the Principal more free for work in another. The only other public question which appealed to him with an equal, or possibly even warmer personal interest, was that for which the attention of Parliament had been so often claimed in vain,—the often presented, never settled Universities Bill, which had been the object of countless deputations and representations, and yet had never come to anything through all these years. It was not wonderful if he spoke with impatience of this lingering and

neglected business, in which the comfort of his own life and that of his colleagues was so deeply involved, and which passed from Lord Advocate to Lord Advocate without ever finding an official sufficiently energetic to press it, or a House sufficiently disengaged to listen. "Another weary day,—the thing looking hopeful now and very hopeless at other times," he wrote from London in July, angry and vexed with the objections of "the Glasgow men," the amiable foolishness of a colleague who "seems as much pleased at seeing people as advancing the business," and the equivocations of the official world. His conclusion at last that, "willing as the Government" (Lord Salisbury's) was to pass the bill, there was no time for it, and that hanging on about the House of Commons was of no further use, was come to with a sort of resentful satisfaction. The Principal never fell into abuse of the Imperial Parliament for the neglect of Scotch questions. Though he would discharge a hasty broadside often enough into the ranks of the official world in general, whose time seemed to him to be chiefly occupied in staving off the consideration of every question that would wait, yet he was never patriotic (or unpatriotic) enough to impute to English indifference the postponement of Scotch questions. Anyhow, whatever was the cause, the Scotch Universities Bill was not to come to any conclusion in his time. It is still fitfully before the House of Commons, I believe, coming up year after year, waiting for the decision which perhaps will never come. He flung away finally from the "lobbies," glad to have no more to do with fair-speaking statesmen—saying a word of approval, however, of "Playfair," who had not always met his approval, but who, on this occasion, had convinced him of his sincerity and good meaning; and glad beyond measure, after all these sickenings of suspense and waiting, to leave the matter to the "Glasgow men" or any men, and to get home to the quiet and peace, which is never to be found in political circles, but of which he stood more and more in need. It must have been the

twentieth time or more that he had come to London to try for a better arrangement of University affairs, and a more competent provision for University instructors, whose work had been embittered, as he says powerfully, by "the exasperation of poverty." But these efforts had been all in vain. Since the imperfect and temporary arrangement of affairs in 1858, all the claims of the Scotch professors had been unable to secure a chair the more, a better regulation, a more reasonable provision. As for himself, the Principal had done, in addition to the natural work of his own small College and chair, the great bulk of the work of the University for a generation, without the addition of a penny to the small income secured to the head of St Mary's in 1858. His appeals, for his colleagues more than himself, had been made in vain. He had been a cheap servant to his country, never, during his long incumbency, drawing more from the public coffers than £500 a-year. An inspector of schools on the other side of the Border had thus, at the end of a similar period of service, double the income of the Principal of the oldest University in Scotland. But however great the injustice might be, there was now no help for it, and whatever University Bill may pass, he can no longer reap any advantage. This was his last appearance in the corridors of the House of Commons.

One word more on this subject, and it will be concluded. In September Principal Shairp died, the junior of the two Principals of St Andrews; and the question whether or not a successor should be appointed in his place immediately sprang into prominence. As it has never been the habit in Scotland to have a number of distinct colleges forming one University, the existence of two Principals belonging to one University, and that a small one, had for a long time appeared unnecessary. I believe Aberdeen, when it had two separate colleges—both universities—was an exception to the ordinary rule; but in both Edinburgh and Glasgow one Prin-

cipal is at the head of each University, and no more. That the two offices should be amalgamated in St Andrews, and the much smaller institution there be thus brought into conformity with the others, has long seemed desirable — especially as the amalgamation of two small incomes would thus produce a more adequate provision for the one recognised head. The death of Principal Shairp, much lamented and untimely as it was, brought this question at once forward; and the following letters will show Principal Tulloch's feeling on the subject:—

To Professor Baynes. *September* 20, 1885.

I felt sure you would be much touched by Shairp's unlooked-for death. What will follow of course I do not know. But it will be something of a scandal in the circumstances if the Tories make another appointment to the embarrassment of the change proposed in the University Bill, for which the way has been providentially opened. There is no saying, however, and perhaps it would be well for you to try and see Sir Richard Cross at the Home Office. I have sent him a note, simply directing attention to the recommendation of the Commissioners embodied in the late University Bill, and saying that in no case should anything be done in a hurry,—there was not the slightest occasion for any immediate action,—and that the best thing would be to give full time for the consideration of the whole position. There would be no harm, but good, in your expressing this general view.

As for any personal interest I may have in the change, I can honestly say this does not affect me at all: I am really quite beyond ambition or desire in the matter. I am content as I am, and I hope the Senatus will simply consider the interests of the University. It will be more than a pity if they think of anything else.

I have been mostly at home, not very well, and abstaining from public engagements.

To the Rev. Dr Phin. *September* 30, 1885.

I do not know whether you have heard anything of the peculiar position in which the lamented death of Principal Shairp leaves us here. If the University Bill had become law, all would have been easily arranged, and it seemed at first as if all would join in urging upon Government that the intention of the bill should be respected, and no appointment of a new Principal made. But there is a party in the University pressing for an appointment, in order to strengthen the Conservative side in the professorate.

Now, should the Government resolve to make an appointment, I should be disposed to offer myself for it, carrying, of course, my Senior Principalship with me. Rather, to speak frankly, I think the appointment should be offered to me. I have served the University for thirty-two years, and the leisure from teaching would, in some respects, not be unwelcome, although when well I have always enjoyed my work as a teacher, perhaps more than anything else. Although I cannot claim to be a Conservative, all my public work of late years has been in that direction, and I do not think that it would be very respectful that a purely party appointment should be made here, not only against the interests of the University, but against my wishes and views. My appointment would, of course, vacate the office of Professor of Divinity, which, dropping the Principalship of St Mary's College, would still remain a very good appointment. Can you do anything in the matter?

Another letter in the same month, addressed to his son, expresses an anticipation of "great changes here" consequent on Principal Shairp's death. But nothing came of this any more than of the University Bill. The appointment was not made until after the Principal had ceased to take any interest in such matters, or indeed in any other, save the last business of life. So that once more the possibility of greater ease for his latter days died away.

He paid his annual visit to Balmoral in September, and writes with much of his usual spirit to his wife, describing a meeting of the British Association to which he went, to while away a vacant hour in Aberdeen. He went to the "Biological Section, of which Professor M'Intosh is President," and "listened or tried to listen to"—

September 12.

A long story about the hybridisation of Salmonidæ, the plain meaning of which is the crossing of salmon with trout or other fishes. There were abundant ladies, young and old, and an old fellow havered away about the influence of the male and female, which was the most potent in generation, &c. It really was barely decent. But then biologists, as M'Intosh often shows in his lectures, are a sort of sexless creatures. They think everything sacred in the pursuit of science.

A letter to his son, of the same date, gives a brief account of this visit, in the midst of an apology to some friend for inability to undertake further work, which shows incidentally how much his health had suffered.

St Andrews, *September* 17, 1885.

Please to say to your friend that I should have been happy to assist in such a course of lectures as he mentions, but that I have been so far from well all the summer, as you know, that, under medical advice, I have given up all preaching and lecturing as far as possible. My short sermon in the Castle at Balmoral cannot be called an exception. I did not attempt to preach in the parish church. The St Giles' lecture, arranged for six months ago, is in fact the only engagement I have, or mean to attempt, for the winter. I cannot tell what additional University duties may devolve upon me in connection with Principal Shairp's lamented death. And, in short, on every account, I am bound to refrain from every engagement at present.

I enjoyed my visit to the Queen very much. She was very kind, as usual, and looking very well, and seemed very happy with so many young people round her. Prince Henry is very good-looking; and the young Duke of Hesse, as his sisters were, is very charming. Such a nice face, and "such a good boy," said the Queen. Lord Iddesleigh very much changed. That brat, Lord R. Churchill, has, I fear, been too much for him.

In the same month, the Principal sent from Edinburgh a report of the opinion of Dr Balfour, whom he had gone to consult about those perpetual headaches, and the general want of health from which he suffered. It was, so far as he was aware, no absolute illness for which specific remedies could be adopted, but a want of health, a failure of all the usual elasticity, an oppression that seemed to hang about the sources of life. Dr Balfour took no very grave view of the matter, and the result of the visit is communicated as follows:—

October 6.

I have been to see Dr Balfour, who was very sensible—prescribed something, . . . but said I had no disease, just out of sorts—time of life; must take care as to diet, especially as to quantity—little more than a little fish in the morning—really dining in the middle of the day; would not get well all at once; wished to

see me from time to time if I were in town; to stay at home or go from home as I liked, but to take care and do as little work as possible.

This opinion gave the patient more courage to bear, and to endeavour to fight against, his discomfort and suffering. He continued his usual round of visits, writing now from familiar Polkemmet, now from the still more familiar Rosneath, from other pleasant houses, recording as was his wont the lovely or the gloomy days, the humours of old friends, and now a little sketch of a bit of scenery which had moved him beyond the common, to his wife. Dryburgh Abbey, the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott, affords one of these sketches; and he speaks of "the view of the Tweed valley from a point where 'the great Magician' himself is said to have always rested, and where his funeral came to a pause and rested for a time on its way to the Abbey," with a thrill of feeling. The landscape was "beyond all description," and set the spectator "thinking with a strange pathos of the close of Scott's life, always to me the most touching passage of modern biography."

During the autumn holiday season I met the friend of so many years for the last time, and was painfully struck on arriving at St Andrews with the alteration in his looks. A sort of blanched appearance, as if over his natural colour he had been powdered, a dryness of the mouth, and something of the depressed expostulatory air and lengthened lines of the countenance, which had been symptoms of coming trouble on former occasions, seemed to give now again a note of warning; but there appeared nothing in himself to justify this fear. He was not very well by times, but he was perfectly cheerful, enjoying his leisure, talking now and then of the great work which he had been turning over in his mind—the history of Scotland from the period at which Burton's History leaves off—for which he had made a number of notes and plans. He looked forward with pleasure to

this great undertaking, as a worthy conclusion to the labours of his life; and without any apparent foreboding or fear of being unable to carry it out. And his conversation was animated and varied as usual. I remember with melancholy pleasure the delight of a friend from England, who accompanied me to St Mary's one autumnal evening, with the stories of quaint Scotch humour told in pleasant emulation by the Principal and Professor Laurie of Edinburgh, friendly wits, "capping" one droll anecdote with another. And again a more quiet moment at the same kindly table comes most clearly before me, with a characteristic touch. I suppose we had been talking of the charities of the place. There were plenty of people who cared for the deserving poor, the Principal remarked; but, looking up with a gleam of humorous tenderness in his eyes, there were two or three poor bodies, not at all deserving, who were his pensioners, he said.

I have already mentioned the last written communication between us, his letter about the dedication of his book, the 'Movements of Religious Thought.' The last day of my stay at St Andrews he brought and left at my house the much-prized little volume. We were both shy of expressing emotion, and this was no doubt the reason why it was not given to me from hand to hand. He thus came with his gift for the last time to my door.

But whatever were the human interests about him and the claims upon his attention, he still wrote constantly of "my head bothering me,—a sort of mixture of sickness and dazedness, with languor and stupidity in the evening. I fancy I shall have to take care and be as quiet as possible; and yet," he adds, "it is hardly possible to be more quiet." The symptoms of an illness which would not be persuaded away by any medical assurance of nothing wrong, kept growing as the autumn days shortened. The only thing, however, that was apprehended either by himself or those around him, was a return of his old nervous complaint, and

as the symptoms were not those with which he was familiar, they awakened little alarm. But he could not persuade himself that he was well—and in November we find him suddenly setting off for Harrogate, gloomy as was the season, with a fancy that perhaps the waters there might do some good to the incipient but always increasing trouble. The doctor, however, whom he consulted there, Dr Oliver, forbade at once any use of the waters, and after a more than usually careful examination discovered, as he thought, the reason of all these sufferings, which the Principal, almost with pleasure in the relief of finding a definite reason for them, reported minutely and carefully to his wife. It is unnecessary to go into the medical details. His position, stranded upon the edge of those dark moorlands in November, "under a leaden heavy sky—nothing moving, no life about the hotel, and the pall of dark moisture over the place, like a soaked curtain, rather depressing," was not a cheerful one. "I feel somehow as if deprived of an expected enjoyment in being debarred the waters," he says; "but if I keep well, that of course is the main matter." He felt however, even in these dismal circumstances, that the new place and the new doctor, who took so much trouble, were doing some good at first, and derived a certain comfort from the roaring fires, as well as from the discovery of one or two persons among the remnant of patients in the hotel whom he knew, or who knew him. Sometimes, too, the days would be fine, and the absolute quiet and separation from all disturbance soothed him. Dr Oliver's description of his sensations, that they were "like waves of sickness passing over him," satisfied him that his symptoms were understood.

He remained for about a fortnight at Harrogate, not without a relapse from this partial recovery, but never losing hope, understanding now, as he thought, the reason of the complaint, and being thus more able to cope with it. "I wish I were comfortably at home," he begins to sigh after

ten days. "I shall manage myself better there, I believe, than anywhere. I cannot expect, as Balfour said, to be well all at once." These words he repeats pathetically from time to time, "cannot expect—to be well all at once." It became the sad refrain of the waning days. But he returned home no better, rather worse,—very ill in Edinburgh, where he stayed for a night on his way back to St Andrews, hoping to see the medical man who had bidden him not expect to be well all at once—hoping, too, that the doctor would give him more distinct orders as to diet, &c. But in this attempt he was not successful, and his return home was very gloomy.

On the 22d November he managed somehow, he scarcely knew how, in pain and weakness, to deliver his last St Giles' Lecture on "National Religion in Theory and Fact," a powerful statement of his views on this subject, and an appeal at once to the reason and the best feelings of his audience. The conclusion of this lecture, his last living words, addressed to the country he had served so long, I cannot refrain from quoting. They express a sentiment often breathed before in reflections upon the quiet country churches both in England and Scotland, which he could never see without a wish that he were the ministrant. The parish of which he thus discourses was the dearest ideal of his heart.

And if the modern types of religion come short of the old in theoretic completeness, and tend to divide or separate themselves into isolated sections of truth, inferior in intellectual dignity and power, no less do they come short in practical effect. They do not touch us with the same sense of spiritual beauty as the ancient did. They may be really as pervasive. There are probably aspects in which they ought to impress us more. The religion of Nonconformity, of the modern Tabernacle with all its hundred agencies of good—or of modern Ritualism with its countless devices for stimulating the devotional and strengthening the philanthropic impulses—is, and ought to be, deeply interesting to every pious heart. They are adapted to new circumstances, they meet new requirements and difficulties. But what picture of modern religious work will ever touch the heart like that of

the parish priest living among his people, their companion and friend in all circumstances, the instructor of their youth, the guide of their middle life, the ministrant of their declining years —God's own servant everywhere? And where have such pictures ever been found save in National Churches? The very idea of the parish, which lies so much at the root of all "common" religion, is national. It is the product of State Churches, unknown—save in a wholly different sense—in America and the colonies. No element of modern civilisation can ever take its place, or is ever likely to be so potent for good. If our National Churches had done nothing else for the country than plant into the national heart the idea of the parish, with all its sanctified and benign activities, they would have done for us something more than all Dissenting Churches together. And it may be questioned if any access of spiritual force, supposing such an access possible to follow Disestablishment, would compensate for the breaking up of this idea and all its associations. Look upon the parish church as it is known by thousands in England and Scotland, the sweetness of its sequestered site, the glory of its old associations, with its simple spire or tower pointing heavenwards, giving a moral as well as scenic effect to the village or hamlet clustered about it. Think of the charities as well as benedictions which radiate from it as a centre—blessing for the babe entering upon life, and for the sire closing it; the kindly visitation for the sick-bed, the help for the weak, the counsel for the strong; and all this from generation to generation linked each to each by natural piety. There never were sources of wellbeing—of Christian light and leading—comparable to the parish churches of our country. There never were more beautiful types of manly or tender feeling, of ministration blessed at once to giver and receiver, than have grown around such centres. This is national religion in its practical form, and no picture of religion that the world has ever seen rivals it for a moment. And shall we sacrifice all this to the demands of an unfeasible religious equality? Shall we displace the parish minister, living in his own modest manse, and dispensing his modest bounties, temporal and spiritual, for the clamant hedge-preacher, or the Nonconformist zealot, living by the favour of some rich town congregation or patron, with a Gospel of zeal rather than of peace—of dogma rather than of charity? Let us hope not. If we do, we shall never be able to replace the old picture. Our country parishes may not sink into spiritual darkness, but they will never be as they have been, the homes of an ancient piety, which has grown beautiful during years of quiet, and which is all the more fruitful and true because it does not cry, nor lift up its voice in the streets.

The delivery of this lecture was his last public appearance. He seems to have fallen gradually day by day into deeper suffering and weakness. A few weeks later he wrote in an altered and feeble hand the following sad account of his own condition.

To Rev. W. W. Tulloch. 15*th December* 1885.

I am sorry to say that I am having again a very bad time of it,—without any of the old mental suffering of a special kind, but under a dyspeptic cloud that won't lift. I returned from Harrogate with a bad cold, and got rapidly into a state in which I could take no food whatever. I have put myself, according to George Balfour's advice, upon a milk diet, having hardly taken butcher's meat for three weeks, and the result is that I now take a little more nourishment; but I can get no natural appetite, and I hardly get any sleep without chloral. In fact, I am in a very miserable state. How I managed to finish the St Giles' Lecture I don't know; and yet I believe it was really good and has interested the people much. I think of going to Craiglockhart Hydropathic on Saturday, and if necessary going further south, to the Riviera or somewhere else. I must do something to avoid the dreadful chance of a breakdown such as I had before. And Fanny, I hope, may be able to go with me. I don't know what to do with my classes, but with the kindness of my colleagues (they have all been very kind, Crombie as usual particularly so), I hope I may be able to get away. One strange feature of the illness is that I have lost my sight to a very great degree; the doctors don't seem to attach much importance to this as arising from the state of the stomach, but I can hardly see the page on which I am writing to you, and cannot read the newspaper or an ordinary book at all. You will be very sorry to hear all this, but it is right that both Frank and you should know. I hope that a change for the better may take place soon.

This is the last letter of all the long domestic series that has been intrusted to me. From this moment his soul passed into the dimness of that valley of the shadow of death which sometimes extends so far, making a vague debatable land between the living daylight and the night—never more explaining itself, expressing sentiment or thought, but fading into those reflections which come from the minds of others, broken recollections, memories, dim and sad,—like

a face seen in a mirror, always so curiously and mysteriously changed from what it is when looked at eye to eye.

He went, according to the intention expressed in his last letter, to Craiglockhart, a hydropathic establishment near Edinburgh, a large and airy place, with fine views of the Pentland and Braid hills, which he had always loved. It was about Christmas when he went to this place, accompanied by his wife, always ailing, and worn to a shadow by the continual attacks of asthma to which she was subject; and they were joined there by the eldest unmarried daughter, Fanny, of whom he had said that he hoped she would go with him wherever he might decide to go. It seemed a dreary place in which to spend the special home season, the household festival; but I am told that neither the Principal nor Mrs Tulloch were uncheerful—that both were able, with a sense of the comic which was strong in them, to enter into the humours of the strange little company, and derive a certain occasional amusement from their surroundings. The chief object of this move was, I believe, to be within reach of Dr Balfour, who by this time would appear to have fully apprehended the seriousness of the case, and to be no longer confident that the patient was merely out of sorts. On the 2d of January, Principal Tulloch at last decided to go to London attended by his daughter, to see once more the doctors who had treated him with so much success before. This time, however, there was a great difference in his case. It was no longer the mysterious trouble of the past, but undoubted and very obvious physical illness which was overpowering his strength. His eyes were dim and all his forces abated. It is true that he was still thanking God that it was only physical illness, and not any return of the old trouble which affected him; but he was growing more and more ill, and less and less able to maintain a bold front against his malady.

Immediately on his arrival in London, the Principal saw

Sir Andrew Clark and Dr Crichton Browne, the two skilled and distinguished physicians who five years before had consulted over him and found the means of restoring him to health and happiness. But since that period everything had changed. It was no longer a hypochondriac overwhelmed with mysterious miseries, not a sufferer overcharged with the consciousness of a too sensitive brain, but an ailing and enfeebled man, affected by a mortal and recognisable disease, who was now before them; for them an easier if less hopeful case,—for himself, too, so much easier, so much less overwhelming, than the incomprehensible malady of the past—or so at least he thought. It is not clear that up to this time there had been real apprehension for his life on any side. After the event, there were many to say that they had felt a conviction they would never see him again, and even that they could read the same certainty in his own eyes. But I can trace no real evidence that this conviction had shown itself so early. His friends were accustomed to the fact that he had been very ill before, and yet that, so to speak, there had been nothing the matter with him. It was almost impossible even for members of his own family to believe that things were not now as they had been. Even his wife had parted with him composedly, anxious no doubt, yet strong in the hope that, as before, he would be restored to her well, and that the temporary separation was for his good. It was therefore something like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky to his daughter when the physicians informed her, kindly and gravely, that her father's illness was of the most serious character, that the symptoms admitted of no doubt, and were those of disease of the kidneys in an advanced and dangerous stage. At the same time she was advised that to communicate this bad news to her mother would be unnecessary, as there were hopes that a warmer climate and a life regulated by constant medical attendance might produce at least temporarily good results, and even that he might regain

sufficient strength to go to the Riviera, or any other place that commended itself to him. With this depressing secret in her heart, and no one near her with whom to share the burden, Miss Tulloch accompanied her father to Torquay, to the house of Dr Ramsay, who had in 1881 treated him with so much success. It was in the beginning of January that the invalid took what was by no one understood to be his last journey, with tolerable cheerfulness and strength. Torquay was full to him of many associations of misery, but still it was the place where he had recovered; and the treatment to which he had been subjected there, though perhaps in the perversity of illness he had objected to it at the time, had completely vindicated itself by being successful.

But it was not destined to be so a second time. Perhaps the great difference of the conditions neutralised all the advantages of quiet and careful diet and mild air which had acted like magic upon the former occasion; and the season itself worked against, instead of in favour of, the sufferer. It had been summer on the first occasion, and he was able to be out of doors most part of the day; it was now winter and an unfavourable season—cold and gloomy. The cold, indeed, was exceptionally severe all over the British isles—one of those periods of atmospheric misery, when the sky is like lead, and the earth like iron—when none of the sharp clearness or ruddy sunshine of happier winters lights up the deadly frost, and everything, even the air, is bound with invisible chains more icy than snow. Such weather is to be met with occasionally in the most favoured regions. I have seen it transform into the semblance of Siberia the soft and olive-covered slopes of the Alban hills, and even the mildness of Devonshire yielded to the chill. This for one thing was greatly against the invalid. The change of climate was thus made of no advantage to him, and perhaps the surroundings and treatment which had acted so well on the sick mind were not equally well adapted to the sick body.

I can scarcely imagine anything more sad than the month of constantly failing strength that followed. His daughter watched him, with anguish indescribable, failing gradually from day to day. Indications of local improvement to which the medical attendant attached importance were not apparent to her. All that she saw was the fact that the patient grew weaker, and that the things which were easy to him at the beginning of a week, became too much for him at the end of it. He ceased to read, to occupy himself with what was going on. A dull suspense and waiting from one consultation with the doctor until another, filled the weary hours from which, one by one, every interest dropped. He who during his former terrible illness had written daily to the partner of his every thought, wrote, in this long interval, once to her and no more. He tottered about the dull rooms in which she was not: he dozed for hours in his easy-chair; sometimes when his daughter went into his room in the morning he did not seem to recognise her. Let us hope that the confusion of waning faculties in him dulled the misery of this terrible sinking which, to the heart-wrung spectator, was unutterable. His wife was so ill, so fragile, so worn, that to lay the exact state of affairs before her might have been her deathblow. So it was natural for every one to believe who cherished her; and I think it was at last to me that Miss Tulloch—unable to bear longer the horror of this conviction, which the doctor did not appear to share, but which she could not shake off—unbosomed herself of her anxiety. Her elder sister, Mrs Tarver, immediately joined her; but, almost before she reached Torquay, Dr Crichton Browne had arrived there, on a visit to some other patient, and a careful examination and consultation over the Principal's case ensued. This ended in the conclusion that the sufferer was dying. The prevision of his daughter's anxious love had been just.

As the gathering haze of weakness came over him, he

had begun to give utterance to the most pathetic cry,—unconscious perhaps of what he was saying, yet conscious in all his being of the one earthly thing he wanted. The cry was, "Jeanie! Jeanie!" He had been parted from her, sent far away when he needed her most; and as the waves and billows went over his head, and all things failed, his heart, half lost in those dreary mists, cried out for her, his constant companion and nurse and help, the guardian, if I may use the word, and never could it be used with more reason, of his strength and life. Perhaps his inarticulate thoughts falling out of all coherence, felt that some hope would still be in the touch of that delicate feeble hand which had held him up in all his previous troubles. I am told that sometimes the moaning rose to a groan, sometimes sank to a whisper; but it was always the same. When the last consultation was held, and the fiat given forth, and it became apparent that he had but a little time to live, a telegram was sent at once to Mrs Tulloch, bidding her come to him. The frost was at its bitterest, the cold killing, and the journey long and dreadful across country—from that remote corner of Fife to the south coast of Devon. It is needless to say that not a moment was lost. Mrs Tulloch had happily another daughter, Mrs Charles Colson, to accompany and take such care of her as was possible. They reached Torquay after about twenty-four hours' travelling, in the middle of the dreadful winter night, early on the second morning. He was but half conscious when she arrived, but yet sufficiently so to feel the comfort of her presence. That heartbreaking cry ceased at once, and presently—as if from the mere healing and soothing of the consciousness that she was there—a faint ray of possible improvement made itself apparent for a day or two. By this time his two sons, William and Frank, had arrived from Glasgow. John, the sailor, was at sea—Edith in Ceylon with her husband—Maud, Mrs Frank Colson, at her home

in Bradford—and two younger daughters at St Andrews; but all the elder children were thus collected round his bed. Whether he recognised any of their anxious faces, no one of the watchers was able to say. But he knew that his Jeanie was by him at that supreme moment of his life.

After a very few days this faint light of hope faded again, and the gleam of fictitious revival was over. He died on the 13th of February, in the early morning, surrounded by his children, after a painful but unconscious passage into the mystery and darkness which no man can penetrate. There will never be any record of that month of gathering gloom, except in the troubled memory of the anxious daughter, distracted with doubts and fear, who had to stand by and look on, unable to help, trembling for her other suffering parent, and going through a prolonged agony. It was the first in which his own voice had been dumb, even from the habitual appeal which no weakness nor misery had prevented him from making before. Human nature always longs to know something of the steps by which the traveller reaches the goal; but in his case, as in so many others, that consolation was not given.

It is needless to add that the sudden and startling news brought but one sensation to Scotland, that of deep loss and profound unspeakable regret. "From the Queen on the throne to the lads on the links," said his friend and neighbour, Dr Boyd, no one was unaffected by that terrible intelligence. Though the gloomy prognostications, to which I have referred, were remembered after a time, at first the news seemed almost incredible. He had been so well-known a figure in the foreground of all characteristic Scottish life, that the grief was universal and widely personal—"everybody," as we say, knowing, and no one knowing without some degree of personal regard, a man so large of heart, so full of sympathy, so friendly with the lowest and the highest,

oblivious of and indifferent to, in his large ease and warmth of being, the distinctions of ordinary society. If I were to add all the tributes to his memory, or half of them, which filled every pulpit and newspaper, it would require a volume. He had many opponents in his lifetime, and many controversies, but none in his death; nor was there a voice silent that had any right or title to join in the sad refrain of praise and admiration with which he was laid to his rest—every newspaper, I believe, in Scotland, and almost every pulpit, becoming for the moment a witness to the importance of his position and life to his country, and to the sense of infinite loss and public calamity produced by his death. The half of Scotland, it may be said—representatives of every class and opinion—came from all parts of the country to pay him the last honours. And St Andrews, amid the snows and harshness of the blighting weather, received with universal mourning—all trade and life suspended—the remains of the Principal who had borne that kind and cherished title so long. The old city has buried many a son in those sunny mounds about her ruined towers, but none more honoured or beloved. He lies there among so many friends in the sunshine, with the dear companion of his life now beside him; the sea sounding at their feet, the dim coast-line retiring into the clouds, along which there are so many memories of cheerful walks and talks: and the old ruins raising their heads above, landmarks so familiar, keeping the place of their dead sacred to land and sea. Kindly names and well known, tender recollections of many a pleasant image crowd round us there. The Principal lies among his own people, at home in the place that knew him best.

And there was perhaps no one in her dominions whose sympathy was expressed with more touching warmth of feeling than the Queen. Her Majesty took the deepest anxious interest in the Principal's illness, asking for news while he lay dying at Torquay; and conveyed at once the expression

of her grief and regret to Mr William Tulloch on hearing of his father's death.

The QUEEN *to* Rev. W. W. TULLOCH.

"OSBORNE, *Feb.* 13, 1886.

"I am stunned by this dreadful news; your dear, excellent, distinguished father also taken away from us, and from dear Scotland, whose Church he so nobly defended. I have again lost a dear and honoured friend; and my heart sinks within me when I think I shall not again on earth look on that noble presence, that kindly face, and listen to those words of wisdom and Christian large-heartedness which used to do me so much good. But I should not speak of myself when you, his children, and your dear mother, and our beloved Scotland lose so much. Still I may be, I hope, forgiven if I do appear egotistical, for I have lost so many, and when I feel so ALONE.

"Your dear father was so kind, so wise, and it was such a pleasure to see him at dear Balmoral! *No more! Never again!* These dreadful words I so often have had to repeat make my heart turn sick. God's will be done! Your dear father is at rest, and his bright spirit free!

"We must not grieve for him. When I saw you at Balmoral you seemed anxious about him, and I heard the other day he could not write. Pray convey the expression of my deepest sympathy to your dear mother, whose health, I know, is not strong, and to all your family. I mourn with you.

"Princess Beatrice is deeply grieved, and wishes me to express her true sympathy with you all. I shall be most anxious for details of this terrible event.—Ever yours truly and sorrowingly,

"VICTORIA R. & I.

"The Rev. W. TULLOCH."

A still greater evidence of solicitude and kindness was

shown to Mrs Tulloch by the royal lady, who is so deeply competent to enter, above all other bereavements, into that severance of the closest relation of life. Mrs Tulloch came with her daughters to Eton, to the house of Mr Tarver, after the dreadful blow had fallen, to rest there for a few days in close retirement, and gather a little strength to undertake the mournful journey home. When the Queen heard of the arrival of this sorrowful group, she laid all ceremony aside, and with the tenderest sympathy hastened to take the hand and comfort the heart of the mourner, with comfort which came in the sweetest human kind—next best after divine consolation—in the form of praise and blessing to him who had departed.

Before her Majesty's visit, there had already come from her the following touching letter:—

The QUEEN *to* Mrs TULLOCH.

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *Feb.* 17, 1886.

"DEAR MRS TULLOCH,—You must allow one who respected, admired, and loved your dear distinguished husband to write to you, though personally unacquainted with you, and to *try* to say what I feel.

"My heart bleeds for you—the dear worthy companion of that noble excellent man, so highly gifted, and large-hearted, and so brave! whose life is crushed by the greatest loss which can befall a woman.

"To me the loss of such a friend, whom I so greatly respected and trusted, is *very great;* and I cannot bear to think I shall not again see him, and admire that handsome kindly face and noble presence, and listen to his wise words, which breathe such a lofty Christian spirit. I am most anxious to visit you, and trust that you will allow me to do so quite quietly and privately, as one who knew your dear husband so well, and has gone through much sorrow, and knows what you feel and what you suffer.

"Pray express my true sympathy to all your children who have lost such a father.

"My thoughts will be especially with you to-morrow,[1] and I pray that God may be with you to help and sustain you.—Believe me always yours most sincerely,

"VICTORIA R. & I."

These touching expressions of a fellow-feeling so tender, simple, and sincere, are of the kind that have given her Majesty the empire she so justly holds in the hearts of her people.

When I undertook this work, which has had many difficulties for me in consequence of my inadequate knowledge of public events in Scotland, it was, as I hoped, to be done with the explanations and help of my dear friend Mrs Tulloch. Her tender words, that it would have been almost impossible for her to confide the letters in which lay the history of her whole life to any hands but mine, had been my great inducement to undertake the task. I do not know whether I have been able to convey to the reader any just idea of the wonderful and beautiful character of this entirely unobtrusive and often unnoticed woman. Her self-forgetfulness and lifelong adoption of the part of caring for others were so complete, that even her sorrow was borne with her usual mild and natural quiet, and made no display of itself. "Oh, what does it matter about me!" had been the half-impatient sentiment of her mind throughout her life. In a letter which I find by chance while I write, she upbraids herself in the midst of "the weary asthma." "I felt what a poor creature I was, I could not even live a little longer for the girls' sake." But this was almost the only acknowledgment she ever made of the complete desolation which had

[1] The day of the funeral.

taken from her all power and courage for further struggles. Yet it was so: nothing could take away her smile, her tender thought of everybody; but the motive of her life was gone. "There is no more spring for me," she said to some one when the first tokens of the unfolding year came back. "No joy the blooming season gives"—and a little impatience sprang up in her, the first she had ever shown, at the special care and watching which her anxious children thought necessary. What did it matter? She lived on as long as she could, surviving her husband little more than a year. Then followed him—on the 27th March 1887.

The subject is too sacred and too solemn for the touch of fancy. And yet it is difficult not to imagine that some repetition of that cry for "Jeanie! Jeanie!" had come from him even in the unaccustomed blessedness above,—and some echo reached her ears of the wistful call.

The record is now all accomplished and filled out of the two lives that were one,—a record full of honour, sweetness, love, and praise. Their children rise up and call them blessed. To their friends the world is a much poorer place now that they are gone.

POSTSCRIPT.

It has been suggested to me that a few notes from some of Principal Tulloch's students would be a welcome addition to this book, as showing the impression made by his teaching upon the young men under his care. I accordingly add extracts, in most cases much abridged, from the essays upon his character and teaching, full of enthusiasm and reverence, which have been sent to me:—

Rev. J. Nicoll, Murroes, near Dundee.

The Principal's class was generally a welcome one: time passed quickly in it, and one had none of that sense of weariness and lack of interest with which I have known even the most painstaking teaching sometimes rewarded. If I were to try to characterise him as a teacher, I should say he impressed himself mainly as a healthful and stimulating and friendly influence among us students. Tulloch had the power of drawing out one's best, and this, I think, because the sense of his luminous and sympathetic intelligence inspired the confidence without which the best cannot be done. Effort in the case of some other intelligence might gain you a prize or distinction, but the real prize in Tulloch's class was always his own appreciative estimate of your work.

In the conventional and restricted sense of the term, he did not greatly aspire to be a teacher. For one thing, he had no formally elaborated or symmetrical system either of philosophy or of theology, and no student of his ever took to the pulpit from his classroom the shibboleth of any particular school or fashion. He rather sought to show, by varied courses of lectures on particular questions—historical, critical, doctrinal—the spirit in which theological truth should be sought and held, and rather trained us in the way to handle such subjects for ourselves, than aimed at furnishing us with authoritative conclusions. It was in his class-

room and his intercourse there with his students that his toleration and liberality were, I think, if not most heard of, yet most real. Another thing that perhaps tended to prevent him from attempting to stamp the mark of any particular school or system upon us, was a certain impatience of details that characterised him. His own interest was always in the wider principles underlying the form of any doctrine, argument, or system; and he used to insist that, coming to him at the age we did, we ought to bring, or make, our minds familiar with the ordinary and acknowledged sources of information on his subject as supplementary of his own lectures. All the ordinary routine of class-drill was made subordinate to the apprehension of leading ideas. There was little danger, under his instruction, of losing sight of the wood for the trees. Even in setting an examination-paper he made sure that a facile memory did not supply the lack of intelligence.

But if what I have said would seem to imply that Tulloch's teaching had no distinctive character of its own, nothing could be less like the truth. Although he had little of a system, regarded as a body of impersonal conclusions, he brought to bear on whatever he handled a spirit of manly large-mindedness, fairness, sympathy, and dignity, contact with which was in itself an education. He diffused around him in the treatment of all themes an atmosphere of mental freedom, tempered only by the canons of thoughtful consideration and good sense.

Another trait of his teaching was the touch in which he endeavoured to keep it with what would be the future practical work of his students. He never suffered our studies to degenerate into mere verbal abstractions which had outlived their original interest. He brought in the air of the outer world of life into his class-room, and made us constantly feel that we were in training for parts in a day full of seething thoughts and conflicting tendencies. Himself keenly sensitive to all the influences of the time, in strong sympathy with some, moved by equally strong distrust of others, he strove to make us feel the meaning of these forces, and to make his class prelections a means of furnishing us against the time we ourselves would have to be immersed in them. Many of his most interesting discourses were unpremeditated utterances, suggested by some sentence in a text-book, or answer of a student. In this and similar ways he invested the work of his class with a continuous interest which but reflected his own vivid life and relations to all the higher hopes, faiths, and fears of the time.

In his manner towards us he inspired confidence without inviting familiarity. He was, indeed, somewhat constrained and dignified in the mere manner of his speech at first.

Another gentleman, the Rev. R. Menzies Fergusson of Logie, adds a similar testimony, describing how he was warned of the "latitudinarian principles" of his future professor, and that the tendency of his lectures was such as "unsettled the minds of the young men under his care." He adds with warm enthusiasm:—

> Certainly Tulloch was broad and liberal in his grasp of theological questions, but his breadth never verged on latitudinarianism, nor yet gave any sensible man the impression that the verities of the Christian faith were doubtful, or even open to suspicion. His lectures on M. Renan's 'Vie de Jésus' are sufficient to show the intensity with which he held to the true doctrines, and the reasonableness with which he always discussed the living power of its original progression.

This gentleman, as well as various others who have added privately or in remarks already published their commentaries upon their instructor, adds a loving description of the lecture-room at St Mary's, with its tall windows looking out upon the quadrangle and the long line of the University library beyond, and the appearance of the Principal as he came in "with stately and measured steps" in the grey light of the winter morning—a scene evidently very striking and dear to the recollection, for all recur to it. The following, from the Rev. P. Anton of Kilsyth, if perhaps drawing a little too much upon the picturesque, gives no doubt a very true impression of the scene:—

> The little band rose to their feet. The Principal appeared. The Geneva gown hung from his shoulders in careless folds. He took his seat. The work of the day went on. Soon some idea was broached which touched some subject of the day. The lecturer discarded his paper. The sound of the driving quills ceased. The Professor warmed with his new thought, His eyes became suffused. The windows fronted the east. Often in the winter mornings the rising sun struck his gilded rays full on the speaker where he sat, and, when full of his subject, he looked like one transfigured, one who had come down from some glorious mountain to teach the children of men some peculiarly high and holy evangel.

This sudden touch of suggestion, the putting away of the prepared lecture, and following out of the new idea with all the eloquence of feeling, is remarked also by Mr W. W. Tulloch as one of the chief peculiarities of his father's teaching. It was the same as the Principal's hearers will remember in his preaching, his sermons almost always concluding in this way, and often with the greatest effect. A note by another of the Principal's students, the Rev. Kenneth Macleay of Craigrownie, gives a touching testimony to the work of the last session, when the Principal had already entered the valley of the shadow. He found the class-room dark on entering it and had the gas lit, and, perhaps with some fanciful idea of connection between his thoughts and the imperfect light, "made a slight apology lest the subject was not made sufficiently clear—when no apology was needed. For never," says this witness, "did he impress me as then, in these last lectures. He seemed to see further into another world, if he saw less clearly in the tiny class-room where he taught for so long."

"He was too broad and tolerant and essentially human for the timid and distrustful, who craved for a bare outward authority; for the rash, who would subordinate everything to the mere logical understanding, too reverent and cautious," says another, the Rev. A. Lawson, Elgin:—

Truth to him was infinitely great, and it was his constant thought, as he has expressed it in his last book, that "the truth itself can only be seen by a large vision." No man had ever less distrust of human reason as a rich gift of God, or sought more steadily and humbly to use it as the ground of life, or showed more faithfully the divine reason moulding and informing the course of human history, yet all the while he was overshadowed by the mystery of things, and his life was sanctified by the tenderest and simplest pieties. The simplest realities of faith were always near him, and he loved to treat of them. The fatherhood of God, the love of Christ, the discipline of suffering,—all these and kindred themes he handled much, because they made so much of life, and were the true nourishment of men. With speculative power of

the finest, none had ever less of vain curiosity or idle speculation. Faith and reason joined hands in interpreting life and reality, and their union was natural and harmonious.

I may conclude with an estimate of Principal Tulloch's characteristics as the head of the University, kindly sent to me by Professor Knight:—

It is not difficult to say in what Principal Tulloch's eminence as the head of our University consisted. His mere presence was striking, commanding, and genial, at once dignified and courteous to every one. His knowledge of University affairs, the fruit of many years' experience, and his ever-ready tact in their management, were conspicuous. To be the official head of a University many things are needed. Not only wide culture, but an impartial sympathy with every department of intellectual labour, and with all the varied life that goes on within the University—the life both of professors and students—is even more indispensable. Rapidity and strength of judgment, a quick perception of the wants of the time and the means of meeting them, and more especially tact in representing the University to those around it and outside,—all these qualities Principal Tulloch possessed in an unusual degree. In all his academic policy he was a Conservative-Liberal and a Liberal-Conservative. He had the prescient outlook, the wise forecast of the needs of the future, and the constructive power to frame a policy and prudently to advocate it. It was as an administrator that his ability was most displayed. Those who at any time were with him in deputations to Government officials, and in writing to members of Parliament, will remember the ready address with which he invariably stated his case.

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